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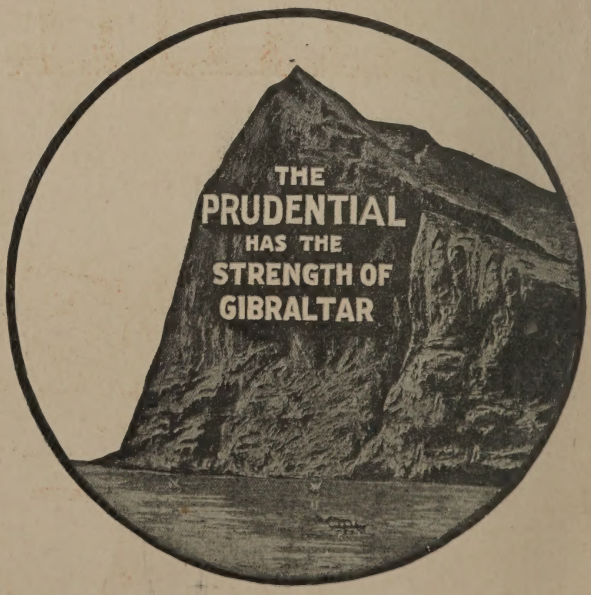

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL.

JANUARY, 1905, TO JUNE, 1905.

VOLUME LIII.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE COMPANY,
BOSTON, MASS.

Oct. 2-1905
W. Court

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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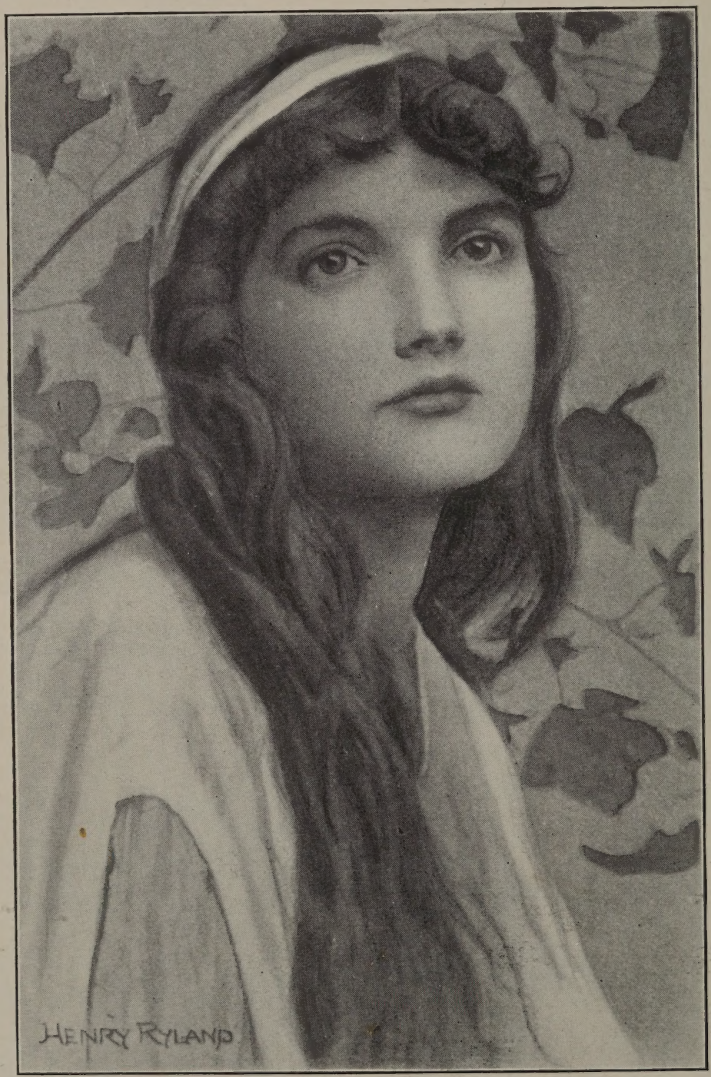

"Tell me of Gates that are waiting to ope
For us on the 'perfect tomorrow.'"

Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LIII. JANUARY, 1905. No. 1

A Song of Cheer.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Sing me a song from the noon of the day,
Wake a refrain from its glory;
Bring me the flow'rets that bloom on the way;
Make life a beautiful story;
Swell the sweet anthems that ring with a hope
Born not of earth and its sorrow;
Tell me of Gates that are waiting to ope
For us on the "perfect to-morrow!"

Sing to me never of night, or of gloom,—
Life holds enough of such sadness,—
Chill and decay let us hide in the tomb;
Death gives no echo of gladness.
Cast not a shadow; encourage no strife;
Time to its close is fast speeding;
Harvest the joy and the sunshine of Life;
And follow where Conscience is leading!

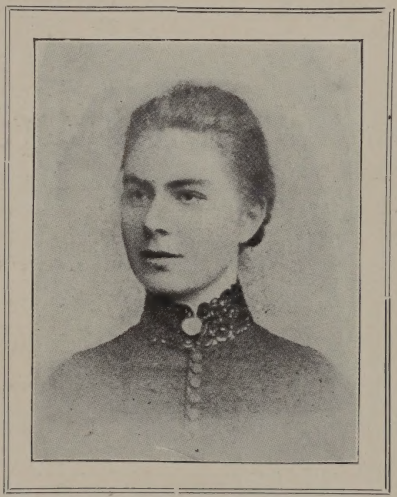
POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

VIII.

FRANCES WYNNE, HERSELF, HER LETTERS AND HER LYRICS.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Frances Wynne was one of the brightest and most attractive souls that I have ever known, and I have had the happiness of knowing many such. I owe her friendship to the modest magazine with which I have been linked from its birth, thirty-two years ago,—*The Irish Monthly*—and I made her acquaintance through another friend whom I owe to the same source, of whom I have given some account in the fifth paper of this series. Of Katharine Tynan, however, no account was needed, for she is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and every year, nay every month, makes her better known; but Frances Wynne was known to comparatively few in her day, and her brief day is already so far back in the past that few perhaps remember her except the unforgetting hearts of her own household and her closest friends.



FRANCES WYNNE.

A well reported interview is a sort of miniature autobiography, when it takes the form of questions and answers about one's past career. We have such an autobiography of Frances Wynne in the report that Miss Charlotte O'Conor Eccles furnished to a spirited little periodical, *The Lady of the House*, which grew out of the advertising circular of a large Dublin firm, Findlater's. We have preserved since June 15, 1893, the leaf which chronicled the twenty-sixth of the interviews of this accomplished lady with "Distinguished Irishwomen in London." Who were the preceding twenty-five, I wonder? Few of them probably were as worthy of the title given to them as the interviewer herself, who is the writer of "No. 18 Blank Street" and the doer of much useful work for the improvement of Irish social conditions. Her "Aliens of the West" has just appeared and has already won the suffrages of the critics.

She begins by describing the subject of this sketch as being,

"with her pleasant, warm-hearted and unaffected manner, a charming type of a simple and well-bred young Irishwoman. Still a girl, with a pleasing mobile face that changes with every passing emotion, brown hair, taken back from her forehead, and brightening in the sunshine to gold, eyes set in dark lashes under thick brows, she possesses an attractive personality, and the 'winning ways'—no pun intended—that Erin's daughters claim as their special property.

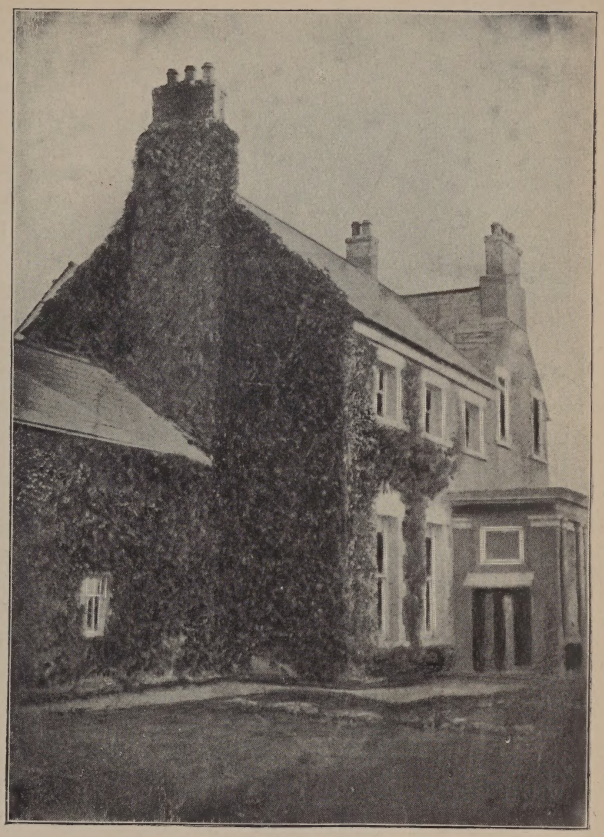
"'My native place,' she said, 'is Collon, a little village not far from Drogheda, and near the Cross of Monasterboice, which is the lion of the neighborhood. When we have visitors, we bring them the first day to Monasterboice, the second to the scene of the battle of the Boyne, the third to Mellifont Abbey. After that they have exhausted the neighborhood, and I fear there is nothing left for them but to go home. A certain interest attaches to our house in that it was in-

nabited by Mr. Speaker Foster, of the Irish House of Commons (afterwards Baron Oriel), who was related to the Massareene family. His son, Thomas Henry Foster, Viscount Ferrard, married Harriet, Viscountess Massareene, in 1810, and their place, Oriel Temple, originally a tea house in the grounds, was added to from time to time until it became a mansion.'

"'You are the eldest daughter, are you not?'

"'Yes. As children we were never whipped, though we were strictly brought up. It was quite enough for my mother to say "you have disappointed me," to reduce us to submission. I was an insatiable reader, and the severest punishment that could be inflicted on me was to deprive me of my books. When I had exhausted my few children's books, I fell back on Smith's "Wealth of Nations."'

Collon was so closely identified with the early years of our poet that she may have called it her native place, as Miss O'Conor Eccles reports her here; but, as a fact, she was born at her mother's old home in County Wexford, and she lived at Youghal till she was three years old, when the family removed to Collon House, previously occupied by her uncle.



COLLON HOUSE. (FROM THE GARDEN.)

The fair inquisitor whom we are drawing upon proceeded next to question her about her education:

"'A very good governess taught me until I was twelve, and as just noted, I was strictly brought up—church twice on Sundays and all that. At twelve I was sent to school at Notting Hill, London, to a Miss Pugh, who is still one of my best friends. Returning home, I had another governess, who was almost too good to me. Then I attended the Alexandra College, Dublin, to study special subjects.'

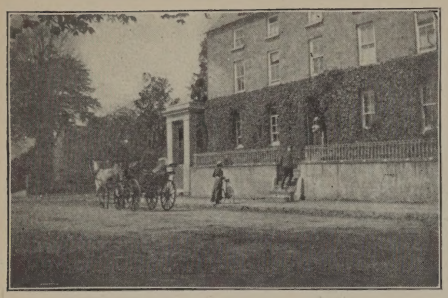
"'What about your early poems?'

"'My first was a hymn presented to my grandmother, who kept it in a Bible bound in blue velvet, where I came across it not long since, written in a round, childish hand, and evidently based on Watt's hymns or others familiar to me at the time. I know it ended thus—

"'And my eternity shall be
Thy presence and Thy love.'

"'The next thing I remember was written while at school, and very proud was I of the praise my companions gave it. Its subject was the Academy painting, 'Her Father's House'—a little waif looking into a church. My idea then was that poetry should be written in a *furore* of inspiration.'"

As I am now turning away from Miss O'Conor Eccles' account of the twenty-sixth of her "Distinguished Irishwomen in London," I may note that she makes, almost in the same words, a remark afterwards made by Mrs. Hinkson The latter says: "Her personal charm was exactly that of her poems—something winning, gay, and innocent, which delighted all who knew her." "Unlike many other people," says the interviewer, "Mrs. Wynne resembles her poetry. She has the same freshness of feeling,



COLLON HOUSE. (FROM THE STREET.)

breeziness, and charm. No one who meets her after perusing her writings is disappointed."

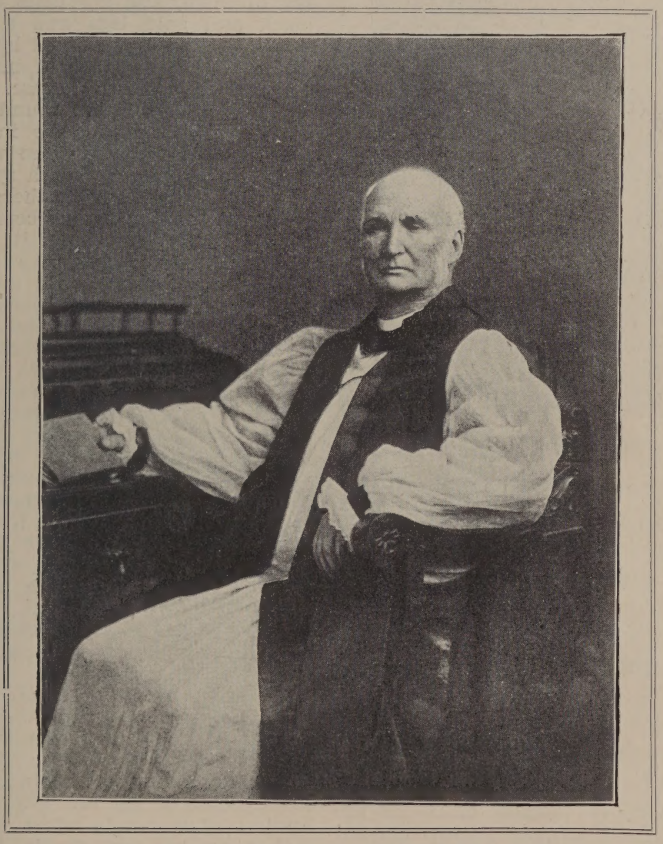
One of the most interesting anthologies published of late years is "The Treasury of Irish Poetry," edited by Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston. The compilers had many zealous helpers, yet blunders of course crept in, the worst being the total omission of Miss Emily Hickey, whose literary work is much more considerable and more excellent than that of nine-tenths of the contemporaries represented in the collection. We trust that this oversight has not been repeated in the new encyclopedia of "Irish Literature" which is just now being issued by John D. Morris and Company of Philadelphia. The six lines about Frances Wynne contain three mistakes: she was *not* the daughter of a Dublin clergyman, her death did *not* occur in 1894, and there is another *not* which would require a lengthy explanation. She had indeed several kinsmen in the ranks of the clergy of the *ci-devant* Established Church of Ireland; but the "Dublin clergyman" in this writer's mind was evidently Canon Wynne of St. Matthias', Irishtown, Dublin, who was our poet's cousin. She afterwards bore towards him another relationship. She had not the satisfaction of seeing her father-in-law Bishop of Killaloe, for he received that appointment four months after her death. For her sake I have read his biography by the Rev. James Hannay, and I have found with pleasure traces of the genial and charitable spirit of his young kinswoman. In the first of his episcopal Charges to his clergy the references to "the members of the Roman Catholic Church" are very different from the utterances of some of his right reverend brethren quoted lately in the newspapers; and his last appearance in print was a letter to Lord Plunket, containing an earnest protest in favor of the schools of the Christian Brothers as entitled to a share of the public funds. The feeling of Catholics towards him was shown at his death, which occurred soon after, in very pathetic circumstances. His wife was in Dublin, trying hard to recover after what is professionally called "a very successful operation." A turn for the worse took place, and the Bishop went out for the doctor early in the morning of November 3, 1896. He

COLLON. ON A MARKET DAY.

fell dead on the way. His wife died a few hours later. His biographer records that, when the two coffins reached Killaloe, "the Roman Catholic townspeople, by the special desire of their parish priest, bore them across the bridge towards the Cathedral."

This kindly spirit seems to have been traditional in the family. Mr. Alfred H. Wynne, the father of our poetess, was formerly agent for Lord Massareene and Ferrard; but he resigned that position *before* the evictions that have caused hardship and ill-will for so many years. Would the old principle, *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc,* have any application here? More congenial work for him was the management of the Burnaby estate in Wicklow County, on which has grown up quite recently the fashionable watering-place of Greystones, close to Delgarry and the Glen of the Downs, with the Sugar Loaf rising in the distance. Here Frances Wynne spent many happy summer days.

She was, as we have seen, very carefully educated; and though she was not one of those born poets who "lisp in numbers," she has herself told us already of two serious efforts of her girlhood, and no doubt she produced many pleasant rhymes for birthdays and other social occasions. One thing she certainly learned in her young days—a clear, firm, unaffected, agreeable handwriting, an other of many instances which go some



DR. WYNNE, PROTESTANT BISHOP OF KILLALOE.

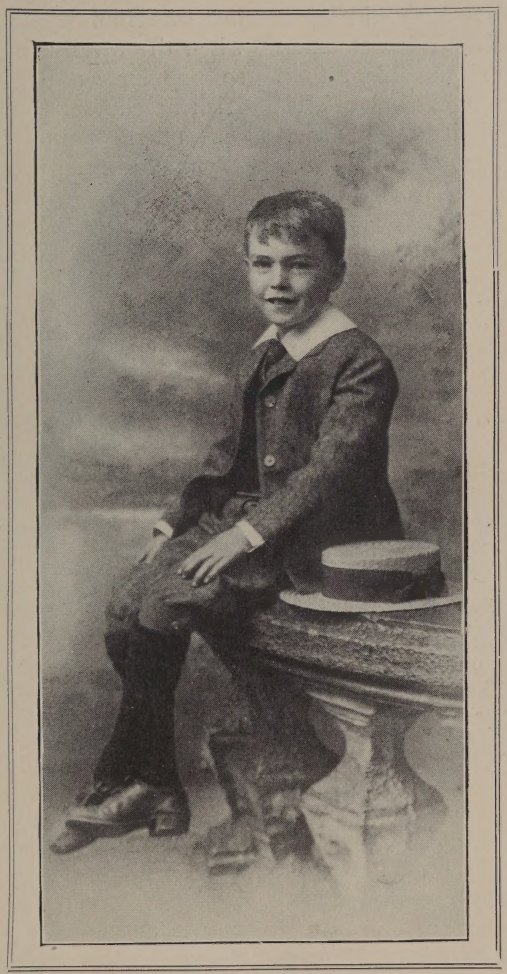
THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

way towards proving that penmanship is an indication of character. With housefuls of cousins in different parts of Ireland and in London her affectionate disposition was sure to exercise her pen assiduously in letter-writing. The title of this sketch promises something about "Herself, her Letters, and her Lyrics." Of her correspondence our first sample may be her expansion of Thomas à Kempis's *cella continuata dulcescit,* her description of her own dainty chamber in her first letter to her new friend, Katharine Tynan, some day in the first half of 1887.

"I am very fond of my room. It isn't very large, but it's not too small. There is a crimson carpet on the floor and two feet of stained boards all round. There's a wide window-sill with a box of mignonette and a scarlet geranium on it (the mignonette has been blooming for a year). In the corner at one side of the window is my 'little white bed,' as they say in children's books. At the other side against the wall is a spacious dressing table, etc. At the end of this, jutting a little way across the window, is my writing-table at which I now sit in a black and gold wicker chair which reposes in the angle formed by the side of my bed and the corner of the window when I'm not writing. Then there's the mantelpiece with knick-knacks on it, and above it are scarlet feather screens and Japanese fans and a pretty picture of Kingstown from the rocks. And there's a certificate setting forth that I passed the College of Preceptors' examination. And there are two brackets with trailing ivy in them, and my little oval table with black and gold legs and a crimson cloth stands by the fire, flanked by a cosy basket-chair. Here are some of my *pettest* books and my lamp and photo-case. And there are sketches pinned up all round the walls, and there's a funny cupboard in the wall, and there's a chest of drawers with a crimson cloth, thickly covered with specimens of the genus box; and over it there's a wee book-case with some religious books and a lot of ivy trails from the top of it. And there are two somewhat prosaic chairs; and the walls have a paper with pale pink honeysuckle and pale green leaves climbing thereon. And there's a bracket at the head of my bed with my Bible and prayer-books; and there's another in the corner with a silver candlestick in case I should wake in the night. And there's my Confirmation card, with the dates of my Confirmation and First Communion, hanging over my head. And there's a sweet photograph of some 'Holy Family,' I don't know whose; I bought it for a shilling, and I love it. *Et voilà tout.* Just under my window is the road. Then there's an ivy-grown wall. Then, entered by a door gaily covered with placards, there's Mother Taaffe's garden, at present showing a nice growth of young cabbages and potatoe ridges planned with admirable mathematical skill. There are lovely trees, elm and beech, beyond the garden. Then the ground rises gently and green, and my horizon is bounded by a little wood of larch and fir and beech, looking lovely just now. I forgot to say that my window curtains and the valance of my bed are pink and white dimity. The whole effect of my room *is* rather pretty, and people rave about my window. Well now! if I haven't made you wish you had never seen me! I hope you will like the *Story of a Short Life.* I adore it. I cry every time I read it, and I've read it a hundred or so of times. I am so glad you love *Maud.* I used to know pages and pages of it by heart. It is quite my favorite of Tennyson. There's such a sort of Passion about it, and I must say I love *that.* I thought *Sir Percival* a delicious and idyllic book."

I have never heard before of the "Story of a Short Life,"* or the "Sir Percival" to

which such praise is given. But those who have never heard before of the warm-hearted maiden who administers the praise will justly blame my indiscretion in beginning with this artless piece of egotism, which supposes them to be already interested in all that concerns her. In the sanctum which she has described for us with such loving minuteness she was just then preparing for her first appearance in print—she was smoothing down the feathers of her "First Cuckoo" before sending it forth to knock (or peck) at the door of *The Irish Monthly*. It appeared in the July number of the year 1887. As she at once struck the keynote of all her music, this first poem may be also the first of our samples.



HENRY FRANCIS DEVEREUX WYNNE.
AGED 9 1-2 YEARS. TAKEN IN 1903.

"The dreaming hills are grey as glass,
A soft south wind is blowing;
The daisies twinkle in the grass—
One almost sees them growing.
The sky is far away and blue,
The fleecy clouds are drifting,
And o'er the meadow's vivid hue
Quick lights and shades are shifting.

Along the brilliant gorse in flower
The happy sunshine rushes;
And trembles forth from bush and bower
The singing of the thrushes.
Hark! plaintive through the rapturous strain,
Upon my ear is falling
A note that brings half joy, half pain—
The tardy cuckoo's calling.

It is the first sweet time this year
I've heard that distant chanting,
So I've a right to wish. Oh, dear!
If wishing just meant granting!
I'd wish I might have back again
A day I well remember,
An afternoon of wind and rain
That came in late November.

The yellow grass was dank that day,
The sodden hedges dripping;
A reckless wind from branch and spray
Their shivering leaves were stripping.
The gloom fell down on birds and men,
That day so damp and chilly;
And yet I long for it again
When boughs have rose and lily.

O dear lost time! the world is gay,
The birds are singing—only
I was so happy that grey day,
And this sweet day I'm lonely.
The sun pours down his rain of gold
Through green young leaves above me;
But oh, for a day of the days of old,
And you who used to love me.

These pleasant verses were signed "F. A. M. W.," but happily these initials soon gave way to her full name, which she retained ever after, not changing it even at that interesting epoch which usually involves this change for ladies. Indeed her second appearance in print—

*Mr. Ewing wrote it, and J. H. Shorthouse "Sir Percival."

and a very charming poem it was, "Jessie"—bore the signature "Frances A. M. Wynne;" but she very judiciously cut it down to the form in which we are used to it. "I forgot (she wrote) to ask you if you would put plain 'Frances Wynne' to my pieces. My cousins have made a tremendous request that I should write over 'Frances Wynne' and not put any initials. Will you send the proof to 9 Leeson Park? I am one of five Miss Wynnes there. I think it would sound so grand to be able to say 'I am correcting the proof of my sonnet' if they asked me what I was doing. I hope there will be a good many mistakes, so that it may take me a good while—only I don't know exactly the right sort of *hierol* (I can't spell it) queer signs and lines I ought to make."

TRAFALGAR ROAD, GREYSTONES.

Another time she writes: "I am afraid I have corrected the proof with more vigor than orthodoxy. It would be a great, *great* charity if someone would 'larn' me the real proper way of correcting proofs and making mystic signs in the margin. Shall I ever forget my anguish over 'The First Cuckoo?'" Yet the "hieroglyphics" (that she broke down in trying to spell a moment ago) were seldom needed in the proof sheets set up from her fine, clear, *manly* handwriting, very unlike the finical angularities of feminine albums in the old days when the utterly forgotten L. E. L. was so popular as to give her name to an Irish racehorse.

Another point in which Frances Wynne differed from the ordinary run of the *genus irritabile* was the humility and docility with which she received objections to certain expressions in her poems and strove to make the desired changes. For instance, "A Voyage in a Rocking Chair"—one of the poems in the little volume of which we shall speak presently—is discussed in two or three letters. On some "Saturday Night" towards the end of 1887 she wrote:

"Your letter was a great relief to my mind. I was getting very low about 'In a Rocking Chair.' Thank you so very much

MISS CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

for taking the trouble to write me all that helpful advice about my insignificant poem. I think everything you say is quite true. I shall call it 'In a Rocking Chair,' and work it up without the third stanza and with a different last one. I hated the break in the last verse myself, but I wanted it to scan! The last verse always seemed a little incongruous, though of course I understood what I meant myself, and 'shining harbor bar' was such a nice thought. You know I was really tilting back and forwards in the firelight, and really when I went up I saw nothing but the bit of gold sky, and, when I came down, nothing but 'the quaint old room.' And then I was reading a sweet extract I made out of Hamerton's 'Life of Turner,' where he says of one of Turner's pictures that it is 'like a window opened upon the land of the ideal where the harmonies of things are more perfect than they have ever been in this common world.' And then I was thinking that the delicious harmony of things round me was a shining gate opened to my Ideal Land."

GREYSTONES.

Where many of "life's pleasant days" were spent by Frances Wynne.

Eight days later she sent the second edition of her little poem. "I won't be disappointed if you don't think it good enough for the I. M. after all. At least I *will*, but I'll pretend not to. Now I'm going to tell you another secret. I've begun to try and write my first sonnet. I owe this announcement to you, as you put it into my head. The subject is 'Life's Pleasant Days,' a phrase that struck me as rather thrilling in my *Imitation of Christ*. You could not imagine anything worse than my baby sonnet. I don't know whether it will be even safe to show it to you under the strictest seal when it is done—if it ever is."

Some time afterwards she announced: "I've finished my sonnet! I picked up heart of grace after I got your letter. I'm afraid it's rather poor even for a first attempt. 'This life's pleasant days' comes in Book III., chapter 47 of the *Imitation*. 'Neither wouldst thou long for this life's

pleasant days.' I think it such a fascinating phrase—though I suppose it is hardly fair to ignore the context."

Her second sonnet is referred to in the following letter which I venture to print in full, not even suppressing the important date which it reveals—the writer's exact birthday.

"Collon House,
"January 17th, 1888.

"My dear Father Russell:—

"Thank you so much for your kind letter. I knew it was delayed because you were thinking how you could make little strictures seem nicer than any one else's praising. I have too great a habit of doing things on the impulse of the moment. If I'd waited for another day, I'd have known the poem was too 'crock' (Cambridge cousin's word for 'inferior') for you to publish. I thought, you know, as February is the month of St. Valentine!—I made that poem up in two hours and never touched it again. I think it would spoil its few merits to technicalize it, but perhaps not. I have the rough copies of all my things; so please keep it. And if you are ever able to make any suggestion about it, I shall be so grateful. All the same I'm not so very young. I'll be twenty-two next week.

"Now I'm going to confess under the strictest seal of secrecy a very dreadful thing I did in that impulsive, odious way of mine. I wrote the enclosed sonnet, and the day it was finished I thought it was awfully good. You know how new-fangled one is with one's things. Well, how can I tell you what I did? I'm so ashamed of it. But I will. I had been reading what I thought a rather 'crock' sonnet in—in—the— Oh! dear, how *shall* I say it? *The Spectator*. And I thought for the lark (I beg your pardon—for the fun of it) I'd send mine there because a lot of people I know take *Spec.*, and they'd respect me. It was so mad of me. Now I haven't got any answer, either Yes or No, though I never after the first day expected 'yes.' How shall I make them answer me? For the poor old sonnet is going to waste. It's a month ago now. Perhaps I put the wrong address. Oh! please don't tell any one I was *so* silly. I don't know how I ought to write to an editor that isn't you. I never *shall* again. I know that. I feel very low about ever being a poet. Don't you think, though, that the wee bit about 'How the gorse will blaze' reminds you of *dear* April.

"In great haste,
"Yours very sincerely,
"Frances Wynne."

Miss Wynne was soon a welcome contributor to *The Spectator,* but the door did not open to her first knock. The disappointed poet writes on the 11th of April, 1888: "My ardor has been considerably damped by the chilly reception my poor little offer met with in *The Spec.* Dear Father Russell, I am disgusted with all editors except him of *The Irish Monthly.*"—which accordingly was glad to print, "Sunset from Leeson Street Bridge," a spot which played a prominent part on the occasion of Queen Victoria's last visit to Dublin, for here was erected the ingenious structure which was so marvelously like the ancient city gate that the eye was deceived, even on the closest approach.

I seem to have exhorted her to seek her inspiration sometimes in deeper feelings than she had yet tried to express: for as early (and as late) as "11.45 P. M. Jan. 31st, 1888" she writes:

"No, I'm sure I shall always be quite unworthy to write religiously. I'm not good enough in my actions to justify my expressing my emotions on such subjects, strong as they often and often are. But my religion is a piece with the rest of me—emotional, selfish, clinging, and sobbing dependence on—(some words, one of them, the sacred Name, blotted out). Please God, some day I shall be worthy to write, as you were saying, about the sad and the poor and the afflicted. But I am not able to find adequate expression yet, though I do, oh! I *do* feel it all. My wings are rather weak just yet, you know. I have been writing only eight months. I wonder shall I ever be a poet. I do hope I shall. It is a part of my general selfishness to write about my own little phases of feeling. Thank you for taking the trouble to draw my attention towards higher things. Facts are my abomination. It's weak, but true. I'm beginning to fear I shan't ever brace myself to Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' which I heroically got from Green's Lending Library. I have played truant to Keat's 'Endymion' and only 'put in' one half hour of Buckle. I was immensely thrilled with 'Endymion.' There was one line near the end that rushed home to me to-day when I was finishing, 'and a shine of hope came gold about me.' I marvel at Keats."

I seem to have rebuked my young poet for her over-fondness for that irregular, varying measure of which the most brilliant example is "The Unknown Eros" of Coventry Patmore. I counselled her to lessen "the weight of too much liberty" by submitting to the useful bonds of stricter and more regular metres. Her sprightly muse ought to have been left to her own devices; and certainly "A Lesson in Geography" in which she gave herself this greater freedom is one of the best and pleasantest of her poems. But with its brisk, short lines it fills a good deal of space and becomes her longest poem. It is the one specimen given in the *Treasury Of Irish Poetry* before referred to, and is within reach of many of our readers, whereas we are able to draw upon more inaccessible sources. But let us give another of the early letters that record her little triumphs. On February 15th, 1888, she begins playfully in the rustic idiom:—

" It's what ye're boycottin' me intirely this while back, so y'are. And I'm sure Lent is a busy time for you in town.'

"I had a little poem by me, a contemporary of 'In the Sun,' and I sent it (knowing it wasn't good enough for you) to a new magazine, *Church of Ireland Parish Magazine*. Last night I returned from Cavan and opened a note from the editor to say the poem was accepted with sincere thanks, and that it was a relief to come across delicate and breezy verses amidst a mass of milk-and-water sentimentality with which he was daily flooded. I *was* so surprised. It's a very 'crock' magazine from a poetical point of view. But the editor (one Mr. Jennings) is clever and may get it to a higher pitch. Excuse me bothering you with this letter. I have somehow got it into my head that you take an interest in the literary efforts of this would-be poet."

A month later she was able to announce a very much more important success.

"I send you 'Rus in Urbe.' Also two letters I had from Andrew Lang anent my ballade. Will you please let me have the two letters back. I sent him the ballade in fear and trembling, for the '*Ship*' with these words: *Andrew Lang, Esq., At the Sign of the Ship.* 'Dear Sir, I should like to consign the enclosed to you if you did not think it too fragile to form part of your freight.' In two or three days I received No. 1 of the letters. I thought it *very* kind, and I made one or two little alterations (though I had the audacity to ignore *his* emendations). This morning I received No. 2 of the letters. Isn't it a good joy to have made friends with that influential person? I have wrought myself up to copy you out the ballade. I could give no higher proof of my sincere affection for my first and kindest editor."

The poem which thus won its way into *Longman's Magazine* in June, 1888, under the auspices of the very fastidious Mr. Lang—who has conducted for so many years and still conducts, with such versatility and vivacity, with so much ability and learning, that special department which from the publisher's crest is called "At the Sign of the Ship"—was "Sweetheart Daisy." She had, she has just told us, the audacity to ignore his suggested emendation; but Mr. Lang made the change himself. For on the 5th of June she complains with playful pettishness: "I saw my printed ballade for the first time yesterday. The wretched man had the temerity to alter my second line from

'Athwart the shining *West* did strew.'

and spoilt the unity of the whole thing, I think." Nevertheless in her book afterwards she did not reinstate her own version, but lets Mr. Lang's "Skies of amber threw" go down to posterity; and indeed it was well to get rid of the "feeble expletive," *did strew.*

After this little triumph her genial Muse had no difficulty in obtaining admission to *The Spectator* and other privileged circles.

Her lyrics multiplied, not too rapidly, each with a dainty perfection of its own —"little gushes of song," a sister-poet said, "spontaneous and delicate as a bird's song, and very Irish, too, in their archness and gaiety." A couple of years after her first appearance, her "First

Cuckoo," there was no difficulty in arranging for the publication of a slim volume of her verses, containing, I think, every poem she had printed, so irreproachable was each in its own way. Her letters for a time—"while the terrible day draws nigh for the book to come out"—were full of discussion about its name and other momentous considerations. She little dreamed then that the name might well have been the one given to the poems of a certain Monica Turnbull, "A Short Day's Work," for she thought *her* day was only properly beginning. The name finally adopted was that of a little poem of two stanzas, "Whisper"—not even adding the usual "And Other Poems!" Some reviewers miscalled the book "Whispers;" but it was the roguish imperative "Whisper!" which demands attention for some interesting secret about to be confidentially communicated. "When an Irish maiden says 'Whisper!' it is generally a prelude to something very pleasant and *vertraulich,*"—quoth *The Academy* of May 23. 1891—"and Miss Wynne's little volume of poems fully keeps the promise of its title. In a simple way she rhymes to us delightfully about simple things, with an engaging air of making irrepressible confidences." Another critic found in the slender tome "grace, tenderness, sensibility, and winsomeness;" while Richard Le Gallienne, himself a poet, said a year later that it contained "some of the freshest, most innocently captivating little lyrics in recent poetry. I shall never forget (he goes on) what a sweet companion it made me one spring ramble among the Surrey hills, and how this verse haunted me with welcome persistence all the way along:—

"You saucy south wind, setting all the budded beech boughs swinging
Above the wood anemones that flutter, flushed and white,
When far across the wide salt waves your quick way you are winging.
Oh! tell me, tell me, did you pass my sweetheart's ship last night?
Ah! let the daisies be,
South wind! and answer me:
Did you my sailor see?
Wind, whisper very low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so."

There is only one other stanza in the poem, so we may supply Mr. Le Gallienne's omission.

"You've come by many a gorsy hill, your breath has sweetness in it,
You've ruffled up the high white clouds that fleck the shining blue;
You've rushed and danced and whirled, so now perhaps you'll spare a minute,
To tell me whether you have seen my lover brave and true?
Wind, answer me, I pray.
I'm lonelier every day,
My love is far away;
And, sweet wind, whisper low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so."

Mr. Andrew Lang, who had already shown practically his faith in the author of *Whisper!* now repeated his judgment very emphatically. "The book includes, to my humble taste, many very charming pieces, musical, simple, straightforward, and *not* 'as sad as night.' It is long since I have read a more agreeable volume of verse, successful up to the measure of its aim and ambition."* The same tone was taken by a hundred other critics, from whom I was going to string together a litany of praise; but I must hasten to the end, which alas! is not far off. Many of her reviewers ventured on prophecies of the future that lay before one who had begun so brilliantly. One called her "slender sheaf of verse the first fruits of a bountiful harvest." Another, whom "these bright and breezy little poems reminded of the American poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in their delicate music and freshness of thought and expression," hoped that "this pre-

*He afterwards wrote: "Her death deprived modern English poetry of one of its most pleasant and delicate voices."

liminary 'Whisper!' from a poet who was evidently as bright and fresh as her book would be the herald of many clear-sounding songs that her true and sweet voice will sing for us in the future." And Rosa Mulholland wrote to her young sister-poet:

"I always thought your poems lovely and dainty in the extreme, and it gives me great pleasure to have them all together at my hand. There is more brightness and sunshine in them than in most modern poems. We wring our hands a little too much when we write, and it is easier to put sorrow than joy into poetry. I trust you may be joyous all your life, and better still, that you may always practise the delightful magic of conveying your joyousness into the hearts of others."

All your life! Many bright and busy and useful years? So no doubt "the heart of the young maiden said to the Psalmist," especially when the next great event took place, her happy marriage to Mr. Henry Wynne. "Terribly happy" was the report she gave of herself in her new state. She wrote very little poetry, but *lived* her poem. Some beautiful verses indeed, of a more thoughtful turn and in statelier rhythm, bore her name now and then in *The Spectator* and elsewhere. On some undated Saturday she wrote to me from her new London home, in her warm-hearted way.

"I must write you a hurried line to tell you of my little successes, for I always regard you as a friend of friends. First: Have you seen my poem in *The Spectator* this week? Secondly: I have an article and a poem accepted by *The Leisure Hour*, to appear in the next number; so you must order a copy. The editor has also asked me to do an article on 'Irish Peasant Wit and Wisdom,' to form one of a series of 'Rustic Wit and Wisdom.' I had him writhing on the editorial chair this morning, telling him one or two anecdotes I meant to give. Isn't it nice? I send you a little set of triolets for your acceptance if you would care for them. You could explain what Kew was, if so minded."

But all that I know myself about Kew is it is a suburb of that horrible overgrown London.

"The Sunday that we went to Kew—
I thought we should have missed the train—
I sat within the cushioned pew
The Sunday that we went to Kew,
Sat glowering at the preacher, who
Was in so very choice a vein.
The Sunday that we went to Kew
I thought we should have missed the train."

She would have linked with the name of London other epithets than those I have chosen; but with all her love for the great city and her little household and her work does not a slight home-sickness steal out through these lines?

"Here in London some daisies are decking
The grass of the squares and the parks,
And windblown laburnums are flecking
The pavement with fluttering sparks,
And doves in the sun are flying
Round a mighty old dome above,
While I watch from the worn flags, sighing,
'O, had *I* the wings of a dove!'

For I know that the gorse is glowing
Like flame at home on the hills,
And delicate leaves are showing
In woods where the blackbird trills.
In the fields there are buttercups swinging,
And there's clover sturdy and pink,
And the thrushes all day keep singing
Their rapturous songs, I think.

But instead of the voice of the throstle,
I hear the hurry of feet,
And the vehicles crush and jostle,
And the crowd grows thick in the street.
O bright doves wheeling and turning
Aloft round your stately dome,
I am weary and sick with yearning
For a glimpse of the hills at home."

Early in our acquaintance I had urged her to try prose, partly as a safeguard against an excess of verse-making. In October, 1887, she had written: "I'm sure I never could write a story. I haven't any originality." And in the following April: "I wish you'd suggest to me some subject to write a little bit of prose about. I am pining to begin, yet the realm *is* so wide! And then if I was to die and Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell was to write an article upon me—ahem! Well, I think that is conceit even past a joke." (Mrs. O'Connell, Charles Bian-

coni's, had just published an interesting book about Attie O'Brien, a young Irishwoman who had shown wonderful literary gifts under very untoward circumstances.) Later Frances Wynne wrote: "I am passionately anxious to get on with writing and am trying my hand at prose."

I do not know what she printed in *The Providence Journal,* then edited most ably by Mr. Alfred Williams, an American with very strong Irish sympathies. But her first and only prose in *The Irish Monthly* was an exquisite little story called "Fritz," in January, 1891. When one knows how her own story, the short story of her life, was to end, there is keen pathos in the first page of "Fritz." "And then the baby came, and she had lain in a quiet ecstacy and watched him day after day. But her strength never seemed to come back to her. . . . So the young mother just faded quietly away. . . . He had lost her after their one short, sweet year of happiness together. . . . His head was laid against a queer fluffy bundle which he held strained to him as if he feared someone was going to snatch it away. It was all that he had left in the world, that soft little bundle—Fritz."

The writer of this tale was herself before long to die thus the death of Rachel. About Easter, 1893,—she seldom dated her letters except by the day of the week, and her correspondent has always had the bad habit of tearing up envelopes immediately, as a sort of process analogous to the throwing away of an oyster shell —about Easter she mentioned to me with much gratification that Mr. Elkin Mathews of Vigo Street, who is the special Poets' Publisher, wished to take over "Whisper!" (of which he confessed himself an ardent admirer) and to publish her next volume. And then she added: "We are *so* happy and so very comfortable in our sweet tiny house. I had a poem in *The Spectator,* Saturday week, 'In a London Garden.' There is a little stranger coming to Stepney with the Harvest Moon, please God."

In promising my best prayers in return for the secret confided to me,* I quoted Father Clarence Walworth, an American priest of Albany, who is, I hope, duly remembered in his own country, for some of the truest poetry that we owe to Catholic America is contained in the volume entitled "Andiatorocte and other Poems," from which I ventured to send the expectant mother some lines about

> "Life's first, earliest vibration,
> From that first, feeble palpitation
> Of a new life unseen, unknown
> Except by God alone."

On the third day of August a son was born to her, as to the "bright-haired orphan girl" of her little story "Fritz." She, more fortunate, had a devoted mother watching over her tenderly for weeks before; yet she, too, faded out and passed away, more rapidly than her heroine, but not so rapidly as the poor mother in Barry Cornwall's "History of a Life."

> "Day dawned. Within a curtained room,
> Filled to faintness with perfume,
> A lady lay at point of doom.
>
> Day closed. A child had seen the light;
> But for the lady, fair and bright,
> She rested in undreaming night."

Our young mother was not taken from her new-born babe on the very day of his birth. All was joy, no fears were felt at first; but on the third day an alarming change suddenly took place, and, three days later, August 9th, 1893, she died with a smile upon her lips. Her remains were brought home to the old churchyard of Collon.

This is enough. "You see"—wrote one of the sisters whom she loved so

much—"you see there is little to *tell,* but there was a great deal that was attractive and lovable to *know* about her, wasn't there?" Indeed there was.

"Frances Wynne: Herself, her Letters, her Lyrics." Only a few glimpses of her short, short life, only a few scraps of her letters, only two or three of her pleasant little lyrics; yet I am not without hopes, dear unknown reader far away, that a place has been won in your heart for her name and memory.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

He was a wholesome-hearted boy,
Whose ways in bondless youth were free
And all his world was sunny joy
For all his heart's integrity.

Along the path of life one day
We met by chance's happy art;
So likely seemed he everyway
I made of him a brother heart.

But brothers may forget; and I
One day, ill-tempered at his glee,
So stung him with a harsh reply,
His eyes upfilled with sorrow's sea.

I left him so: his youth was weak
To answer back my heartlessness.
But, Lo! there was a voice to speak
And champion his sad distress.

That night my spirit seemed to hear
His mother (though she long was dead)
Speak for her boy, and burn the tear
Within my eyes for all I said.

The years go on, and brotherly;
Harsh words are dead, and kind are there,
And e'er shall be, since unto me
His mother proved a mother's care.

DÉSIRÉE'S FRIEND.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

The rain dripped from every pointed and shining leaf of the Portugal laurels. It rained every day, in this sad country. The sea was a mere grey blur. The lawn was like a wet, green sponge. The rain had wept on the stuccoed house-front, and left long green trails from all the eaves.

"I can't get out!" lamented Désirée's parrot; "I can't get out. How it rains! how it rains!"

He had caught the lament from his little mistress, who had been shut in by the weather and her aunt's will, ever since she had been brought here; making a stormy passage in the packet-boat that took several days to do its journey between England and Ireland. That journey, and the journey from France which preceded it, was like a dream of fatigue to little Désirée, who was not strong.

She had been very well content among her playmates in the French convent. Often now she yearned after the grey sea-flats, the long, level shores which were something home-like and merry to her. Here it was always raining, and the rank vegetation about the house seemed to choke Désirée, to have so many mouths of breathing that there was no fresh air left for her delicate lungs.

Désirée:—her cousin Anthony had mocked clownishly at the name. She was a small, pale, childish, very young girl, with a sallowness of skin, and a darkness of eyes, which her straight white silk frocks accentuated.

The good nuns had placed Désirée under the protection of the Mother of God, seeing that she was an orphan, and in special peril in the world she must enter, since she was the heiress to a great fortune. So she wore the white silk frocks always, with a blue sash about her little waist, and a blue ribbon in her dull, fair, silky hair, blue and white being the colors of her patroness.

Anthony had mocked at the unsuitability of her name even in her presence, safely, for the child had not discovered the mockery. She had a simple admiration for Anthony, so long as he kept his distance. Later when he had offered her a rough, cousinly caress, she had been frightened, and had run away to her room oddly terrified of him, and herself, and all the world. Fortunately Anthony's caresses were seldom offered to her. Anthony was being brought up to the point of proposing marriage to her, with many jibings, and kicking up of heels, and other signs of rebellion, which would have been alarming if his mother had not had him so thoroughly in hand, and been so sure of her power over him.

His mother, Mrs. Devereux, was a cold, placid, silken-spoken woman, with large, shadowless blue eyes, and a thin red mouth that snapped like a vise. Tom Devereux had thought her an uncommonly fine woman when he married her, and had been under her thumb to the last day of his life. Anthony was the image of him, dark, handsome, with a tendency to coarseness, fond of pleasure, blustering, good-natured so long as his appetites were not interfered with, weak as water in the hands of the strong woman who had borne him and who had transmitted him nothing at all of herself.

He had his head down on his folded arms, on the table in his mother's room, when little Désirée passed down the stairs on her way to the book-room. Désirée had no idea that he was in the house; but half-way down the stairs she paused, with her parrot on her shoulder,

and stood looking up at the frescoed head of a lady that was above the double-mahogany doors between the inner and the outer hall. She thought she had heard the sound of sobbing from her aunt's room. After a second, hearing no more, and recognizing the unlikeliness of her supposition,—Aunt Arabella looked the last person in the world to disturb the smooth ivory of her face with tears—she went on her way.

As a matter of fact she had heard her cousin sob. If she could have looked through the closed doors she would have seen him with his head on the table in that ignominious abandonment, while his mother contemplated the shaken, shaggy head with a gaze in which contempt and fondness were oddly blent.

"My dear boy," she said in her velvet voice,—"we cannot keep the child hidden much longer. Even though we are her lawful guardians, people will be curious about the possessor of so much wealth. Once she is seen, you are lost. Other people will not be so laggard. Désirée's fortune—"

"Désirée!" he said savagely, lifting his disordered handsome face and glaring with his bloodshot eyes, "Désirée! what a name for that ugly, little, sickly girl! As though anyone could ever desire *her.*"

"Her mother's folly. But she is well-gilt, Anthony. Other men will not be so ungallant. I can't keep her for you much longer, my son."

"Other men might have her, and welcome! Have you no heart, mother? You know that I am fond of Betty King, that I'd set one glance of her black eyes against this little wretch's fortune. I'm fond of her, I tell you; I always have been. And the poor girl believes in me. Damn it, I've a mind to let it all go and marry her! A girl of spirit like that . . . "

"My poor Anthony." The contempt in his mother's gaze deepened. "You forget your debts. Betty King is as poor as yourself, and as careless. I wonder what you'd do if you hadn't me."

"Be an honest man, perhaps," muttered Anthony, looking out at the grey wash of sea and sky, with heavy eyes.

But all the time he knew, and she knew, that in the end he would do her will, not his own, as his father had done it before him.

Meanwhile Désirée in the book-room had forgotten that she was a prisoner, had forgotten how lonely it was during the weeks when it rained and rained incessantly, and Cousin Anthony did not come near them, and Aunt Arabella's eyes grew colder every day, and her voice more velvety; and these were things which made Désirée instinctively shrink from her, divining some cold heat of anger under that deceptive softness.

Poor little Désirée; she didn't want to annoy anybody. She only wished to go back and finish her childhood in that quiet convent among the sea-flats. How gentle the nuns were! how merry the little French children! It was the convent of the Infant Jesus, and the atmosphere of childhood was all about the place. Even the nuns were no more than wise, grave, merry, elder children. Désirée had heard nothing of her fortune there. Only she was a little dearer to the nuns because she had no father and mother like the other children; and so she must be given to the Blessed Mother. How lonely Désirée was for the nuns' eyes, and the demure, bright romps in the playground, and the dormitory with its little white beds, and the glass corridor where they played when it was wet, and had their sewing-classes under the eyes of the great statue of the Holy Child.

Anthony's ways towards her, when he had fallen in, for the moment, with his mother's will, just vaguely perturbed her, but her heart was yet so swathed up

in its veils of childhood that she had hardly a glimmering of what the young man's manner meant. Still she had her romantic dreams, the things that come to very young girls before it has dawned upon their shrinking consciousnes that love can be a thing other than spiritual. In the book-room she found provender for her dreams; and she found also a spurious gaiety of climate which made her forget the weeping skies and drenched world outside. The ceiling was blue and gold, a blue ground with gold stars upon it. It was groined, and long lines of gilding came down between the stars to end in many golden roses. The walls were covered in books behind a brass lattice. The window was a bow, with a design of shepherdesses on the groined ceiling. A door led from it into the garden, where it would have been pleasant to walk if the days ever did anything but rain. As it was, Désirée turned from the fat vegetation and the blackened flower-stalks to the simulated Italian skies and the fire of driftwood on the hearth.

In a recess by the fire there was an organ, upon which she had liberty to play. Indeed, within the walls of the house she was at liberty to do what pleased her. Mrs. Devereux was not a woman for petty tyrannies, even if she had not desired to be on good terms with her husband's orphan niece. And Désirée usually had the book-room to herself. If her aunt visited her there it was only to ask her how she did, and retire with a soft gliding footstep. But for the loneliness, the girl had been happy with the books and the organ. But Tim, the parrot, was her only companion. Even her aunt's servants were all old and starched and grim. Tim was very wise and very fond of his little mistress; but a parrot, however dear and wise, will not suffice for all company.

One night Désirée had been overtaken by sudden sleep in the book-room. She did not know how it had happened her, for she had been reading "Sir Charles Grandison," and had been deeply enchanted by that courtly hero. She awoke with a start, conscious before she was fully awake of another presence in the room; and sure enough, a pair of bright, merry grey eyes, soft as velvet, were watching her from across the long table that lay between them.

Their owner was a young man with a head of abundant brown hair which he wore in loose locks. One lock strayed carelessly over his forehead. He was very handsome, with a beauty oddly compounded of feminine softness and masculine spirit and fire. Little Désirée, rubbing her eyes, thought it a bewitching face.

He had something like a map spread on the table before him, and his arm was flung carelessly across it. He wore a snuff-brown coat and a green cravat, and there were fine little pieces of lace peeping from his coat-sleeve.

"I hope you are refreshed," he said politely. "I have taken the liberty to replenish the fire while you slept. The night grows cold."

Désirée looked at him in bewilderment.

"I do not know,—" she began, stammering.

"How I came here," he finished gaily for her. "Why, it is the simplest thing in the world. I am a former owner of the house, and keep the right to come and go. I am often here when you are asleep."

"My aunt—"

"Would be the last person to forbid me. Why should she wish to, good lady? I meddle with no one. In this room I spent my happiest hours."

His delightful smile, candid and bewildering, played over Désirée like the soft play of sunlight through leaves.

She gazed at him shyly, and said nothing.

"And you are a student," he went on. "May I ask what engaged you?"

She held one brown thick volume to him, without a word.

"Ah, the fine gentleman of the booksellers," he said. "So he sent you asleep, this good Samuel. I, myself, had never time to read him through. Life was too interesting. Except his Pamela; I read her, for her name's sake. She was a minx with a virtuous face. Stick to Sir Charles Grandison, little one. He can do you no harm."

She received the book back from his hand with a little color in her childish cheeks. It was as though his smile began to warm her, who had been cold these months back since she had left her school-fellows and the nuns.

"It is very sad here," she said, looking up at him.

"Sad? Fie!" he smiled. "It was not used to be sad. Was ever such a sweet little room as this book-room? I remember . . . there was a charming woman yonder in the window. She wore a little French jacket. *Ma foi,* I wonder it wasn't a cap of liberty. The plants in the passage outside had been newly watered, and this room smelt like a greenhouse. The most charming of women had just dressed four beautiful flower-pots and was sitting to her embroidery-frame while . . . "

He broke off abruptly, with a little laugh.

"Why should I tell you this, child? Those days are dead and gone, dead and gone, their memories dear only to those who are gone with them."

"Ah, but do tell me," she pleaded, her eyes bright upon him, in her ethereal face. "I should like to know about it. Then I shall not be so lonely. I shall think of the lady when I sit here alone. The place seemed to me so sad: always the endless rain: always the dripping shrubberies outside and the sodden garden-beds. And the wind is loudly crying about the house at night. I have had no one only Tim, my parrot. See how he watches you!"

"A fine gay handsome fellow. But as for sadness, child, ah, no; this was not sad. I remember how she sat and played the organ there in the recess. The garden-beds then were full of hyacinths, jonquils, cloves, pinks and narcissus. On a stand in the window were six beautiful pots of auriculas all out in flower: the lawn was mowed and rolled. There were gentianellas and primroses growing up to the house. The happiest fellow in the world was his own gardener of Eden. Alas!"

He sighed profoundly, and the deepest shadow fell over the brightness of his face.

Désirée looked at him wistfully.

"Shall I play to you?" she asked.

He pushed away the big book which he had been studying.

"That is enough of Fortifications for the present," he said. "Yes, play, child. We shall not disturb the house?"

"My aunt and the servants sleep at the other end, quite out of hearing. I have played here before when I have been lonely."

As he came to her side, his sleeve brushed against the bird which had perched on the chair-back, and the creature fled from the encounter with a little scream, and took refuge on a bust above one of the book-cases.

"That is not like Tim," said his owner. "He is usually the friendliest of birds."

But the parrot refused to be coaxed back, and kept his place under the blue stars watching the strange gentleman with bright, unblinking eyes.

Désirée played, great crashing things by Händel which might well test all the strength of her small fingers. The lis-

tener wore the face of a virtuoso. At the end, it was full of delight.

"Bravo!" he said, bowing to her. "You are a musician, though you are only a child. You have given me pleasure. Some time you will play for me again?"

"Whenever you wish," answered Désirée eagerly.

"I shall be sure to come," he responded. "Why, I have come without that. But now, child, it is time that you were in bed. Those cheeks,—they will never grow roses if you keep such late hours."

He held the door for her, with the most graceful of gestures. As she passed through, piteously slender in her thin, white silk, the parrot followed her, flying through the doorway with a low scream of discomfort.

"Tim is jealous that I have found a new friend," said his mistress, playfully reproaching him.

She kept her secret to herself. There was little intimacy between her and her aunt, and the chill servants repelled her. She never thought that the encounter was something she ought to speak of. Her mind was singularly childish, despite her seventeen years: and had he not said that her aunt would be the last to forbid him the house? if the music gave him solace,—and it did—that was enough for Désirée.

After that, it became a common thing with her to steal down stairs when the house slept. Sometimes he was there. Sometimes he was not. When Désirée failed to find the brown head in the light of the shaded lamp, bent low over the maps and diagrams, it was a lost night for her. When he was there he talked with her, sometimes of the things he read. He seemed to be always studying books of military strategy, of attack and defence. Little Désirée strove painfully to follow him in the things he talked of. She did not often understand him, but she was delighted that he should talk to her. Again he would talk, as he had that first night, of his memories of the place. The figure of the lady in the little French jacket became something of an actual personality to the child. Or yet again he would talk to her of the country, which she had thought of as so wet and melancholy, teaching her to love it. It was February now, and daffodils had come out in the grass, snowdrops in the shrubberies. The birds had begun to sing, and some days an enchanting air blew. From an arbor in the garden Désirée discovered the long line of the mountains. The dull sea revealed itself as lapis-lazuli and jade and mother-o'-pearl. Désirée became less homesick for the convent on the sea-flats and the nuns and the little French children.

She had seen her friend many times and had talked with him, played to him, and been dismissed to bed, night after night, with the same gentle courtesy. Tim had never become more friendly, would still fly to the bust on top of the book-cases and eye the intruder with bright, suspicious glances. With the interest of this new friendship a change had come over Désirée.

"The little ape grows handsome," said Anthony, making a grudging concession to his mother.

"Does that make things easier for you, my dear boy?" she responded smoothly. "Yes, I see a change in the child. She grows like a little torch. That flame in her cheeks that is so soon blown out, her transparence. She grows too fast for her strength, and she keeps late hours. I have heard her at the organ an hour after midnight. When will you speak, Anthony?"

She sent him a long meaning glance which forced his dull intelligence to read it. For a second something of a shameful hope sprang up in his eyes, then died out again.

"No," he said, in sullen fury. "I

haven't yet come to it that I want the ape to die. Let me alone!" and then he slouched from the room in a mood which his mother knew to be dangerous. She had encountered it once or twice in his father, and had had the wit to be silent while it lasted.

Désirée now hardly knew when Anthony came or went. Her old childish beginnings of an admiration for him had merged into an indifference as nearly contemptuous as was possible to her gentle nature. She knew now what the fine flower of courtesy was, and saw Anthony for a clown. Why, by this new knowledge of hers, Sir Charles Grandison himself became a man of wax, a stilted thing, without life, without heart.

Then alas, for little Désirée came a time when her friend seemed to have forgotten her. Perhaps he had other things to think of. Someone died in Paris just then whose death would have interested Désirée, if she had known everything. Anyhow, he came no more. Week after week passed, and the strain of hope and disappointment began to tell on that delicate body. The color in her cheeks wavered now so wildly that it looked at times as if the fierce draught must blow it out for ever. Her aunt watched her narrowly, anxiously, and grew curiously kind, if but Désirée had had the heart to notice it.

She came upon the child one evening in the spring twilight. She was sitting at the table in the book-room, lying half across a great brown book, the better to see it with her short-sighted eyes. It struck Mrs. Devereux that the shoulder-blades stood up sharply through the white silk frock, that there were hollows behind the delicate ears. Something of conscience and heart, hitherto unsuspected, stirred in the woman. Perhaps she had not quite meant that shameful bribe which she had offered silently to her son. She had no love for bouncing black-eyed Betty King. With this child she could do anything. Anthony should take her away as soon as they were married, to the South, in search of health. Anthony was coming to-morrow to ask Désirée's hand. She had brought him to the point at last: or his debts had.

She put her hand on the silky hair within its confining blue ribbon. She was unused to offering caresses, and this was done coldly and awkwardly.

"What!" she said, leaning to look at the page. "'Pontoon Bridges.' 'The Art of Conveying an Army.' 'On Attacking an Enemy's Coast Line.' Why, Désirée, child, what studies!"

Désirée, who had flung herself across the page as though she would hide some treasured secret, closed the book hastily. The fires rose higher in her thin cheeks.

"I took it from there," she said, indicating a blank in the book-shelves. "I thought it a curious old book."

"All these books belonged to the people who lived here thirty odd years ago. I dare say you know their unhappy fate. The lady only died the other day. What! you do not know! I have books up stairs that will tell you all about them. I wish Mr. Moore had stuck to his Melodies. Already the idlers flock to see the house. As though I should permit it!"

"May I have the books?" asked Désirée almost in a whisper. She had begun to look scared.

"I shall find them for you. And a portfolio with sketches of these crack-brained revolutionaries. Seeking to upset the established order, as though that were not always the best. I won't have stories made up about the house while it is mine."

Her voice rose shrilly at the end.

"May I have the books?" asked Désirée again. She spoke as though her tongue were dry in her mouth.

"You are too much alone," said the woman, looking at her almost with compassion. "You sit up at night playing the organ. I have come into the room sometimes while you played, and you have been too absorbed to hear me. We shall be more cheerful: Anthony comes to-morrow. He will want better roses than these;" she said, touching a suddenly ashen cheek.

"Please may I have the books?" said Désirée for the third time and now her voice was like a wail.

"He will never bring her back from the honeymoon," said the woman, as she went up the stairs to her own apartment. "Yet a few months ago I thought she had taken a new lease of life."

She returned quickly with the books and the portfolio. There were two small volumes bound in calf: and the portfolio was a thin one, containing some half-dozen water-color sketches.

"You will have the candles?"

"I can see by the fire-light," said the child, taking the things within her shaking arms, and going towards the hearth.

Mrs. Devereux looked back as she left the room, and saw her place the books on a prie-dieu chair, the portfolio beyond them, and kneel down on the hearth. She stood a second, and noticed how eagerly the slender fingers began turning the pages.

"She is in a fever," she said to herself. "I wish the wedding was over."

An hour or two later the persistent screaming of the parrot at last found an entry to her absorption.

"The wretch's neck ought to be wrung," she said angrily, as she went down the corridor to the book-room.

The parrot was flying about screaming. The room was dark, excepting for the merest glimmer from the grate.

"Désirée!" she called; but there was no answer.

In sudden terror she went to the fire, and poked the embers into a feeble blaze. There was Désirée lying over on the prie-dieu chair, her face down on something.

"She is asleep or she has fainted," said the woman, shaking her. "Désirée, Désirée!"

But Désirée had traveled beyond the sound of her voice. Her little thin childish arms had grown rigid over the sketch she held to her breast, the portrait of a young man of great nobility and softness of aspect, spirit and fire and gaiety all blent in his charming face. His brown locks fell over a snuff-brown coat. He wore a green cravat.

Alas, that all that beauty and bravery, that immortal wit and tenderness, had been dust and ashes for three and thirty years.

MIDWINTER FISHING ON A SUMMER SEA.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

A first look on the Pacific Ocean, where it washes the southwest border of California, under a clear February sky and warm sun, suggests the Aegean Sea. Lacking the historical background and traditional glamor of the forty centuries which adorn Crete and Delos one perhaps sees less of ideal charm hereabouts. Yet, on such a day as this the waters of the Pacific are bluer and brighter than those of the Aegea. The foot hill and mountain setting too is unsurpassed by

that of any of "the Isles of Greece." Nor can the witchery of all the poets who have sung the praises of the latter since "Homer smote 'is bloomin' lyre" change the fact. Yet the only sure way of bringing such fact convincingly home to the minds of the uninitiated would be sailing a few trips over both waters. Once the poets have woven their tissues of beauty of any given locality around the hearts of persons whose lives are made up mainly of ideals, nothing short of object lessons can break the spell.

It was with some such thoughts as the above that I accompanied a score or more of tourists to the shore, bound on a day's fishing. Our boat, a thirty foot sloop, lay ready at the little wooden pier, her white mainsail fluttering in the light land breeze, fragrant with fresh blossomed wild flowers. So stimulating was this early morning atmosphere that the ladies of the party, as we helped them on board, were caroling some little tune of a sea song.

The regular fishing fleet had got away about three o'clock, the skipper told us, and was out on the fishing grounds by this time. Most of the day's catch was taken before breakfast.

With the ebb tide and fair wind our boat sped down past the shipping to the short turn, at right angles, round the point of North Island. A little distance on our right we were coming to where the first white men landed on the Pacific coast. Just under that hill on the bay shore were simultaneously raised the cross of the Franciscans and the flag of Spain—and there too was erected the first Christian Mission of California. Our skipper pointed out the red tiled roof of the *casa* where Ramona was married. And right abreast of us now is where R. H. Dana cured hides for shipment to Boston in the ship Alert, in which he returned to resume his studies at Harvard.

"You Californians don't seem to rightly appreciate your vistas of history," said Judge — "this beats all, if we only catch plenty of fish." "Fish'll come all right, sir, when we git where they are," returned the skipper.

"Oh, but say, they don't bite at this sharp finned tin thing?" questioned a pretty Miss from the interior holding up one of the glittering fish cogs on a hook. "Where's your bait?"

"That's the bait right enough on the hook, Miss," he explained, shrewdly concealing his disgust at such shoregoing "obscuration."

Some of the more eager sportsmen were getting their lines over, but the skipper told them that it would be only risking getting them into a bad tangle, no fish could be caught till we were well out to sea. Disappointment was temporarily overcome by renewed discussion of our local environment. What a noble headland was Point Loma! Those fine buildings just inside the old lighthouse are the palatial habitats of the international universal brotherhood (Theosophists). This site was chosen mainly on account of its being the only promontory in the known world which has not been seas under at some period of its existence. They have queer old pagan-Buddhist rites and forms of worship up there, in their Temple of Isis.

In the narrowing channel abreast of the pilot station the increasing current swept us out to sea at a livelier motion. The first breath of sea breeze eddying in around Point Loma infused a freshened ardor into the already buoyant spirits of our party. Several of the more susceptible ladies broke out into metrical exclamations of delight with the scene, as they looked from the sparkling ocean ahead to the tall cliff close to starboard.

"The great deep thrills for through it
everywhere.
The breath of beauty blows,"

quoted the newspaper woman touchingly.

"Guess it'll thrill some more pretty soon, Miss," returned the skipper, with a sinister smile.

Since the recent completion of the stone breakwater, more than a mile long, on the east side of the channel, sheltering the entrance from any possible southeast blow, the water hereabouts has been much smoother and the ebb and flow of the tides swifter. Again the skipper entreated the more impatient disciples of Walton not to put their lines over till we were out clear of the kelp. He had no need to point to the fleet of boats to the westward of the tall headland. Several of the ladies had already caught sight of them, as our speed seaward drew the boats one by one out from behind the point. The full view of the entire fleet of fifty sail or more, huddled close together in a flashing panorama, just outside the kelp, certainly did "thrill some more." As soon as the first surprise of the charm was over, the skipper, answering a dozen or more questions in one, said that it was the Portugese fleet on to a school of fish, yellow-tail or Spanish mackerel he thought they must be, baracenda didn't run much before March. The sight of half a score or more of yellow-tail swung dripping and glistening in the air and then into the boats was now such a fascination to most of our party as to surmount our skipper's authority. A dozen lines were flung out at once into the seething wake, in spite of his commands to "hold on a bit till we git on to the fish!"

Driving headlong into a maze of such strange sparkling bewilderment as this fleet of boats, steering, tacking, waring, backing, and filling, in every direction, for the moment intimidated the uninitiated. "Mind and duck yer heads in season when that main boom jibes over, ladies," our skipper warns, "and look out and shorten yer lines up quick, from fowling the others when we come into the swim." But the momentary fear of going into the arena had already passed and hearts and fingers were bent on winning the prize for landing the first fish. The female face is seen at its best, flushed with the desire and hope of being the winner. A tyro for luck, Young Breedlone of Chicago hooked the first fish and deftly passing the line to Miss Gillmore, when he had the "finney prey" within a few feet of the boat, took her line, without being seen by the others. The skipper and I were of course too appreciative of such gallantry to reveal the secret after the appeal of the girl's eyes.

But we were now in the thick swirl of the sport. Everybody's line was tautened to a twang and zi-i-ip by a fish on the hook. There was no more time for noting other's looks or acts. One's whole attention and best effort were required to haul in the tugging, flouncing fish, keep it clear of the other lines, get it unhooked, and then throw out after another fine two footer. The showers of rainbowing salt spray in which a hundred flouncing and threshing hooked fish immersed us freshened our efforts and enhanced the enjoyment. The shouting bedlam kept up by the skippers of the boats in their warnings to one another to "Keep clear! Keep away. 'Port there you—Portugese! it's picklin' olives instead of sailin' a boat ye ought to be!" and so on, was deafening.

"Bettah you go asho' an' kishum clams in de san!" came the retort.

Ours being the only pleasure boat in the fleet with lady tourists on board we were given a fairly "wide berth" by the regular fishing boats. The presence of women had a wholesome re-

straint on the tongues of these rough men in their taunts and threats flung at one another. Lines were fouled, tangled, and cut. A couple of slight collisions happened in which there were oaths and imprecations exchanged. But that of the yellow-tail and a few Spanish mackerel was the only blood shed. We had been little more than well warmed to the stimulating sport when there suddenly fell an alarming quietude upon the turbulent fleet. The fish had stopped biting. After a brief pause and survey of the surrounding waters a couple of the "power boats" made straight wakes at full speed for the Coronado Islands. The fleet presently followed like a flock of sheep after the bell wether. The sea breeze had this time freshened and our skipper thereupon told us that the fish had probably "struck off shore," and desired to know our pleasure regarding what he should do next. It was twenty miles out to the islands where the fleet was headed. The breeze was liable to "peter out" almost any moment. The ladies wouldn't find it "much of a picnic" laying twenty-four hours becalmed off there. We had besides more fish already than we could use (which was true); a fog might shut us in—or a south-easter spring up in the night.

"Fiddle sticks, Cap," said the Judge, "the ladies, as well as the rest of us, are out for a day's sport, and don't wish to be bluffed out of it by reminders of chances of the unexpected happening. Let her go." He questioned the dozen pair of female eyes with his own as he spoke, and they all answered emphatically "yes."

The heavier swell, heavier as we drew off shore, was presently topped with seething white caps by the increasing breeze. You could see in the fading faces of the women and the dimming eyes of both sexes that the boat's lurching and pitching was having its baleful effects. The flying spray almost drenched us. It was now sail against steam. The skipper bid us all range ourselves along the weather rail so as to keep her up more on her bottom, or else he would have to "reef her down." Two of the women let their heads fall over on their husbands' breasts. They had lost all interest for the time being in the day's outing. One could not but admire the vim with which some of the others bore up cheerfully under such manifest pain. Miss Gillmore, looking at Breedlone, who was himself white as the ridging froth under the bows, sang

"And with wide sails set and eager hearts
We're off for the fishing ground."

The intrepidity with which our skipper "cracked on" his full sails in the still stiffening breeze heightened the pleasurable excitement of the race. Nor did the obvious chances of carrying away the mast, splitting the sail, or capsizing the sloop, seem to mar the enjoyment. Like the deep sea mariner doomed to live the rest of his life out on shore, everyone seemed to have grown homesick for the smile of his "lady danger" and was now exulting in her endearing presence.

"I tell ye, ef't had only blew up a little stiffer," said the skipper, rounding her to in the small cove on the northeast side of South Island, "them power boats wouldn't a had much to spare on the run across."

Lunch baskets and other essentials for refreshment were now hunted up. It was nearly one o'clock. The skipper said he would land us on the rocks, in the skiff, the moment he had furled his sails. It would be pleasanter for us than chasing the fishing fleet, which on not striking fish off the islands had started up the coast. The skiff could safely carry no more than five persons. So it took him five trips to land the crowd.

"Me blessin's on all hardy pioneers of such beauty spots in the troubled ocean," said Mr. Noonan as we came to a rough

shed with a long redwood table in the centre, upon which we set our lunch baskets and things.

"Really, you must be a tenderfoot," said the prize winner, "the hotel company had this built for the use of its guests."

Already had the brief tramp on solid ground sent the blood glowing through the crustation of sun-dried spray on the hitherto pale faces of the seasick. Laughter had resumed its joyous ring and eyes their wonted brightness. On seeing the ladies of the party thus pleasantly located we took a brief turn out beyond a tall jagged pinnacle of rock standing upright close to the shore. In shape it was not unlike some mighty giant that had been stricken into a pillar of stone at some time or other. We had not seen the smoke rising from behind it till we came close, and on stepping round it we found a fire of dry driftwood that seemed to have been just lighted. It could not have been any of the people from the two small excursion steamers anchored half a mile down the coast. They could not have crossed the deep cave in the rocks intervening. In looking about for some possible explanation of how that fire came there we got sight of the skipper up to his knees in the water, knife in hand, cleaning fish. His shirt sleeves were rolled up above the elbows and we could hear his knife ripping down the backbones of the fish as he dressed them on a flat rock.

PART OF ONE DAY'S CATCH.

"Keep her burnin', boys, 'n we'll hev some planked yellow-tail," he shouted, shaking aloft his gory butcher knife at us, "an' tell the ladies to keep a corner for a bit of it."

PART OF FISHING FLEET OUTWARD BOUND.

With almost marvelous celerity he had several of the fish dressed, split up into strips about a quarter of an inch thick, and tacked to pieces of boards. A couple of our party ran back to the shed for salt and pepper and to tell the ladies what was coming. They had ample of both codiments, and were still waiting for us to come to lunch. The fire had burned down to bright coals by the time they returned with the seasoning. Stood up before the hot coals the planked fish was broiled brown, and taken back steaming hot to the table. By universal praise that planked yellow-tail was pronounced the most delicate dish that had ever graced the board of a tourist fishing party. The Philadelphian's civic pride

TOURIST FISHING EXCURSION STEAMERS. ALL ASHORE.

got the better of him in venturing the suggestion that a planked spring shad, or catfish supper, at the Managunk Road Inn, was something to be very grateful for. Then as the delectable fare began to stimulate confidences and remembrances of other feasts the Bostonese reminded us that a broiled fat "bloater" was not to be "sneezed at." But these over-bold spirits soon found that it was at their peril they dared question the nicety of the popular taste.

RECUPERATING ON THE CORONADO ISLAND ROCKS.

After lunch the skipper handed the prize for "landing" the first fish over to Miss Gillmore, a quaintly shaped Abalone shell comb, which young Breedlone at once claimed the distinction of putting in her hair. The favor was granted or rather taken, after the customary playful elusion and finesse. This over, the skipper volunteered to "show us round the island" ere starting back. It was too steep a climb up the jagged height, formed of coarse pebbles, that seemed to have been washed up from somewhere by breakers and cemented together by some adhesive substance which solidified in the sun and air, so we contented ourselves with a stroll along the shore side rocks. The crowd split up into pairs, trios, or quartets. No botanical garden or rich woodland summer way was ever more beautiful in form or color than the pools and small salt ponds among the rocks and caves around which we loitered. Till now I had believed the coral reefs of the Mindora, Sulu, and Celebes seas to be the most gorgeous displays of color in existence. But the sea grasses, sea weeds, kelp and shells of these semi-tropical islands of the Pacific seem to surpass them. The charm of it beggars all description.

It was only by promising myself an

early return that I could get away from the fascination of it, on the skipper's repeated call to the boat. As it was we did not get off till nearly four o'clock. But in the offing the fair wind blew fresh and we went home flying. Yet we were nearly an hour belated. It was dark ere we were up with the whistling buoy, just outside the bar, and the breeze was dying out. There was already a dead calm inside the heads, the skipper said, whereupon he was beset with importunities to haul out to the eastward and anchor off the Coronado Hotel. He could make that much shorter distance before the breeze failed him entirely. This he finally did, on our promise to help him pick up a party for tomorrow's fishing.

The myriad stars and a first quarter moon shone refulgently from the bluest of California skies when we got ashore.

The hotel guests of our party had their fish hung up under the palms in front of the hostelry, before the admiring, envious gaze of the crowds lounging in the balmy open air on the wide verandas. Several of her new acquaintances gathered around Miss Gillmore with pleasant greetings as she stepped up bareheaded, spray and sun tanned. Something in her glowing vivacity suggested a strange, delightful happening. To the questionings of many eyes she replied, "I'll just tell you, girls, that such a midwinter day's fishing on a summer sea's of itself worth crossing the continent for."

The guide standing near was asked for his notion of it. "It's the truth, friends," with sententious brevity, and a meaning look from Breedlone to Miss Gillmore, "but not the whole truth of this day's doings."

A RUGGED LABYRINTH.

THE CHORUS OF MAIDENS IN KLINGSOR'S ENCHANTED GARDEN.

PARSIFAL IN ENGLISH.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The heavens did not fall neither here nor in Bayreuth, when Henry Savage produced *Parsifal* in English. This failure of the firmament to lose its fixity —pardon the expressive alliteration— has led many learned and experienced people to suppose that the work was ordinary, and that any road manager might do the same on a small scale. The achievement of Mr. Savage appeared so smoothly on the scene, passed so admirably, and avoided so deftly the Barnum uproar of advertising, as to leave the American impressionists quite unimpressed. By American impressionists I mean the multitude who see and hear and feel nothing unless aroused by the brass band. The loudness of American social life, as we all know, is equal to a brass band, and—but that is another story. Mr. Savage succeeded. He carried out his theory with a perfect illustration of a wonder in English opera.

Savage is an admirable man in these times. He never asked, will this scheme make any money; only, can it be done? When he decided that it could be done, he found the money, he acquitted himself with honor, and he gave the men, with other standards than money, some hope. One might write a book on this venture, and it would be most instructive. Eighteen months have passed since Herr Conried announced the production of the Bayreuth opera. The event caused a sensation wich resulted in much free advertising. Moreover it established the reputation of Conried for

managerial ability. He still profits by it. For Savage a repetition of *Parsifal* in the vernacular could bring no such reward as fell to Conried. He would simply have the honor of the pioneer, of proving a theory, and of exposing certain conditions. His first difficulty was to get an English libretto that would sing well to music written for the German tongue. He had remarkable success. The translator and adapter did not give his name, but he should have taken credit. To one who understands the difficulty of translating a libretto, and arranging it to the music, the following example will show great merit: Gurnemanz tells the story of Klingsor, the magician.

Titurel, our pious king, knew Klingsor well.
To him, when savage foe with threatening might
the realm of holy faith distressed,
once bending down to him in solemn night
appeared the Saviour's heralds blessed;
that holy Cup, the vessel unprofaned,
whence last He drank, Who feast of love ordained,
that by the cross His blood divine received,
the spear which in His side a wound had cleaved,
they gave to be our own, our hero's care,
and in the shrine repose these wonders rare.

In the scene of the mystic banquet the boy choir sings:

KLINGSOR HURLING THE SACRED SPEAR AT PARSIFAL

Wine and bread of consecration,
once the Lord of our salvation
changed for love and pity's sake,
to the blood which then He shed,
to the body which He brake.
Blood and body, gift and blessing,
changeth now for your refreshing,
He, the loving Spirit true
to the wine poured out for you,
to the bread that strengthens you.

The second difficulty was to find the singers, the conductors, and the chorus. As has often been stated here the plan of Mr. Savage includes the development

of native talent for these departments; but how far we still are from even the beginnings of operatic things may be seen in the fact that he had to get his talent chiefly from Europe. For the part of *Parsifal* he engaged Alois Pennarini of the Hamburg Opera, Francis Maclennan, a young American singing in the English Moody-Manners company, and Christian de Voss of the royal opera

KUNDRY BATHING THE FEET OF PARSIFAL.

in Amsterdam. For the part of *Kundry* he secured Madame Kirkby Lunn, one of the great dramatic mezzo-sopranos of the world, Madame Mara of Breslau, and Miss Wickham, a young American who won a reputation abroad. For the rôle of *Amfortas* he engaged two German artists, Johannes Bischoff and Franz Egenieff; for *Klingsor* Homer Lind and Parker Coombs; and for *Gurnemanz* Putnam Griswold and Ottley Cranston, Americans and Englishmen. These singers had to learn English, or polish such English as they had, during the summer, in preparation for their American appearance.

The conductors engaged were an Englishman and a German, Walter Rothwell and Moritz Grimm, experienced though young, and brought up in the best schools of Europe; their assistant was secured in France, Andre Benoist; and the stage director, Joseph Engel, earned his laurels in Germany. The chorus was made up in the same fashion, American for the most part, where Americans could be found, and foreigners where needed. Picture the work of getting this body of singers together, getting them into an English setting, welding them into one; the work of arranging the scenery, so as to unite the splendor of Bayreuth with portability; and the working out of a scheme to

present the opera nightly for months with matinees twice a week, all in the wild American style, precise and minute and inevitable as the running of a great railroad. Anyway the work was well done, and Boston, New York, and Philadelphia had the opportunity of witnessing it. One would think that the stupendous thing cost no more effort than baking bread, so smoothly and proudly did the complicated machinery run; and Mr. Savage, in spite of his internal pride, which ought to have flamed out like Vesuvius, looked as calm and sweet as if only the inevitable had happened. Perhaps that is the best word. When he grips an enterprise, it *must* go. He is a large, fair, attractive man, smoothly built, and courteous to that extreme which argues a kindly temper.

I watched him one afternoon at the process of selecting candidates for his various entertainments, light opera, comic opera, and plays. Alas, what a spectacle poor human nature presents on these occasions! The vanity of man is as the ocean in all things, we know; but in the matters of singing and acting it is supremely ridiculous. Every sort of a crow was there, like the bird of the fable, with a firm belief in his or her ability to sing. The torture of listening was severe, the desire to laugh irresistible. Mr. Savage listened like a man seeking a treasure sure to be found, and dismissed the candidates with a politeness that never failed. He has been a marvel as a manager both financially and artistically. He has made much money in comic opera and the plays of George Ade, and has drawn upon these profits to support his grand opera when necessary. Compare this giant with the pigmies, both of intellect and of virtue, among the managers. His light shines beneficiently on his course; while they sit

MRS. FISKE AS LEAH KLESCHNA.

like spiders in their Broadway dens plotting the ruin of their lesser fellows, when they are not busy corrupting their unfortunate menials.

The success of *Parsifal* in English was emphatic. The performance was delightful. All America is going to see it within the next three years. This last fact is not without interest and significance. As was pointed out last year when Conried gave *Parsifal* first, the presentation of the Wagner festival drama could not but have a beneficial effect upon the people in general. As a matter of course many good people, who never go near the stage except to denounce it, were inclined to protest, to make a scandal of it, to declaim upon the growing irreverence of men. They were induced to keep quiet and say their prayers. The opera passed without offending the religious-minded. The furore over its presentation led to many peculiar and far-reaching consequences. The playwrights for example set to work at Parsifal plays for the small companies; everyone began to read the old legends of the Holy Grail; Tennyson came to the surface for a breathing-spell with the Idylls of the King; even the New Testament was opened for a new inspection of the story of the Last Supper. Now this English *Parsifal* goes forth to clinch that widespread feeling, to intensify it, to give it more definite form. When we remember that the return of the people to the fold of Christ is to be brought about, not by a cataclysm, but by a million influences permeating perhaps three centuries of time, then incidents on the way, like the *Parsifal* of Henry Savage, look large to the eye of the believer. The romances of Scott are still doing the good work described by Cardinal Newman; the *Quo Vadis* of Sienkiewicz, so much belittled, is still riddling paganism and urging the claims of Peter the Fisherman; and here now is *Parsifal* with us to remind men of the Last Supper, of its significance, of its eternal presence in the Church!

The critics all agree that never did the metropolitan stage present so much rot as the first three months of this season. The failures were many and disastrous, deserved failures, since there was hardly an idea among them all. The cause is so prominent that the tyro can put his finger on it without hesitation or mistake. And one would tire of forever naming the Theatrical Trust as the source of degeneration, but that the members of the Trust lose no opportunity of thrusting themselves and their dishonorable methods upon the public. David Belasco, James K. Hackett, and Mrs. Fiske have been fighting them for some years. All the other stars have either surrendered or come to an agreement with them. So far they do not seem to have molested Henry Savage. Mrs. Fiske has escaped worry for the time by playing in her own theatre in New York for the whole season. The brunt of the battle is now borne by David Belasco, and as he is of the Hebrew blood, like the leading members of the Trust, his tenacity, success, and obstinacy are giving the wolves the tussle of their wretched career. All his plays have been financially wonderful. In the courts he has beaten his enemies. His present struggle centres in Washington.

It has been his custom to open the season of Mrs. Leslie Carter in the capital. This year the Trust was able to buy up every theatre and close the city against him. He hired a hall then and began to fit it properly for the new play. Let him tell the rest of the story: "Since the Trust learned I had Convention Hall, after they had shut me out of every Washington theatre, they started in to hinder me just as they have been doing since I began to fight them. Their first move was to make the Washington managers protest to the District authorities against my use of the Convention

Hall. It makes no difference to them that I am spending a small fortune on the hall, perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars by the time it is completed. I am doing it just to show the gang of cut-throats and highbinders who compose the Trust that they cannot crush me, that I shall fight them to the death. In a small way I am trying to do the best that I can; giving good productions; I am neither a crook, nor a murderer; yet they leave no stone unturned to ruin me; they resort to the dirtiest work to annoy me. They have shut me out of many cities, and will shut me out of more, but they will not succeed in keeping me out of Washington. I will play there if I have to take my company to the White House and make an appeal to the President. I will tell him how I have been hounded, and if necessary I will parade my company through the streets just to let the public know what the Trust is doing."

This strong language describes the condition accurately. The aim of the unscrupulous managers is to control every theatre, every star, every actor, every company, every manager, and every playwright in the land, directly or indirectly, as far as they are worth controlling. Their model is The System so brilliantly described by Thomas Lawson, and so successfully hammered by that astonishing man. The Rockefeller iniquity has been sufficiently exposed by Miss Ida Tarbell to make us acquainted with the methods of the average Trust. It seems to be the ambition of the Theatrical Trust to improve upon the methods and imitate the success of that modern monster. Mr. Belasco has hit upon the proper method of dealing with them. It is the Lawson method: public, pyrotechnic exposure. Like all reptiles of the swamp these creatures dread the light. The tactical mistake of their victims and enemies has been to suffer in silence. They should take a few lessons from Lawson; get at the facts, and choose a fit moment to fire them at the public; and by the loudest and sweetest appeals arouse the spirit of fair play which so quickly moves the American crowd to effective sympathy. Of course the Trust is doomed with all of its kind to ignominious suffocation in its own slime. However, the fight for that beatitude will not be an easy conflict, and the patriotic citizens should not allow fighters like Belasco and Fiske to bear the brunt of the fray.

Even such a fight has its funny side. Charles Frohman was deeply impressed a year ago with the accusation that the Trust fitted its stars and companies with plays as a tailor fits clothes to his patrons. Charles thought the matter out carefully with startling results. He took Mrs. Patrick Campbell out of problem plays and let her very loose in the wild-eyed *Sorceress;* he put poor old Crane into an intense drama suited to Mansfield; Ethel Barrymore, wedded to sweet society parts with fluffy costumes, was fixed in a wild-west drama requiring sunbonnets and calico; Faversham got a dreadful dose of Pinero in his worst form; and so on down the long list. The theatrical world has been laughing since Frohman proudly announced these changes last summer, for the financial results have been most unfortunate.

Robert Mantell strayed into the city for three weeks, gave his admirers a strong dose of Shakespeare in the old style, and the general world a spectacle of old-time art in a modern theatre. Nance O'Neill managed to get into Daly's, by some arrangement with the Trust, and impressed her audience with the stuff called *Madga* and the graceful portrayal of *Judith.* Viola Allen appeared towards the end of December with a Shakespearean play, and delighted her audiences with a beautiful play and still more by her courage in striking out for the top of the mountain. Still, the

month would have been uneventful, but for the appearance of Mrs. Fiske in a new play. Having devoted the first three months of her season to *Becky Sharp* and *Hedda Gabler* with financial success, she chose the Christmas season for presenting a new character to her admirers. The title of the play was *Leah Kleschna*, which in itself has no meaning. It seems absurd to name a book or a play in this fashion. There is, however, a method in Mrs. Fiske's acceptance of the absurdity. Her admirers and critics know her as *Tess, Becky Sharp, Hedda Gabler, Mrs. Hatch;* now they will know her as *Leah Kleschna.* Not bad, is it? The play was an instant success with the critics and the public, as the very contrary of *Hedda Gabler,* and a noble companion to *Tess.*

The story is interesting, the characterization keen and rich in color, the body somewhat thin. Leah has been brought up as a thief by her burglar-father, her conscience perfectly dead to her infamy until travel and incident awaken it. The play opens with a plan to rob the family jewels of Paul Sylvaine, a parliamentary deputy about to marry Mlle. Berton. Leah enters the house at midnight or thereabouts and has just discovered the jewels when Sylvaine turns the light on her. She recognizes in him the hero who had saved the lives of forty people by his good sense in a shipwreck, with firm and skilful hand guiding the boat to land in the midst of a storm. The deputy is a sincere man with a profound faith in human nature. He draws from her the sad story of her life, wins a promise of immediate reform, and bids her call upon him the next day. Their conversation is interrupted by the invasion of young Berton, a blackguard of the nobility, and a degenerate. As Leah departs he steals the jewels intended for his sister on her wedding-day.

General Berton, next day, hears the astounding story of the night, the parole of Leah and the loss of the jewels. When she appears he insists upon her arrest in spite of Sylvaine's remonstrance. An officer is sent for, Sylvaine's appeal to Berton is rejected. "You should do for this poor woman," says Sylvaine, "what you would do for your own son." "My own son, if guilty of this crime would go to jail," replies the General. "Well, then, take your own medicine, for it was your son who took the jewels," retorted the kindly deputy. The General wilted. Leah returned home freed from her former life, and in love with honesty and all virtue. Paris and thievery stifled her. She informed her father of her intention to return to her old home in Austria and earn her living working in the fields. He pleaded and threatened, but his daughter had his own courage and she went. For three years she labored in sweet contentment at the poorly paid work of a country village; and there the enthusiastic Sylvaine sought her, married her, and lifted her to a glory equal to the depths of her penance.

The body of the play was thin, but it gripped the audience as with steel. Mrs. Fiske is the quietest of actors. *Hedda Gabler* showed the restlessness of a wild mind, *Becky Sharp* the quickness of a weasel-like gayety; but *Leah* was as quiet as a lamb. The midnight scene was strong and brilliant, the farewell to sin and her father pathetic, stirring, sublime, and the acceptance of her love amid the bloom of the lettuce-fields simple and touching. It is not so varied a character as any of the others, but its moral sweetness gives it a rarer delight. It has not the height nor the bitterness of *Tess,* but its breadth is greater. Undoubtedly the whole world will wish to see it as interpreted by the fine company. It is the one bright spot in the arid, Trust-blasted dramatic field of the metropolis.

THE DUCHESS DE GONTAUT.

BY ELLA MCMAHON.

Josephine, Duchess de Gontaut, gouvernante to the royal children of France, held a prominent office during stirring times. But, while history and gossip have been busy with her predecessor, Mme. de Genlis, the Duchess is rarely mentioned. Yet until very recently there were two persons still living who had known her quite well. One, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, had a vivid recollection of her original ways, and used to tell, Augustus Hare says, how she always turned Louis XVIII's picture to the wall when he did anything she did not approve of. The other contemporary was the saintly Abbé Novello—at one time tutor in the Duke de Berri's family. The writer tried one summer at San Moritz to draw him out on the subject of the Duchess, but it was evident from the dear old Abbé's reticence that she was not a favorite with him—perhaps, because of her original ways. Amand, in his memoirs of the period of the revolution and the restauration, refers to her occasionally, but only in relation to her position as lady-in-waiting to the Duchess de Berri, or gouvernante to the royal children and even then he only quotes Guizot. Yet her life, apart from the political and historical personages by whom she was surrounded, was full of dramatic and tragic interest. To be sure, the memoirs she has left to her children were written in her eightieth year, and, as a correspondent of the "Saturday Review" once observed, when a writer in his later years attempts his own biography it must needs be *Dichtung* as well as *Wahreit;* he has forgotten dates, he establishes ideal connections between incidents when the material links have passed out of sight; he is writing the life of his present self. And certainly some of the amusing and romantic incidents which enliven the memoirs of the octogenarian biographer read more like romance than biography.

She was the only child of the Count and Countess de Montault Navailles. Her father was a French officer, served with distinction in the Seven Years war and won abundant honors taking many wounds. At the close of the war he was assigned to the office of superintending the education of the unfortunate Louis XVI and his brothers, Louis XVIII and the Duke de Chartres.

This position and his relationship to the Duchess de Polignac brought the family much to the court where his little daughter, Josephine, shared the amusements of the royal children under the supervision of their gouvernante, Mme. de Genlis. She tells of accompanying them on one occasion to an illumination when their large carriage, drawn by six horses, had much difficulty in getting through some of the narrow, crowded streets. Mme. de Genlis bade the young Duke de Chartres warn the coachman from time to time in a loud voice to beware of hurting the crowd; he obeyed but so perfunctorily that Mme. de Genlis, losing patience, said severely: "Monseigneur, are you never going to learn how to speak to the people? Are you always going to be so awkward? Will you never display a spark of spirit?"

"Oh, come, Monseigneur," the little Josephine chimed in, "it's so easy to have spirit."

"Easier than it seems for you to hold your tongue," said Mme de Genlis tartly, upon which all the children laughed, including Josephine herself.

Among the pupils who shared Mme. de Genlis' instruction was a little English

girl named Pamela, imported by the Duke d'Orleans' equerry to speak English with the children.

The elders were much amused at the precocious ambition of the child only eight years of age who, not to be behind her royal and titled companions, insisted upon being called "Milady." In later years, however, she became a rabid republican and married during the revolution the celebrated Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald, wearing, it is said, a red liberty cap at her wedding.

The early years of the little Josephine's life were peaceful and uneventful. In her fourteenth year, on the memorable tenth of July, 1789, she went, with her mother and the elder Duchess de Gontaut, to an entertainment given at St. Leu to celebrate the feast day of Mme. de Genlis. During the evening a friend whispered that fighting was going on in the streets, whereupon her mother and the Duchess de Gontaut insisted upon going home at once. Mme. de Genlis made light of their fears, but the Duchess de Gontaut was anxious about her son, M. de St. Blancard, who was Captain of the French Guard.

The streets were filled with an excited, howling mob, and as the Countess de Navailles' carriage drew near her house in the rue royal, cries of *"les aristocrates à la lanterne"* could be distinctly heard. They reached home in safety, however, and in time to receive M. de St. Blancard who was flying for his life from his own troops, the French Guard having joined the insurgents and turned against their officers.

Her father's prominent position made it unsafe for them to remain in Paris so he retired with his household to a family manor near Nerac, called the Chateau de Lys, which is still in existence. After his death, which occurred the end of the same year, the Countess, who was in feeble health, was persuaded to join the de Gontauts with her daughter, at the baths of Bigorre. Here a suitor, in the person of M. de St. Blancard, presented himself for the hand of Josephine who was in her sixteenth year. The proposal met with the hearty approval of both families, but the marriage was postponed because of the state of their unhappy country.

Unable to return to France, Josephine and her mother took refuge in Holland where the first news that reached them was the execution of the King and Mme. de Navailles' brother and uncle. Later they were persuaded by M. de St. Blancard to seek an asylum in England where he joined them. London being too expensive for their slender resources, they held a council of three, and after a careful study of the map of England decided to settle at Epsom. M. de St. Blancard was impressed with the name of Epsom, chiefly because it was the only one of which he had any knowledge, which knowledge, however, consisted in the bare fact that the races were held there, and he had also a dim recollection that his friend, Lord Edward Bentick, lived somewhere in the vicinity.

About this time M. de St. Blancard persuaded Josephine to fix a day for their marriage. It took place very quietly at the Spanish chapel. The ceremony was performed by the chaplain who, a few weeks previously, had married Mrs. Fitz-Herbert and the Prince of Wales. The wedding trip consisted of a stage coach journey to Epsom where the trio set up a modest establishment which consisted of one servant, Josephine and her mother helping to defray the expenses, Josephine, by her brush, her mother, by her needle. On his marriage, M. de St. Blancard resigned the name of Blancard to the eldest son of the younger branch of the family and took the name of Gontaut de Biron, which was that borne by one of his ancestors,

Gontaut de Biron, Duke de Lauzun, who spent some time in this country during the revolution. The young couple, notwithstanding their poverty, were most cordially received and entertained by the English nobility. Among the life-long friends they made at this time were the Duke of Portland who was then prime minister, Lord Liverpool, the Earl of Clarendon, the Villiers, the Grevilles and the Wellesleys.

The arrival of twin girls considerably increased the expenses of the sparse ménage, and they had little hope of recovering anything in the present state of their unhappy country. The Duke knew that his brother, the Marquis de Gontaut, held for him the title to a large sum in the bank of England, made over to him by the Duke de Berri before his execution. But all attempts to communicate with his brother had been fruitless for the reason that the Marquis and his wife, at the time of the execution of the Duke, were sent to prison, where they remained until the death of Robespierre. On the morning of his death they heard their condemnation cried in the streets and were waiting in prayer the arrival of the dreaded charette when their attention was attracted by a great placard thrust from a window on the opposite side of the street where a friend communicated with them, when possible, by concerted signals. On the placard was written, "Robespierre is dead," which meant that they were saved.

As the Duchess was too young to have her name on the fatal list of *emigrés* she persuaded her mother and husband to allow her to go to France to see what could be done toward securing the funds of which they were sorely in need. She secured a passport as Mme. Francois, a French shopkeeper, going on business to France. Among her fellow passengers on the boat was a lady who attracted her attention by her evident desire to remain unnoticed; a gentleman, seeing that she spoke both English and French, asked her assistance as interpreter; the Duchess took him for an Englishman, but he proved to be Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat.

On the arrival of the boat at Calais the commissioners inspected the Duchess' passport, with a scowl, and, allowing the other passengers to depart, had her conducted, between two soldiers, to the office of the "Committee of Public Safety," where, after undergoing a severe examination, she was told she was suspected of being an *emigrée*. In vain she protested that she was too young to be on any list of *emigrés,* she was told she was under arrest and that a guard would be appointed for her. She begged to be put under the surveillance of Mme. Grandsire, the landlady of an adjacent hotel. The committee consented on condition that a guard should lodge at the inn at her expense and that she should be put into a room with a "judas." She hadn't the faintest idea what a "judas" meant: it had a treacherous sound, so she begged that they confine her as closely as they wished but spare her the company of a "judas." Great was her relief on arriving at the hotel to find that the object which had inspired her with such terror was nothing more formidable than an opening in the wall through which a prisoner could be watched if necessary. She learned in the course of conversation with her hostess that the *emigrée* for whom she was mistaken was the lady on the boat so anxious to avoid attracting attention, the Countess de Montbovissier. She spent three weeks of painful anxiety at Calais and was repeatedly summoned before the committee for examination. Fulton, who was detained there on business, felt much interest in her and was most anxious to facilitate her escape. She was feeling particularly despondent one day when she heard

a knock at the door and looking up recognized Fulton's good-natured face at the "judas."

"Mme. Francois," he exclaimed, "listen to me. You are in a very bad way and I have come to save you."

"Thank you a thousand times," she answered, "but how, M. Fulton?"

"You are to be sent to Paris and put in prison, and once there you are lost. Now listen to what I have to say: I have devised an easy means of saving you, nothing could be simpler: marry me, marry me," he repeated.

"Thank you," the poor Duchess answered, "but I am already married."

"What a pity, what a pity," he exclaimed. "I should make you a rich woman, for I'm going to make my fortune in Paris. I have invented a steamboat and I expect to revolutionize the world. I have also invented a way of blowing up an enemy's fleet by means of submarine boats: it's the easiest thing in the world, and it will be quite as easy to save you if you will marry me; just say the word, I will go to the committee, claim you, and we shall be married and that will be the end of it."

The Duchess amused by his simplicity and really touched by his genuine desire to help her thanked him, but said that she trusted Providence would raise up a means of saving her. Her trust in divine Providence was further strengthened that same day by the news of the approaching arrival of the English delegates who were on their way to the peace conference at Amiens. She was overjoyed to find that the delegates were Lord Malmesbury, Lord Greville and Sir Henry Wellesley—intimate friends. She wrote at once to Lord Malmesbury requesting to see him, but did not dare to sign her own name.

Lord Malmesbury acceded to her request and, by way of joke, told his colleagues that he was to have an interview with a beautiful woman and that it would be more discreet on their part to withdraw. They concealed themselves, however, in the adjoining room, intending to have the full benefit of the interesting *tête à tête*. But when the poor Duchess arrived, disguised in the disfiguring peruke, hat and redingote of Mme. Grandsire's husband, Lord Malmesbury was so taken aback that his colleagues, convulsed with laughter, could not resist coming forward. The Duchess then threw off her hat and wig and, holding out her hands to her friends, begged them to help her.

They succeeded after a time in getting an order for her departure for Paris. On her arrival there she wrote her brother-in-law, the Marquis de Gontaut, that Josephine, now Mme. Francois, had come to Paris on business, and asked him if possible, to come to the Hotel des Diligences. The letter was addressed to Citoyen Gontaut. The messenger returned with it saying that the gentleman to whom he delivered it did not know the writer and seemed rather annoyed. A second letter which she addressed to her grandmother at her former home in the rue royale was returned with the intelligence that no one at the house knew her, and that most of the emigrés to whom the house formerly belonged had been guillotined.

Her stay at Calais, with the additional expense of the guard, had exhausted her means, so that after paying the messenger, all that remained in her purse was two francs.

Not knowing where to turn, or to whom to appeal, she threw herself on her knees and fervently prayed for help and guidance. She was so exhausted by anxiety and fatigue that she fell asleep and remained on her knees until late in the evening when she was awakened by a voice which sounded like her husband's, asking for Mme. Francois. She opened

the door and, by the light of the street lamp, recognized her brother-in-law. A cry of joy escaped her, but, making her a sign to be silent, he began at once to talk volubly of business. As soon as they were alone he protested against the folly and madness of the step she had taken and explained to her how seriously it might compromise them all. He succeeded the next day in procuring her a *carte de sûrete* under her maiden name of Montaut, and then ventured to take her to his house. She found her grandmother still living and learned from her lips some of the terrible details of the revolution, how like many others, after the arrest of her brother and son, who were literally torn from her arms, her only means of learning their fate was scanning the faces of the victims on their way to execution. Not seeing them in the fatal charette inspired her with hope and courage. But at last a day came when the dear faces looked out from the funeral car and bade her a mute farewell. In the course of conversation with her granddaughter she spoke of a protégê of her father's whom he had had transferred from Brienne to the Military School at Paris and who had been a frequent visitor at the house. "I cannot remember his name," she said wearily, "but your mother referred to him in one of her letters, he is said to be gaining a wonderful ascendancy over the army."

"I remember him: his name was Napoleon Bonaparte," said her granddaughter, "I remember the first day he wore his uniform: he dined with us and I was allowed to come into dessert."

Another interesting protégé to whom the Duchess herself extended the shelter of her social ægis was the Duke of Wellington. She had taken a house at Cheltenham for the winter in the absence of her husband, with two English ladies, Miss Upton and Lady Templeton. One day she received a letter from Lady Mornington recommending her brother-in-law, Arthur Wellesley, to her kind offices: "He knows nobody," his sister-in-law wrote, "and it will be a charity if you will pay him some attention."

Her two friends did not relish having their harmonious *tête à tête â trois* interrupted, particularly by a person whom nobody knew. The discussion waxed warm and threatened, the Duchess feared, a repetition of the fable, *"Des poules vivaient en paix, un coq survint."*

Mr. Wellesley arrived, however, and made such an agreeable impression upon them all that Lady Templeton, cordially seconded by the others, invited him to dine with them every day. They were particularly impressed by his modesty; the Duchess de Gontaut's letters are full of the laurels he had won in India, and how while he told them much that was interesting of the country, he never spoke of his victories.

The Duchess' admirer, Fulton, appeared upon the scene again in Paris: she came upon him suddenly one day as she was walking with her brother-in-law. "Dear me, Mme. Francois," he exclaimed, seizing both her hands, "how glad I am to see you."

"Monsieur," said the Marquis de Biron, "the person to whom you have the honor of speaking is Mlle. de Montaut."

"No, no, it is Madame Francois," he answered. "She is married: she told me so at Calais. But what did you say, Mlle. what? Mlle de Montaut," writing the name in his note book, then turning to the Marquis, "Monsieur, I have come to Paris with a sublime project—to blow up vessels in the air, to run boats under the rivers by steam!" de Biron thinking he had encountered a madman cut the conversation short and passed on.

They never met again until years afterwards in London at the opera when the Duchess who was in the Duke of Portland's box, recognized him in the pit.

A gracious bow from her brought him immediately to the box. "Mlle. Montaut! What a pleasure to meet you here! I could hardly believe my eyes," he said, cordially grasping her hand.

Her friends to whom she had just been relating her previous experience smiled, and one of them said, "Monsieur is mistaken, this is the Viscomtesse de Gontaut."

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "she is always changing her name! It is enough to drive one mad. But there's some joke, gentlemen, may I not enjoy it?"

The Duchess offered him a chair beside her telling him that in a friendly country she could explain the mystery of Calais, Paris and London. When she had finished he said:

"Well, I congratulate your husband on having a wife who at one time was on the point of turning my head or of driving me to the devil." The Duchess introduced him the same evening to Lord Clarendon who was afterwards of great service to him.

During her stay in London she was invited, with her two little daughters, to visit the Princess Mary at Windsor and was formally presented to George III. The King on hearing the name de Biron said to the children, "it's a pity since you bear the name de Biron that you are not boys: the English nation ought to be very grateful to your family." In answer to the Duchess' look of surprise he told her that during the American Revolution the English Admiral, Rodney, was arrested for debt, whereupon an article appeared in an English paper intimating that as Admiral Suffren was in no respect the equal of Admiral Rodney, the French had resorted to this means of making the latter a prisoner. The Marechal de Biron, incensed at this insult to his country, insisted upon paying Admiral Rodney's creditors and setting him at liberty to join his fleet and meet Admiral Suffren. Shortly after her presentation the Duke of Portland called upon her to tell her that the King had charged him to lay the facts of the incident before both houses and suggest that a pension be given Marechal de Biron's nieces as a token of the gratitude of the nation, and he was sent on the part of the King to announce to her that the suggestion was received with enthusiasm.

The Duchess gives still another instance of her relative's generosity which illustrates the munificence of the seigneurs of his time. The Grand Duke of Russia was traveling incognito in France under the name of the Count du Nord when the Marechal de Biron had occasion to lend him a horse which the Duke declared was the finest animal he had ever ridden. A few months later, on his return to St. Petersburg, he found the horse with three chasseurs in the Marechal's brilliant livery awaiting his arrival. The first chasseur, hat in hand, held the bridle, the second, kneeling on one knee, presented the stirrup, the third offered a letter from the knightly owner of the horse begging his majesty to accept it. It was in remembrance of this graceful act that Paul I of Russia offered the Duchess an asylum in St. Petersburg. The English funds which the Duchess obtained by her visit to France, together with her children's pension, enabled her to take a house in London, which contained at that time many French emigrés who had been received with the greatest kindness by the English people. Part of the royal family took refuge in Scotland, and were surrounded by a mimic court in Holyrood palace.

A writer in Blackwood gives an interesting sketch of the royal children during their stay at Holyrood and relates a touching incident illustrating how the hearts of the poor exiles responded to

any suggestion of their unhappy country. "I have a special recollection," she says, "of one evening from an absurd little incident connected with myself which was very characteristic of French vivacity and enthusiasm. The amusements provided for us on this occasion was the illustration of a charade by drawings giving our own conception of the various meanings attached to each syllable, and the prize given to the one who was found to be the most successful was to be the drawing executed by M. d'Hardevilliers, one of the King's gentleman who was an admirable artist. The word given was 'courtship.' Pencils and paper having been provided for each of us, we all sat down to the table. The scene is before me now, the Duke de Bordeaux, a quiet, fair-haired boy, laboriously setting to work in perfect silence; Mademoiselle, full of animation and excitement, talking rapidly in French and expressing her hopes of winning the coveted prize. I was the youngest child in the room and my attempts must have been of the crudest description. What I made of the court scene I do not remember, but, when it came to the ship I portrayed, I added a flag to it which was about twice the size of the vessel itself. Then it occurred to me that my conspicuous banner would be the better for some ornamention, so I drew some flowers upon it entirely the offspring of my own fancy. The loyal French exiles on seeing the flowery flag exclaimed, *'les fleurs de lis! les fleurs de lis!*—the dear, sympathetic child has drawn the *fleurs de lis* in honor of France! *O la chere petite! la charmante enfant!* to her the prize must be awarded without doubt!' "

The Duchess remained in London until the return of Louis XVIII to France, when she accompanied the royal suite and shared in the pageantry of the magnificent entry to Paris. It was during these festivities that her daughters made their entrance into society. Her former protégé, the Duke of Wellington, insisted upon giving them their first ball in accordance with a promise he had made them as children. The Duke de Berri asked to be among the guests and appointed the day for the ball.

One of the daughters, Josephine, married Prince de Leon, son of the Duchess de Rohan, and the other, Comte de Bourbon Busset.

After the marriage of her daughters the Duchess was appointed lady-in-waiting to the Duchess de Berri. On the death of Charles X she returned to her family and spent her last days surrounded by the devotion and affection of her children. At their request she wrote her memoirs in the eightieth year of her age.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY THE REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

Our next great mission in Donegal was at Stranorlar. As many Catholics at a distance, especially those resident at Strabane and Lifford, wished to attend the mission on Sundays, but found it to be impossible, as the trains on the railway did not run on those days application was made to Lord Lifford, the chairman of the railway company, to allow an engine with some cars attached to it to make the trip to Stranorlar and back as long as the mission should last. The permission was granted, but the bigots of Belfast, of Derry, of Enniskillen, and the whole of the "Black North" were furious. A long train of cars was loaded with passengers on each of the Sundays, all the men in charge giving their services gratuitously. Lord Lifford, knowing that the mission would only last for three Sundays more, easily promised that the permission for traffic on the Lord's Day should be withdrawn, and thus the storm was averted. There was a large union workhouse in the immediate neighborhood of Stranorlar. The inmates were nearly all Catholics, but as is invariably the case in the north of Ireland, the master, the matron, and the other officers were all Protestants. They were very friendly with the parish priest of Stranorlar, who was an universal favorite with all parties. Every morning a certain number of the pauper inmates were privileged to come to Mass, and some of them were even allowed to attend the evening service, the hour of supper being changed to permit of their doing so. There were a few of the sick and the infirm who were not able to participate in these privileges, so on the Monday after the close of the mission I was driven to the workhouse to hear their confessions.

My next visit to Donegal was for the consecration of Dr. McDevitt, as Bishop of Raphoe, in succession to Dr. McGettigan who had been translated to Armagh. I had become acquainted with Dr. McDevitt when he was on the staff of All Hallows College, Drumcondra, Dublin. He was a great personal friend of mine, and together with his brother, the Rev. Dr. McDevitt, who was a professor in the Dublin University, had rendered us valuable assistance during our mission at Ardara. Soon after that we had a mission in a village not far from Letterkenny, of which I do not call to mind anything very special, except that it strengthened my admiration of the faithful Catholics of Donegal. Two or three years yet later, we gave what I always regarded as our crowning mission in that part of Ireland. It was at a place called Tarman or Gartan in a wild part of the country, celebrated as the birthplace of St. Columbkille. The parish priest was invalided and non-resident, and his curate utterly inexperienced in parochial matters, had omitted to apply to the bishop, who was then still living at Ballyshannon, for extraordinary faculties for ourselves and these good priests who would come to help us. When I discovered this I sent a messenger on horseback, who had to traverse the whole length of the country, to have this omission rectified. I then announced to the people who were literally assembling in thousands that no confessions would be heard until Tuesday morning. Fully twenty priests had gathered together to help us in our work. These were all prepared to put up with whatever accommodation they could find in any of the poor little cabins around. There were

none large enough to be called farm houses. Each of the visiting priests had brought his own horse and car with him and on Monday morning we set out, quite a large cavalcade, to explore the beauties of the wild and romantic part of the country which embraced Glenneagh, Derryneagh, and Loughneagh, every foot of which had been rendered desolate by the cruel evictions of a tyrant landlord of the name of Adair. The only houses we could see during our long drive were the police barracks, erected for the purpose of terrorizing those who had been left homeless and landless by this monstrous series of evictions, by which the whole of that beautiful part of Donegal was left bare.

As we drove homewards, passing by scores of roofless huts, we could see here and there an evicted tenant who had come to his former residence in stealth to see whether he could find a few potatoes in his wasted garden. When he heard the cars approaching it was his first thought to hide behind a wall but as soon as he discovered our identity, coming forward he knelt down with his head bare, and made a large sign of the cross over himself, as we blessed him with the sign of salvation. It made our hearts bleed and we found it impossible to curb our indignation as we witnessed the effects of such cruelty and tyranny, perpetrated under the ægis of law and liberty.

A singular feature of this mission was that families coming distances of from ten to twenty miles would divide in halves. A cart load would set out on Saturday evening, containing one-half the family, who brought their bedding with them, together with a kettle, sauce pan, mugs, and plates, and everything else required for food and rest until all should have made the mission. In the middle of the week after all these had satisfied their devotion they would start on their return journey, but not without coming to get the missionary's blessing, and to secure tickets for confession for those who were to take their turn. As there were no houses near the chapel all these good people had to be accommodated within its walls. As for our own accommodation, a room was built over the sacristy, in which two of us found beds, and the other two had to go nearly a mile distant where they were sheltered in a couple of cabins. When we had a day of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament I had to send some children to gather all the wild flowers they could find for there were no gardens within ten miles. An Anglican clergyman, living a few miles away, who had a fine church, but no congregation, was a great favorite amongst his Catholic neighbors. His name was the Rev. Mr. Otway, and he was celebrated not only for his liberality and charity, but also as an historian and archæologist. He had a fine plantation of trees around his parsonage, and every year, a few days before Palm Sunday, he would order his gardener to cut cart loads of branches, so that all the Catholics for miles around could carry away sufficient foliage for the palm branches of the coming Sunday.

Adair was not the only tyrant landlord in the neighborhood of Gartan. In fact his cruelty was far exceeded by that of Lord Leitrim. He was so reckless of appearances that he would drive about the country in an open carriage, attended by one or two evil women. The chapel belonged to him. The priest paid rent for it. He would not allow any house to be built there for the priest. Poor as the people were, they were determined to have a magnificent mission cross erected in front of the chapel door. It was made of oak, and had to be dragged all the way from the neighborhood of Derry. It stood sixteen feet above the level of the ground. There were two brass plates, one at the head on which were engraved the letters I. N. R. I., and

the other at the base, announcing the date of the mission. There were also a very fine crown of thorns, a reed and spear and three nails. I used to get all these made of iron painted black, except the brass plates, and there was a skilled mechanic in Dublin who kept me supplied for all our missions. The good people whom we had evangelized were justly proud of their mission cross for there was nothing like it in North Donegal.

As I have previously stated, St. Columbkille was born at Gartan or Tarman, a few miles from our chapel. For centuries the holy place had been venerated as a famous pilgrimage. We drove over to visit it two or three times during our mission. Around a large stone or piece of rock which is supposed to betoken the actual locality of the saint's nativity heaps of round pebbles, worn small by repeated handling, are to be seen. The devotees make the circle around these heaps, reciting a fixed number of Paters and Aves at each, and then lifting one of the pebbles, which they kiss, they carry it to the next heap, and repeat the same ceremony until they shall have completed the required number of rounds. Within sight of this is the Holy Well of Doon, which even were it but a freak of nature would be in many ways remarkable. Its origin of course is attributed to the prayers of the holy man whose birthplace it adorns. It springs up on a neck of land between two hills. It rises to the surface, but never overflows, and no matter how much water is taken from it it always retains the same level. It is intensely cold, but never freezes. In the days of persecution the enemies of the Church filled up the well with stones and rubbish, and it became dry, but when peaceful times were restored the faithful cleaned out the well and then brought a holy man, Lector Friel, to bless the well again. The water commenced flowing at once, and the well has always remained full since then.

On the day after our departure from the scene of our memorable mission, the Earl of Leitrim drove to the door of the chapel in company with his agent and one of those unfortunates whom he always took about with him. He sent his agent into the chapel to summon the priest. "Well, Priest Kain," says he, "What's this I see here before the chapel door?" "It's a mission cross, your Lordship. Some priests from Dublin have lately preached a mission here for our people, and according to custom they have erected this cross as a memorial of what has taken place here." "Have it removed at once," said his Lordship, "you know I don't allow anything of that sort to be erected without my sanction, so don't let me see it here, if I pass this way to-morrow. And I hear you have built two rooms over the sacristy at the other end of the chapel, without asking my leave, so have them pulled down at once. You know well that I am the master here." Father Kain answered: "Your Lordship's orders shall be obeyed at once about the two little rooms, but I make bold to tell you that if that cross be pulled down there will be a rebellion amongst the people, for they will never stand that." The agent then whispered something to the earl who said, before driving away, "Well, let that infernal cross stop till I see you again, but take down the rooms at once. You know well that if you thwart me I can take your chapel from you and change it into a Methodist meeting-house." I received this authentic account of all that transpired after our departure from a respected parish priest who rendered us valuable services during the mission. It must afford us a pretty clear conception of what the Catholic tenantry and their clergy had to suffer during those days at the hands of bigoted landlords or their agents. Thank God those days are past. There are but a very few left of the stamp of the Adairs, the Leitrims, and the Clan-

ricards. I must here thank those who have accompanied me in this imperfect history of my missionary career. Many may deem some of the details which I have committed to paper to be too trifling for record. All I can say is that they did not seem trivial to us at the time when they occurred.

A friend has reminded me that my missionary career did not come to a close when I left London in October, 1887, to settle for several years in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Before the end of that year I had conducted one retreat in a convent in Ottawa and another in a convent in Winnipeg. During the year 1888 I preached a mission in our Church of St. Mary's in Winnipeg, also every day for the month of Mary, and the same for the month of October, and for the octave of Corpus Christi. I also gave the annual retreat to the Sisters of the Holy Name, and a triduum to the same nuns for the Immaculate Conception. The year 1889 was a busy one for me. During that year I preached the month of St. Joseph, and a course of Lenten sermons in our own church in Winnipeg; also a mission in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in the same city. After that I preached the month of Mary in our own church, which was followed by a fortnight's mission in Selkirk and another in Qu'Appelle, on which I shall dwell at greater length before I pass on to another year. Before the close of this busy year I had also given a fortnight's mission at Rat Portage, and another of a similar duration at St. Eustache. I wound up the work of the year by a retreat in the Sisters' Academy at Winnipeg, and a fortnight's mission in our own church there.

The mission at Qu'Appelle was a very interesting one. A French speaking Father was with me, and he had charge of those who assembled in the church, as the French Canadians are much more numerous in that neighborhood than those Catholics who speak English. The school was nicely fitted up for a chapel for me and my flock. There is a large industrial school there for Indian boys and girls. The Oblate Fathers have charge of the former, and the Gray Nuns of the latter. Strange to say all the children understand English better than French. When the bell sounded for the opening of the mission in the two places of worship I noticed that all the children belonging to the school, of both sexes, were marched into the Church. I immediately objected to this, and so a hundred of them with two Sisters and two male officers were brought out of the church and taken into my chapel. I asked whether they could not sing some hymns. This put the poor children at once into an ecstacy. There was a harmonium there and the Sister who played on it asked me in which language they should sing. Finding that they had hymns for the three languages I arranged that their first hymn, soon after the commencement of Mass, should be in English. The hymn to the Blessed Sacrament, after the Consecration, was to be in French, and at the close of the Mass the third hymn was to be sung in their own Indian language. The whole congregation would stop to hear the children sing their canticle in their dialect, which if I remember right was the Cree, and when the Sister asked me outside the chapel, in their presence, which of the hymns I like best and I replied I liked them all but I thought the Indian one was the best they leaped with joy, and then returned to the industrial school with hearts over-flowing with delight. If I praised their singing I could do so without flattery for they sang with the utmost taste and correctness, and certainly had beautiful and well-trained voices. I was afterwards told they crowed mightily over those who went to the church, and who had nothing to do with the singing there. They said,

"Father Fox could not get on with his mission without us."

In the following year, 1890, I fell into very poor health with repeated attacks of bronchitis. After three months in the hospital at St. Boniface, I was sent to the Catholic University, Ottawa, for a change, my old friend, Father McG., being the rector. After a few months residence in the University I accepted an invitation to preach a mission in our Church of the Immaculate Conception in Lowell, Massachusetts. This mission reminded me of old times, for it was quite a large one, the spacious and beautiful church being crowded from the start to the close. It lasted for three weeks, the first week being devoted to women only, the second to men, and the third to children. I then returned to Winnipeg by way of Buffalo, and the wonderful Falls of Niagara, Chicago, and St. Paul, where I was hospitably received by Archbishop Ireland and by the Marist Fathers. On my arrival in Winnipeg I found myself appointed parish priest, and of course had ample work to do at home without giving many missions or retreats elsewhere. Nevertheless I was not idle. Before the close of that year, 1890, I had given one retreat in our church for first communicants, another for those who were to be confirmed, and I also preached the annual retreat for the Fathers and Brothers of Manitoba and a portion of the North West. This I had to do in the English language, as I never learnt to preach in French. I must admit that some of my audience could not understand me. One of them on being asked if he knew what I was talking about replied, "pas un mot."

I finished my missionary work of this year by crossing the Rocky Mountains to preach for three weeks in the cathedral at New Westminster. No tongue could describe the beauties and glories of the Rockies. Some of those who have crossed these mountains and have also traversed the Alps give the palm for sublimity and grandeur to the Rockies. My mission, which was the last great one I ever gave, was a heavy one and was well attended, many non-Catholics being present every evening. There was a good Irish gentleman in the congregation who was a remarkably sound sleeper. He invariably went to sleep on his knees during the recital of the Holy Rosary, and if the playing of the organ and the singing of the hymn before the sermon roused him up, it was only to go to sleep more soundly as soon as the sermon began. One night he was snoring so loudly that he could be heard all over the church. There was a Protestant gentleman at the end of the church who came every evening, and always stood listening to me with his back against my confessional. Noticing that many were tittering at the loud snoring of our Irish friend, and finding it not easy to proceed with my sermon, I stopped speaking and begged some one near him to give him a good shaking-up and prevent him from disturbing the whole congregation.

There was an old pensioner from the green isle who used to sweep out the church, and when I asked someone to arouse the sound sleeper, he, mistaking what I said, rose from his seat, went over to the Protestant gentleman near my confessional, and gave a good shaking to this harmless gentleman. I called out for him to stop, to go to his place and remain quiet. I feared that the Irish gentleman would be so indignant that he would never come to confession to me, but to my amazement he was the first to present himself after the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was over. As for the non-Catholic whom I also expected never to see again, he called on me on the following day, and begged to be instructed for reception into the Church. It is thus that Almighty God overrules our frail expectations and human weaknesses.

After the mission was over the Superior took me to the beautiful Vancouver Island. What struck me most there were the stumps of the gigantic trees. They say there are some quite as large in California. I believe there is none of the larger trees still standing, either in British Columbia or in California, and that nothing but the stumps of these forest monsters are still to be seen. I returned to the mainland and landed at the flourishing city of Vancouver, the capital of British Columbia. As a proof of the mildness of the climate there I plucked a rose in full bloom in the priest's garden, in Vancouver City, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

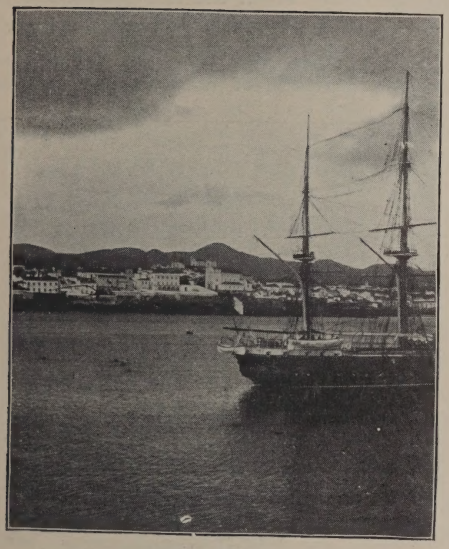
I soon became convinced that my missionary career was approaching its close. During the year 1891 I only preached two retreats and one triduum. Hard work soon exhausted me, and I was frequently laid up with more or less severe attacks of bronchitis. In 1892 I accomplished the same work, three retreats, all of them for children. In 1893 I succeeded in doing much more than during its two predecessors. First of all I preached the month of Mary in Winnipeg, then I gave three retreats, one in the convent, Winnipeg, another in the convent at Rat Portage, and a third in the convent at Brandon. I also preached a second mission for a fortnight at Selkirk. In 1894 all my work was confined to Rat Portage, where I was at that time a resident. First of all I gave a fortnight's mission and later on I preached the month of Mary there. I also conducted the annual retreat for the Faithful Companions of Jesus, whose chaplain I was during these two years, as I had been for seven years and more for the Sisters of the Holy Name at Winnipeg. In 1895 I preached a fortnight's mission in Brandon, the month of Mary in Rat Portage, and the annual retreat again for the Faithful Companions there, also a retreat for children at Brandon, preparatory to receiving the Sacrament of Confirmation. My last effort of that nature was a retreat for a similar purpose in Winnipeg in 1896. I had then to bid adieu to my beloved Canada and to take shelter probably for the remainder of my life, under the Stars and Stripes in the United States of America. I have every reason to be thankful to Almighty God for sparing me to labor in His service during so many years. May He deign to pardon me all my short-comings, and through the intercession of our Immaculate Mother, and her chaste spouse, St. Joseph, may He, at the time appointed by Him deign to receive me amongst those who were faithful over a few little things. To Him be all the honor, and all the glory.

Laudetur Jesus Christus, et Maria Immaculata.

PICO—"THE BAROMETER OF THE AZORES."

BY THE REV. J. V. ROSA.

"Behind him lay the gray Azores
Behind the gates of Hercules:
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas."



CITY OF PONTA DELGADA, S MIGUEL

BREAKWATER AT PONTA DELGADA, S. MIGUEL.

Of the nine islands that form these "grey Azores" many a tourist has written since the day when the Genoese mariner gave the order to "sail on and on" till a new world rose on his vision. And yet little is known of the early history of this group. Some writers claim that the Phœnicians knew of them, and others assert that they were discovered by the Normans, but to Prince Henry the Navigator, son of John I., of Portugal, is due the credit of having colonized the Azores. The Portuguese on landing found "only deserts and birds which were so tame that they never avoided man, for in these islands no man was found, or any quadruped." Before long, sixteen vessels sailed from Portugal to the islands bearing "all manner of domestic animals, a portion of which was landed on every island, that they might multiply thereon."

A special interest centres in the island of Pico, whose cone-shaped mountain tapers to a point 7613 feet above the sea. A soft fleecy cloud, incessantly changing in shape and color, floats around the cone, lending to the mountain a varying aspect, so that even those who have spent their lives on the island say that it never looks the same. When the top of the cone is covered there is rain in prospect, but when clear, fair weather is assured.

So unerring have these signs proved that the mountain is known as "the barometer of the Azores." The base of the cone measures eight miles in diameter, and from its base the island stretches away for thirty-five miles. Vast fields cov-

ered with lava tell of the occurrence in the past of dreadful convulsions and cataclysms; here and there a barren heath struggles for existence. There is no other manifestation of plant life, and over the desolate region solitude reigns, except when the silence is broken by the song of a bird. But there are also smiling tracts, fruitful with vineyards and orchards, and spread with luxuriant vegetation. Among the delicious fruits grown on the island is the white grape, the wine from which is of rare quality and justly appreciated for its fine flavor.

The visit of the King and Queen of Portugal, to the Azores, inspired a native of Pico, Antonio Ferreira de Serpa, to address a letter to her Majesty, setting forth the natural advantages of the island that make it not only a delightful resort for tourists but a place as well where invalids regain health, under unrivalled climatic conditions. Mr. De Serpa's letter, written with the earnest, convincing tone of one who knows and loves his subject, describes the physical features, and in telling of the feat of climbing the "Peak" notes the changes in aspect as grass and shrubs give way to lava deposits, and excavations made by the water coursing down from the apex of the mountain. Speaking of the view from the summit of the cone-shaped elevation rising from the north-east side of the crater he says:

"From there the spectacle is glorious, strange, dazzling, of rare majesty; the sea lies all around, and scattered over it, here and there, Fayal, St. Jorge, Graciosa, Terceira—and far away, enveloped in a tenuous mist—S. Miguel—six islands, almost the whole of the archipelago.

VIEW OF PICO.

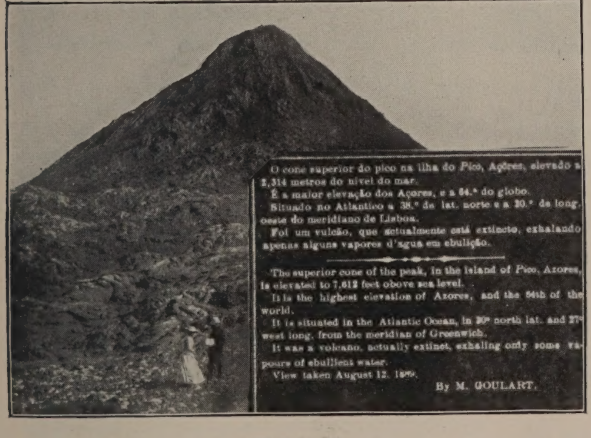
The island of Pico offers the tourist and scientist attractions far surpassing anything in the Alps. The scenic panoramas it unfolds live forever in the memory. But this is not all. It is also a sanitarium opened by Nature, where the weak grow strong in the life-giving air. The climate here is dry and even, unlike that of the other islands of the group, where damp prevails. The proof of the salubrious conditions of Pico is in evidence in the tall, well-built race peopling the island. Both men and women are handsome,

with fine erect carriage, denoting strength and suppleness. They are the perfect embodiment of health, of fine stature, broad of chest and shoulders, and are the most distinguished of the Azoreans.

KING CARLOS AND QUEEN AMELIA VISITING THE AZORES.

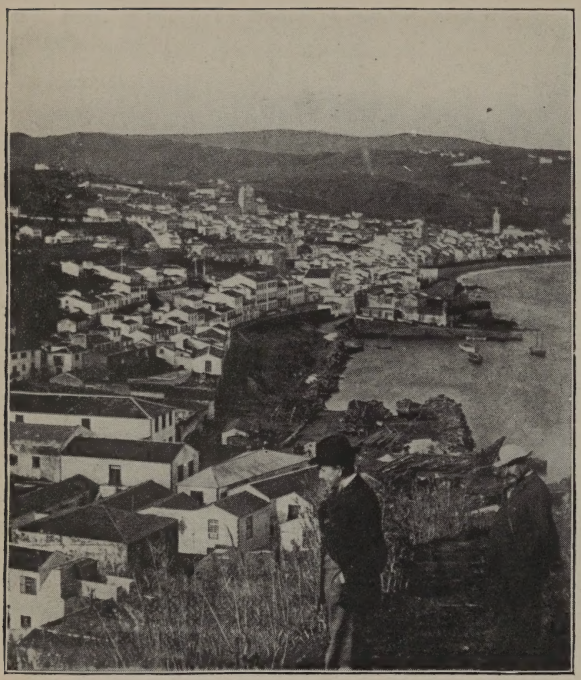
In placing these facts before the royal philanthropist, Queen Amelia, Mr. De Serpa directs her attention to the request of Mr. Bandeira Coeltho, who, in March of last year, asked the Minister of Public Works to study the different parts of the country where it would be practicable to establish sanitariums for the cure of consumption, by air. In the pursuit of these studies Pico was overlooked.

"Now," continues Mr. De Serpa, "in the island of Pico, the means to cure consumption and prolong existence are present in a remarkable degree. The seasons of winter and summer are really wonderful. Here we have mildness of climate and stability of temperature, abundant vegetation, air entirely free from dust, and proximity to Europe. The sanitarium could be built on the top, at an altitude of 6700 feet, and there should be established there a meteorological station to study the upper currents of the atmosphere on the middle of the Atlantic; such a station as the Prince of Monaco has had in view, and which is an absolute, scientific necessity. There are countless places along the coast where health could be built up under the most favorable conditions."


O cone superior do pico na ilha do Pico, Açores, elevado a
2,314 metros do nivel do mar.
É a maior elevação dos Açores, e a 84.ª do globo.
Situado no Atlantico a 38.° de lat. norte e a 30.° de long.
oeste do meridiano de Lisboa.
Foi um vulcão, que actualmente está extincto, exhalando
apenas alguns vapores d'agua em ebulição.
The superior cone of the peak, in the island of Pico, Azores,
is elevated to 7,612 feet above sea level.
It is the highest elevation of Azores, and the 84th of the
world.
It is situated in the Atlantic Ocean, in 38° north lat. and 27°
west long. from the meridian of Greenwich.
It was a volcano, actually extinct, exhaling only some va
pours of ebullient water.
View taken August 12, 1899.
By M. GOULART.

THE CONE.

The writer of this interesting letter notes the injustice done to the Azoreans in overlooking this island,—the Azores contribute handsomely to the Assistencia Nacional aos Tuberculosos—and suggests that private initiative combine with government action and make of Pico a summer and winter resort. He puts forward practical ideas in regard to the opening up of the island for this purpose, suggesting parks, lawns, reservations for various out-door sports, and other means of keeping the sick occupied in mind while their cure is being effect-



CITY OF HORTA, FAYAL.

ed. Another direct result of such use of the island would be a material increase in its prosperity and that of the other islands in the group. They would find here encouragement for the development of their industries, and a market for the products of the soil. "Tourists are satiated with Switzerland, Cote d'Azu, the Riviera, and other familiar resorts," he asserts, and would gladly turn to this beauty spot in the Azores.

Queen Amelia, to whom this appeal is addressed, is one of the most talented princesses of Europe. She is the daughter of the Count and Countess of Paris, and was born in Twickenham, England, September 28, 1865. There she spent her early years, with intervals in France and Spain. She was carefully educated, and under the supervision of her provident and solicitous mother was prepared for the exalted station she so worthily fills. In 1885 she was betrothed to the Crown Prince of Portugal, son of Luiz I, and in the following year her marriage was celebrated in the city of Lisbon, with great pomp and rejoicing. The union has been blessed with three children, one of whom, the Crown Prince, was named after his grandfather, Luiz Philip. On the death of King Luiz the present ruler was proclaimed King of Portugal (the thirty-fifth of this dynasty) and is known as Charles the First.

Queen Amelia is endowed with great energy, persistence, and physical strength. She has accomplished much in the study of medical science and the art of nursing, and is not only a student of theory, but an experienced physician as well. In her treatment of the Duchess de Montpensier she evinced remarkable knowledge and expertness. It can be truly said that medicine is her real vocation; she never loses presence of mind, and takes the most active interest in the progress of her patients.

PICO. SEEN FROM RIBENRIIHA-FAYAL

Her affectionate regard for them has led to the amelioration of conditions in the Portuguese hospitals, and to the establishment of sanitariums where the poor might receive proper care. Many things could be said in praise of her queenly charity to the suffering poor. Regardless of personal danger she brings relief to the afflicted, and at her own expense supports a dispensary and hospiums for the treatment of tuberculosis. To better understand the work and needs of such institutions, she has mastered voluminous works on medicine. It was this widely-known philanthropic interest that encouraged Mr. De Serpa to lay before Queen Amelia his plans for the development of Pico as a health resort.

The Azores have been visited by some

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN THE AZORES.

tal for poor children. Her Majesty visits these institutions daily, remaining there for hours, and treating the little ones with her own hands, nursing them, consoling them, and cheering them with loving words when they weep or complain. To them the sun does not seem to rise until she appears among them, and she could well be called the "Angel of Charity."

Her greatest and most lasting work has been the establishment of sanitari-

of the crowned heads of Europe. King Leopold of Belgium pays an occasional visit to S. Miguel, where are the hot springs (Valle das Furnas), and the Prince of Monaco, in his scientific studies, makes a yearly tour around the archipelago.

The Western Islands, as the Azores are generally called by Americans, are not an unfamiliar part of the globe. Since 1850 vessels have plied between Boston and Horta, Fayal—one of the

A SEA OF CLOUDS.

7,613 feet above sea level, from peak of the island of Pico, Azores.

best seaports of the group,—with more or less regularity, carrying to and fro numerous passengers who were induced to visit these islands by Mr. Charles W. Dabney, the first American Consul at Horta. The largest cable exchange in the world is located here, and English, German, and French colonies make it a cosmopolitan centre.

This place should be dear to Americans, as it was in the Bay of Horta (Fayal) that the celebrated battle between three British ships and the "Armstrong" privateer took place, in which Captain Reid immortalized himself, aided on shore by Mr. Dabney, whose brave acts contributed in a special manner to the victory of the American arms, over the pirate of the seas.

"Heaven helped the little Armstrong in her hour of bitter need;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm of Reid."

. . . . . .

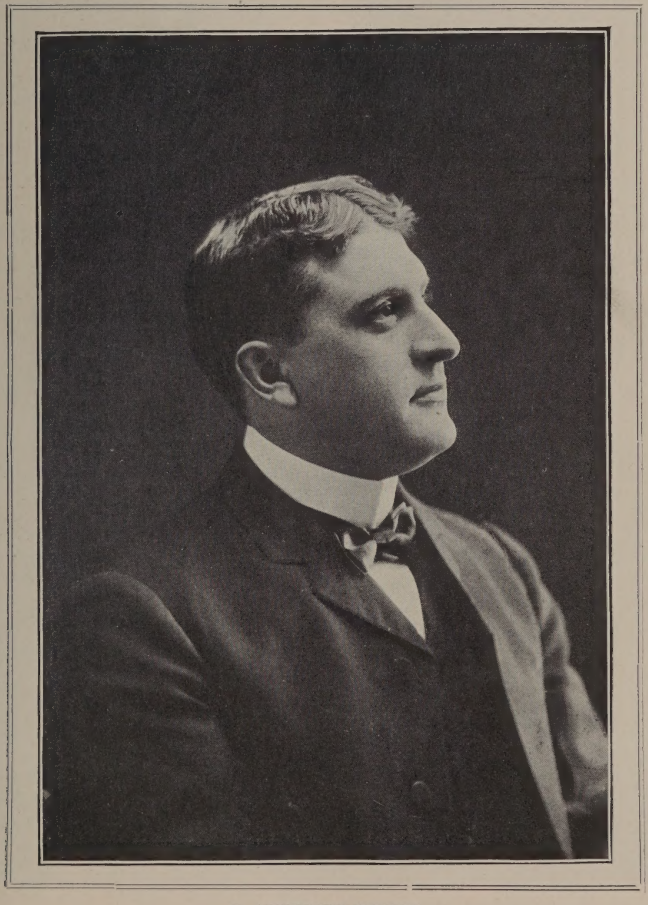
"Tell the story to your sons,
When the haughty stranger boasts
Of his mighty ships and guns
And the muster of his hosts,
How the word of God was witnessed in the gallant days of yore,
When the twenty fled from one ere the rising of the sun,
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!"

(Ballads of Blue Water).

HEINZE AND LAWSON—A CONTRAST.

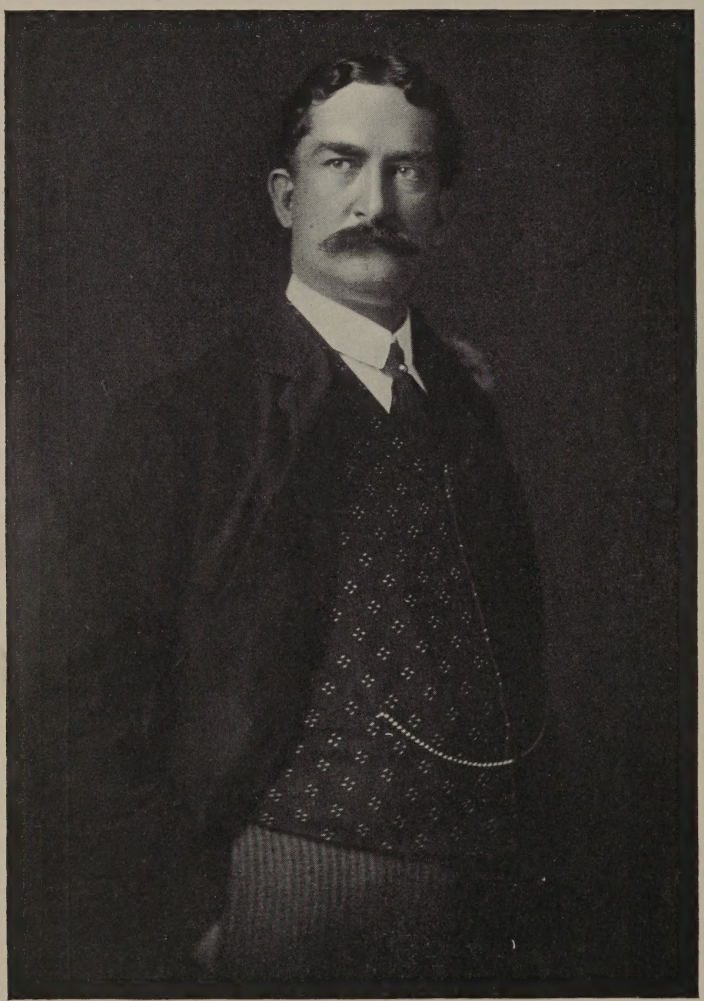
BY CHRISTOPHER P. CONNOLLY, OF BUTTE.

What is the game that Thomas W. Lawson of Boston and F. Augustus Heinze of Butte are playing? It is the game that William Randolph Hearst is playing, and that lesser lights are playing in every village, hamlet, and commonwealth of the land. It is an evolution of democracy. It is a condition that De Tocqueville did not altogether overlook when he wrote his "Democracy of America." There is no country so rich in earth's resources as ours; there is no country where the power of the people is so supreme as ours, if only the public can be taught that lesson. Lawson is teaching that lesson; Heinze has been teaching it for many years. Like Hearst, and in some respects like Heinze, Lawson is an exponent of the ad captandum—the appeal to the base—to the



F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE.

passions, to the fears of men. The expression of this power, when it becomes felt in the hands of the people, under the leadership of some man like Lawson or Heinze will be spasmodic, ephemeral —a flash in the pan—and then the age has confidence, has developed the great resources of our country. In the process there has been some juggling and perhaps some rascality. But the great public, already envious, as it ever has been, of wealth—too willing to believe



Copyright 1902. *Photograph by Litchfield Studio, Arlington, Mass.*
THOMAS W. LAWSON.

will relapse into the grip, stronger than ever, of the factors that both are using as a target for their foils.

Wealth in the hands of a few, or controlled by a few men of judgment and foresight, in whom the investing public that where there is small smoke, there is raging fire,—is easily aroused by magazine articles, which have taken the place of the political pamphlet of England's ancient days, and under the assumption of righteousness, fostered by the selfish

agitator, fight a sham battle and retire with their pockets picked and their purses rifled. This is Lawson through and through. In the sense that Heinze uses this prejudice to win his elections, and thus hold a club over Amalgamated, it is Heinze. In the East it is hard to understand the ease with which men are swayed to isms in the West. Here men tie to the past, live in the present, and hope in the future. In the West, all is concentrated in the one word—present. The past doesn't appeal much to them, the future worries them little. "How much is there in this for me *now?*" is the bold, defiant, and eminently practical slogan of the Western public of yesterday and to-day. So long as that public finds leaders, whether they be in Boston or Chicago or Butte, they do not stop to inquire how much of honesty there is in the leader. Will his fight help us? If so, then is he entitled to his share of the spoils, even though we should get none, for without him we get nothing anyhow.

The West is the treasure-house of the nation. Out of its hills has come the tribute that has builded these long lines of palatial homes on Commonwealth Avenue. That treasure-house has been but scratched. In the early times—and by that I mean but a few years back—(for Butte is the product of a brief generation) New England men of pluck put their money in Butte. Some supped on porridge that an extra timber or two might be added to the shaft as it dug its way into these untried depths, now richer than Solomon's mines. Then there was no hurrah on the stock market; the men who ventured, had; they had pioneered the way, by an example of financial fortitude, not for a stock-gambling market that would tremble and shriek and cower at the cheap fulminations of any one man, but for scientific, *honest* mining—pardon the expression—that would develop the country and reward the venturesome.

Heinze represents the legitimate mining side, Lawson the stock-trading side. It seems so trite that it is foolish to repeat it, but there is no more relation between the intrinsic value of the mines, between the intrinsic value of the stock, and the market value, than there is between Old South Church with its traditions, and modern State Street. When Heinze in Butte has won a decided victory against Amalgamated, the stock very frequently pirouettes, undoubtedly under manipulation; and when tremendous discoveries of new bodies of ore are made, meaning added wealth to the coffers of Amalgamated, the stock is just as like as not, next morning, to take a header as deep and straight as a harpooned whale. So they do not mean anything in common, and they have nothing in common.

Thomas W. Lawson is forty-seven, Heinze is thirty-four. Six years ago, at the age of twenty-eight, Heinze was quite the power he was a year ago, or is to-day. He is a wonderfully strong figure physically no less than mentally. He is tall, erect, with muscles of iron and nerves of steel, a leader among men—and let it be understood it is not Heinze's personality that is the power. We wrangle about whether Shakespeare or Bacon wrote the immortal works. It may be that neither wrote them, but, in any event, what we are most interested in is not the personality of the man but the central idea, the intellectual force. We do not care whether Shakespeare was a rascal or a common poacher. Did he write Hamlet? And going farther, we do not care who did write Hamlet. It was *done*.

Any man in whom the great public could have the same amount of confidence in his winning powers could lead the battle that Heinze has fought in

Butte. He might not use swear words in his public speeches, though that is as common an oratorical offense in the West as any of the trimmings and tricks of the public speaker of the East; he might not have the swagger, the handsome visage, and the lustrous eye; he might be a man of quiet demeanor, without the splendid platform English of Heinze, or the volcanic force of his publicly-stated facts, provided only he had the courage to fight great combinations, and knew when to give the signal to touch the artillery, and charge every vestige of opposition—refusing to recognize the rights of non-belligerents or neutrals, but firing on all alike, on the common principle that "if you are not in my ranks you are my enemy."

The central idea in all these movements is to arouse, to interest, to excite people, generally on the plea of humanity's interest. A man undisturbed by contending emotions is rarely the involuntary tool of another; but if that other can get him guessing, he waives the red rag at the opportune moment, and the victim charges to his ruin. As it is with individuals, so it is with the masses, only in a hundred-fold greater degree. Make men irrational or mentally unsettled, and they spew against the order of things, not as things intrinsically are, but as their doubts and fears and perplexities picture them. In the final reckoning, the people have been used by both sides and properly fleeced. When the "System" has plucked them, Lawson, or some other of his class—Heinze, if you will— steps in, performs the same operation under a different form of legerdemain, and turns them back into the "System's" pasture to be "worked" over again. In whatever way you look at it, the "Public" is plucked, the "System" winks, though soberly, Lawson laughs heartily, as one who has heard a good story, and the rest of us innocently inquire, "Who will *do* us next and how will it be *done?*" And we are just curious enough to spend a few more dollars to see the new trick flashed on us. Thus are we amused, while we dine poor, curtail expenses, and are happy to think that without us the world would be a much more sober place.

The cry of discontent in Butte is "Standard Oil" or "Amalgamated." It is not exactly the cry of the discontented in Montana. It is the cry of him who has seen California and the Southern Pacific domination, and who fears. It is the same cry that defeated Marcus Daly, the greatest political general Montana ever produced, when he tried to locate the capital of the State of Montana at Anaconda, which not only represented a great corporation in name but was the home of all that typified the obnoxious in corporation life—common ownership of street railways, water works, hotels and all public utilities—and where the small, independent plant could not flourish.

The cry of discontent in the East is the wailing, moaning cry of the story of "Frenzied Finance." It is a cry against the "System." It is the cry of Mary MacLane in the market place. Heinze has told on the stump for years in Montana the story of "Frenzied Finance." In that respect Lawson is his imitator, with a larger audience. The public has tired of political leaders who came up from the ranks, who were socialists or populists, and who cried out against these conditions. Even the rank and file lacked confidence in them. They felt these leaders, fresh from their own ranks, could not cope with the "brains" which the country has always been made to believe were behind everything financial. But Lawson of Boston is different. Like Heinze he tells how he met these wondrous characters of the Aladdin wealth on their own carpet, in the presence of chiselled statuary, what *he* said,

and what *they* said—and lo, the people say "Here is a man who knows this game—who knows these men—they fear him, for they are silent under attack; they are guilty; they see the handwriting on the wall; their doom, like the doom of Belshazzar, is at hand." And they turn to Lawson and confidently wait for him to draw his sword and dance on the prostrate forms of the men who have created these great financial fabrics. Is not Lawson from Boston? There is a vast difference between Boston and Terre Haute. This is a wise man. He is from the East. And so the play goes on, and there is a new "Look-out" at the faro-game across the street.

From what I have said so far I do not mean to class Heinze with Lawson. I wish to show you that these two men starting from a common point and traveling a common road might have been the same, but that as a matter of fact each represents in composite form the aggregate of their different sections, and that aggregate is in Heinze's favor, and that Heinze represents the heroic side. The struggles of men on new ground are always more heroic, requiring the flash and force of originality to meet the things that never before have been met, while the achievements of the man on the old ground are a repetition and imitation of the fathers, the greatness of whose achievements frowns on the imitator, while the force of public sentiment, redolent of, and wrapped in, the old traditions, sleeps to every innovation. Lawson is an imitator. The history of the world for centuries back affords illustrations of men who were so far his master in the cheap illumination of self and in the power to hypnotize people that there is no comparison. Read Washington Irving's story of the "Mississippi Bubble" and study the methods of the man who inaugurated that story of "Frenzied Finance" and you will see that Lawson imitated the men who pricked that bubble only to prosper on the exposure. Lawson is to the stock market of Boston and the country what Dowie is to the yearnings of the wandering religious thought of the age. The yearning is there, it is profitable—therefore there is a Dowie. No one must think that by this I mean that either Dowie or Lawson is weak intellectually. On the contrary, both have shrewdness in its highest, boldest form, and both realize in its full import that "all the world's a stage," and that the pit is profitable. The world is a key-board. It can be made to play any tune, to sound any stop, if only the player be a master.

In this respect, F. Augustus Heinze is not to be classed as a mountebank of the Dowie order. He has accomplished things in the mining world. He has wrestled with nature in the open, conquering not only nature, but the forces that had in their turn conquered nature. He opens up treasures with a luck that has become a proverb; he takes from the earth what, like a thief, it seeks to conceal; and in the process he robs no man —lest it be Amalgamated—and puts wealth in circulation in return for the brawn of his miners. He knows a mine. In the mining world, and in all its ramifications, in every one of its essences, he is a master. "Send for Heinze" is the despairing cry of the man who has spent his thousands or his millions in the vain search for veins. Heinze is the dernier resort, the last refuge. He will find the vein if it is there—and sometimes though it be not there. If Heinze will but wait long enough, it will come to him. Earth's treasures seem to be as obedient to him as was Mary's lamb to her; they follow wherever he goes. Witness the "Minnie Healey." Miles Finlen spent $65,000 trying to find ore in that most faithless and coquettish spot. Many men had tried their luck there. Finlen got

disgusted, and like the man who had hold of the bear, looked around for someone to help him let go. Heinze was in sight, and got the distress signal. He came to the rescue on condition only that the bear was to be his meat when it was dead, and that he would recompense Finlen for his scratches. The bargain was struck. Heinze went down in the mine, made a right angle detour, and in forty-eight hours ran plumb into the greatest body of rich copper ore, perhaps ever discovered in Butte since the "Anaconda" disgorged. He had cut across where Finlen had paralleled. It was luck, pure and simple, although they will tell you that it was Heinze's shrewdness. Perhaps so, but that is the history of all mining, with an occasional Cruse exception. Men become discouraged, "blow" the last hole, and neglect to look at the shotted quartz because they have looked so often before, only to be disappointed, and the lucky stranger wanders along and appropriates the millions that another's patient toil has uncovered.

Lawson is like the mining promoter, who drifts into the Eastern city and talks the fur off his tongue, which the unsophisticated, with more money than wisdom, buys for a mine. He does not do a dollar's worth of injury to 26 Broadway; he does batter and beat down the innocent who puts his trust in the man of nerve who has a message; he believes in the man and believes in the message; and his faith costs him dearly because he can ill afford the sacrifice. In the West, there is no more honorable class of men, in their way, than the old-time gamblers, who know no other business. Their word is as good as their bond. No one questions their honor, though they are engaged in an occupation that is outside the pale of the law; but for years their occupation was licensed and legalized, and they were, as law-abiding citizens, as good as the rest of us. There is no man so contemptible in their eyes as the man in their business who runs the "sure-thing" game—who loads the dice, or marks the cards, or kinks the wheel, that the unfortunate may run no chance of luck. Such is Lawson. He arouses the fears of men who do not know the inside situation, but who believe he does, and who believe in him and his honesty of purpose and intention. On that faith he trades. Not so Heinze. He asks no one to risk a dollar. He asks no quarter; his game is fair, compared to Lawson's. I am tired trying to analyze this thing called *justice*. Believing for years that Heinze's gambling instinct and love of fight knew no justice, no stopping-place between himself and victory, he has yet convinced thousands of good-thinking men that he is the victim, while all the while he has steadily gored Amalgamated through the sympathy of the masses. A distinguished Federal judge once told me after one of his decisions that an intelligent, apparently sincere man of high business standing in Butte attempted to argue with him that it was nothing but stern justice for Heinze to loot Amalgamated properties by the wholesale in order that he might have the means to carry on his fight in the interest of himself and "the people." Such morality cannot be excused except on the score of a public belief in the absolute rascality of American business life—a belief that Lawson is seeking to convince the public is justified. Confidence is the foundation of all business intercourse. Suspicion is the very breath of ignorance. When we don't know a man, we are apt to judge him unfavorably, especially if he is called hard names in our presence, and there is no defense. Even the criminal who fails to put in a defense of the flimsiest evidence is apt to be convicted by calm men—how much more readily is the verdict reached when the populace grow excited and clamor-

ous under the vaporings of the public charlatan.

Amalgamated has never been known to break silence. Lawson's theory is that they break everything and everybody else but that; but to divulge the secrets of their business would make them the mark of the pit. There is no merchant who does a trade of ten thousand a year who trusts the inner secrets of his business even to his confidential clerk. Lawson knows this, and on it he works up a sentiment. Take his declaration that he was informed that Marcus Daly deceived Amalgamated promoters as to the value of his properties. No one who knew Marcus Daly believes that—least of all, Lawson. But it is a trump card to play; and to the ignorant who know not the history of Butte's marvelous hill, it is convincing. If Heinze can purloin a million dollars from the wealth of Amalgamated ore, without the knowledge of the care-taker, he is digging into rich soil. Yet not only was it proved in court that he, innocently, as he claimed, deliberately as Amalgamated claimed mulcted them in one instance of this sum, but suits have been brought to recover $26,000,000 of copper ores which it is alleged he has unlawfully taken from their properties. Yet in doing this he has enriched Amalgamated, howsoever paradoxical the statement may seem, for he has found for them, in these underground forays of his, veins and deposits of ore that would not otherwise have been discovered. The Butte hill is a riotous producer—it is the mystery of the mining world—the more it is tapped, the greater the abundance of its wealth. With it all, no man can, when it comes to proof, say that Heinze is guilty of any crime. No man, under the law, can be convicted of taking anything to which he lays claim, even though that claim have but the narrowest foundation; and the underground conditions in Butte are, or have been, such, that if one wants to be unscrupulous enough, like the partisan politician, to claim everything, the returns are practically his.

Many things have occurred in the history of the Butte copper war, which have required more than the ability to play the key-board of popular discontent, to demonstrate Heinze's adroitness and mental resources.

The story is told that Heinze in the early part of his career in Butte, when he had his hard knocks and his downhill kicks, as every man of genius and accomplishment has had them, and will ever have them, secured a lease with another party named Burton on a little Jim-Crow mining claim on the flat south of Butte and tried to extract a few dollars from mother earth to buy a meal ticket. He worked hard and faithfully, but luck was against him. He owed Billy Jack's hardware store in Butte two or three hundred dollars for tools, supplies and powder, and it looked very much as if the end of his credit would soon be reached. One day Jack looked over his books, discovered the account against Heinze and his partner, asked who they were, was told they were two young fellows struggling for a try-out in the great world of fortune; that they had worked hard, stood a good chance to make good, and in fact had just run across some ore. "Go down and see what's on their dump," said Jack to his man, "and report to me." His clerk came back and reported that Heinze had probably $500 or $1000 worth of ore on the dump. "Get out an attachment at once and levy on it," said Jack. This was done, and in due time the deputy sheriff presented himself at Heinze's lonesome digging where he and his partner were at work. He stated his business and said he would be back in half an hour to confiscate the ore and haul it to the smelter. When he had gone, Heinze called down to his partner

to come at once to the surface. "Work, now," said he, "as you never worked before." Side by side with the ore, which was raised on a little platform, was about the same amount of waste—rock that was worthless. The two men worked like Trojans, shifting the waste onto the platform, and the ore onto the spot where the waste was. When the deputy sheriff returned, he did not, of course, notice the change, it being sometimes difficult for the unpracticed eye, as indeed it is for the practiced eye, to tell the difference between ore and waste. He carted off the waste to the smelter, where it was treated at the expense of Billy Jack, and Heinze immediately had the ore removed to another smelter and got his returns. When Jack called up on the telephone a few days after to get his returns he was informed by his friend, the Superintendent of the smelter, to which the deputy sheriff took the waste, that the ore was worthless, and that Jack owed the smelter a neat bill for treatment charges. When Heinze got ready he paid Jack's bill.

Senator W. A. Clark was once on Heinze's bonds in the Supreme Court of the State for something like a million dollars. By giving these bonds, Heinze was enabled to work property which was in litigation between himself and Amalgamated, by working which property he was enabled to maintain the costly political entourage which has been something of a factor in his political successes. The two men quarrelled, and Clark withdrew from the bonds. Heinze was given a stated time to get other bondsmen. The doors of the financial institutions of the world were closed and barred against him. Failure meant political and commercial ruin. He immediately had organized in the East what was known as the "Delaware Surety Company," the organizers and directors of which were his own close intimates and clerks. It was capitalized for a large sum, and this company offered to go on Heinze's bonds, and the signatures of its officers were accepted by the Supreme Court unwittingly. A subsequent investigation unearthed the artifice, but by that time Heinze had extracted enough ore from the ground he wanted to work to put up a cash bond. The Supreme Court mildly lectured, while Heinze looked innocently at the rich frescoing of the ceiling.

In the last election the Amalgamated politicians all but proved that Heinze had made a desperate attempt to sell out his interests in Butte, while he had been assuring the people of Butte for years that he never would sell out as long as he had strength to draw a bead on the purse-proud enemies of the people. Something must be done. An old abandoned silver mine, owned by a French company, called the "Lexington," was situated at Walkerville, quite a town on the crest of the Butte hill. Heinze secured an immediate option on this property, appointed his mine superintendent, employed quite an army of men, and, within two weeks of election, set to work; he hired a brass band, got an 8-horse team and hauled the giant timbers for the Lexington shaft through the main streets of Butte at high noon. He announced that not only had he not sold out, but that he was acquiring new properties, and would make the Lexington one of the greatest copper mines in Butte. Many people believe in his luck, and believed such a prediction not unwarranted. On election day Walkerville gave Heinze a round majority, for the first time in its history.

Heinze lays claim to several rich ore bodies in the Michael Davitt mine on the Butte hill. The Amalgamated company also claims these bodies. Heinze was working them out. The United States Court issued an injunction, specifically describing the property, and solemnly enjoining Heinze from going near these

ore bodies. Heinze salaamed in the presence of the court, waited until the court got busy with some other business, and then marched his little army of underground Swiss guards onto the legally-fortified treasure-pits, and took out what the Amalgamated alleged was a million dollars worth of ore, what Heinze admitted was a half million dollars worth of ore. Heinze was summoned to court and put on the carpet, testimony was heard, Heinze found guilty; sentence, a fine of $20,000, for contempt of court in violating the court's order. Heinze stepped up to the clerk and paid over the cash. According to Amalgamated numerals he was winner just $980,000—according to his own admission $480,000. Of course, he stood his chance of going to jail, but the courts don't make martyrs of these political salvationists.

When Lawson wired to Butte a lot of decoy bets that Heinze had sold out, he followed this up with a wire saying that Heinze no longer owned the stock of his own company, and that it was in the safe of a party in New York whom Lawson had just seen. The next morning Heinze's stock was in the plate-glass window of one of his banks, in Butte, piled high. His agent had stepped off the north-coast limited train the evening before with the stock. Heinze had simply circumvented Lawson. Lawson was moaning like a mortally-injured man over the crimes of Amalgamated and the "System," and yet here was a man, the greatest general that had ever led a field-force against the "System," a worthy comrade in any battle, and Lawson was trying to decry and belittle him.

These are samples, picked at random, out of the repertory of Heinze's minor performances. The difficulties under which he labored have not been touched upon because that would necessitate a description of incidents foreign to the present purpose. Of course, Heinze has made mistakes. The spirit of any cause must be ever on the aggressive, and aggressiveness breeds occasional mistakes. But he has stood erect, defiant and ultimately victorious under conditions that would have put Lawson at the mercy of his enemies. He has never been the hero of his own story. He is calmer, deeper, more resourceful, stronger than Lawson. In his hand to hand conflict, which has had some of the ferocity of the Indian warfare of the West, the roller-top desk and the paint brush have occupied but small space. They have been, to be sure, a part, but a small one. The ticker does not appeal to him. He is not a fisherman who sits lazily in his boat, casts his bait at the shoal of hungry fish and hauls in his line. His game has not been so easy. The streams in his country are not so generously stocked.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXXIII.

The greatest work of God in the six days of creation was man. There was nothing higher except the pure angelic spirits, sinless and immortal, resplendent and illumined with the holy spirit. Man was a little lower than these because his spiritual nature was clothed in a body taken from the slime of the earth, subject therefore to the sinless imperfections of an earthly nature. Yet he was the image of God, and, in a sense, surpassed even the angels themselves, in as much as he could render to God the obedience of reason and of faith and serve Him as a loving child.

When God created man He surrounded him with glory and honor. His very nature reflected the perfections of the Creator. The light of reason was his crown which was radiant with the knowledge of God and of himself. He was placed over all creation and his dominion was limited only by the law of the divine perfections. This was of course a guarantee against all excesses. Man was therefore the first fruits of the creation.

The first man, Adam, was constituted in sanctifying grace, but in no way was he above manhood. The second Man is God Incarnate and our manhood in Him was lifted up and becomes deified. It was humanity in all things such as ours, except sin, taken from the substance of a sinless mother, pure and blessed as the virgin earth before sin entered. The Incarnation was the new creation of God. St. Paul puts it this way. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (Cor. IV. 6.) He was, in a two-fold sense the image of God. He was the image of the Father as God, and the reflected image of God as man. The glory of His countenance is the light of the world. "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the Fathers by the prophets—last of all in these days, hath spoken to us by His Son whom He hath appointed heir of all things by whom also He had made the world." (Heb. I. 1, 2.) All the lights of nature and reason, and of the continuous revelation of patriarchs and prophets ascended into the full and final revelation of God by Jesus Christ, the brightness of his glory and "the figure of His substance." All the holiness, wisdom, justice, mercy, humility, charity, sympathy and tenderness of the Godhead were revealed in the person of Jesus Christ. As Adam was the first fruit of the first creation Jesus Christ was the first fruit of the new creation. Those, then, who are born of water and the Holy Ghost are the first fruits among the nations. St. James says: "Of His own will hath He begotten us by the word of truth that we might be some beginning of His creatures." (St. James I. 18.) That is to say, they are members of a Divine Head who is "the first fruits of them that slept and in Him also they are risen and have become partakers of the world to come." St. Peter describes the Christian people as "a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people whose office in the world is to declare His virtues who hath

called us out of darkness into His marvelous light." (I St. Peter ii, 9.) And again, "we are made the first fruits of the Lamb."

If then the regenerate are the first fruits of the world, the priests of Jesus Christ are the first fruits of the regenerate chosen from out of the people to be partakers of His character, His powers and His honors; to be visible witnesses of His mind and His perfection; to lead others to perfection—to be consecrated to offer continually the Holy Mass for the sins of the world and to offer ourselves daily with the Victim for the work He has laid upon us. A priest is to continue the work of the Master, which is to save and sanctify all mankind. In other words, the priest is called and consecrated to make known the life and the mind, the word and the will of Jesus Christ. When our Blessed Lord said "As the Father hath sent me so I send you," He implied that His priests should perpetuate in the world not only His truth and His sacraments, but His own mind and likeness and life. To do this he has given His priests the necessary means. He chose and taught and trained and moulded His Apostles after His own heart by direct contact. This He does now no less than in the long ago by divine tradition, and through the teaching of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. The priest then is surely predestined to the greatest glory of God.

The words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles should be engraven on the heart of every priest. "I esteem all things to be loss, but for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them but as dung that I may gain Christ; that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings; being made conformable to His death; if by any means, I may attain to the resurrection which is from the dead. Not as though I had already attained or were already perfect; but I follow after, if I may by any means apprehend wherein I am also apprehended by Jesus Christ. Brethren, I do not count myself to have apprehended. *But one thing I do;* forgetting the things that are behind and stretching forth myself to those that are before, I press the mark of the prize of the supernal vocation of God in Christ Jesus." (Philip III, 8, 14.) These words are an epitome of the aim, aspiration and effort of a faithful priest, always pressing forward in the heavenly desire of knowledge and power and a closer conformity to the cross of Christ. No words can be added to these without weakening their force. There is no degree of perfection to which a priest might not aspire. To aim below the highest is to fall short of our true vocation. We have no abiding city here below but we are seeking one to come. Like the angels on Jacob's ladder, we must ascend or descend. There is no resting place during our earthly pilgrimage. If this be true of all Christians how much more so of all priests.

Such is the predestination of the priest to the greatest glory of God. We should try to bring home to ourselves daily that the life and privileges allowable to the faithful are not allowable to priests. St. Paul exhorts all men: "Whether ye eat or drink or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." If such be the law and duty of the layman what must be the obligation of the priest?

II.

Now it is a marvel to most non-Catholics how the priesthood of the Catholic Church is raised to such a high state of perfection. We have, in a former essay, pointed out the general supports of the priesthood in reaching this perfection; we will now recount the special helps which surround the priest during his entire life. The first aid which is above all others is his daily Mass. "When the

morning was come Jesus stood upon the shore." The priest's day begins with the presence of Jesus; the altar is the shore and Jesus comes at the word of the priest. In the Mass we know Him though He is under another form. We cannot see Him with bodily eyes but we know that it is the Lord. He recognizes us and gives us the bread of life. He comes to us not once in a life time, but morning after morning. We begin every day with Him. If we spent the first hour of every day in the presence of our guardian angel or patron saint, our whole day would be elevated and made glorious. Now in the Holy Mass it is more than this. It is the personal presence of the Lord and Master of angels and saints. Through familiarity we may lose the vividness of our mental vision and thus we may not always fully realize the transcendent miracle of God's love for us.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAN WITH THE ONE COAT.

A COUNTY DOWN FOLKS-TALE.

BY FLORENCE M. WILSON.

I had this tale from old Mollie *herself,* and she had it straight from the lips of the very man *himself,* as they stooped together over the same potatoe-rig in their own townlan' of Ballyhalbert. So what more proof can I have as to its veracity? And it happened in this wise and as she told it:

"For, as Andy Moore came home from the Big Fair of the Ards, one afternoon in late November, just about duskiness, he fell upon strange company, just three miles from his own door. First an' foremost, a terrible burst of sleety wind broke over him an' he out in the bare highway! He had to think where he could find any kind of a shelter. As luck had it, he was topping the Long Hill, and a brave good hedge it has on the land side of it. Across the road the winter sea was lashing itself into a smother of white foam. Oh! it's a heartsome road to travel, chile dear, in the yellow of the whins, or when the corn is nodding to you over the ditches, but 'tis a black path to foot alone in the heart of November. And so thought Andy. Let that be as it might, shelter he had to get, be it stick or stone, an' with that he cuddles down under a big Thorn-bush. There he makes believe to be as dry as a sojer's throat. He minded well enough that it had the name of being a Fairy Thorn. "But," says Andy, "what of that?" Ay, 'deed, what of that after all, for some can sit there and see next to nothin', an' agen, some sees a dale too much!" (Here Mollie shook her head and took to thinking long for a minute or so.)

"He wasn't sittin' more than a wee bit, with the sea-wind raging an' tearin' over him, an' the hail-stones peltin' him, till he thought he could hear a something, that was neither wind nor rain, in the bare branches above him. It seemed more than anything else like a wain, sleep-rife, singin' to himself, to keep his eyes open when Johnnie Nod goes by. You may be sure Andra listened plenty when he thought of that, for his own wain used to, ay! *used* to do the same o'nights be-

fore God tuk him. But, truth to say, Andra didn't fancy the sound of it now, for he knew it could neither be chick nor chile at that spot an' time. To crown the atmosphere o' things, the hail began to snow, an' had all the appearance of makin' a reg'lar night of it.

"What with lettin' the pigs go to Mawhinney for half nothin'," says Andy aloud, "an' what with the general look an' noise of the illimints, I'll take to my feet again, for its Serellen (Sara Ellen) herself will be in a fair state about me."

When he says that, up he gets, an' there starts the cryin' worse than ever, fit to melt the heart of a policeman! Then from nowhere in particular out steps a thin lath o' a boy forenenst him, with the wet wather dreppin' out of him.

"Well!" says Andy, "it's a queer night for strollin'. Who may you be? For I disremember you for a minute!"

"A King's son," answers the boy very soft-like, yet very proud-like too.

Andra took in at a glanst the whole cut an' rig of him.

"If you're a King's son, I must be a travellin' jook!" says he an' he starts the laughin'.

But somehow the laugh didn't get on, it stuck in his throat an' nearly choked him. Whatever was to the boy, it may have been his proud manner or his quality face, there was no margin for fun.

"Where do you have your Royal Palace?" asked Andy politely, not that he believed him at all.

"Where the sea ends and the sky begins," said the boy, an' they both stared out over the tumblin' water.

"You can't get there the night," said Andy to him.

"I can't get to it until the sun shines again," an' the boy looked more sad-like than ever. "It's not that is troubling me," says he, "for I've many a resting-place, only I can't stand the cold."

He trimmled as he spoke an' Andy saw that the suit he wore, made very grandly as it was, was of foolish material for the time o' year, an' soppin' wet, as it couldn't miss to be.

"Now, Andy," says he, "I want the loan of your coat," an' the boy smiled sweet-like at him. Now Andra Moore wasn't at any time a man who owned more than one good coat to his back, for the wan he wore round the wee farm was lettin' a scarecrow want. Moreover he knew Serellen would lead him a dog's life if he lent anyone anything, for it was a terrible near body she was. Still there was the boy blue with the cruel weather, an' sure! it was only a loan! Besides—well! he could never rightly tell how it happened but his coat was on the boy in the shut of an eye, where it hung like an' oul' shawl on the Lord Mayor.

"You'll never be sorry for this," says the boy. "Good-night! to ye Andy Moore, an' safe home!"

With that there was neither hilt or hair of him an' Andy starts for home with only his long-sleeved waistcoat on, to easy the sting o' the snow.

What Serellen said when he told her, I don't know, but I can guess!

The days passed on, an' passed on, an' it was a starvin' cold winter. Andy never let on that he was feeling the loss of his warm coat, or that he was watching for its return. He went about in the frost an' slush, as cheery as a mouse in the oat-meal bag. But if he kept silent on that point, heth! she didn't. She nagged night an' mornin', an' for a special treat to worry at, she always an' ever began about his lost coat. A very wearin' woman was Andra Moore's Serellen.

Now, one day, when he was fixin' the ground in the Low Field against the spring seed, here he finds a silver bit atween the clay-clods. Of course, he pockets it! an' no harm done. But whoever dropped it, didn't come to look for

it anyway. That was well an' good; but the next day as he was puttin' fresh straw to the cow, he hears the roll of something under his feet an' he picks up a gold piece, by your leave! He felt a wee thing annoyed, but he had the sense not to tell her about it, for she was a fearful talker, an' he knew that half the country-side would soon be rakin' over the farm if they thought it grew money.

That kind o' findin' went on, an' on, until he had a full stockin' of money in a hole in the roof of the byre. Not a penny of it he touched, for he'd a notion, that it was *someone's* property, an' that some fine day they would put in a claim for it. Besides, chile dear, he had a fancy too, that he'd seen the *boy* flittering about the fields by a time, an' he wasn't goin' to rob him, even if he had taken the coat. An' all along Serellen nagged an' nagged. She wouldn't go the length o' her foot with him on a Sunda, as he had a rag for a coat, so he had to go his lone. Many a neighbor wondered how he stood it, but they didn't know that he was as fair in love with her as on the day he first had an notion of her, for he never heeded her bargin' at all, comfortin' himself that behind it lay her warm heart. An' so I found out myself, chile, much to my surprise.

An' then, just as the scattery trees round there were tryin' to green themselves in spite of the sea-wind, an' the wains had a word about the first primroses, Andra tuk to his bed an' very bad sick he was.

The doctor from the town said it was a severe chill, an' the neighbors went further an' said it was death. Serellen, to hide as much of her sorrow as she could, barged worse an' worse. Of course, she had orra much to do, with the out work, an' the house, an' himself to look after. An' she laid his illness to the want o' his warm coat, an' there's never a word of doubt but that she was right.

"King's son, indeed!" says she one evening as she was redding-up the kitchen. "More like a tramp you met in the town, who made you take a glass, an' then conveyed you along the road so as to steal your decent coat. There was as much of the King about him as about the cat!" an' she lets drive at Pushay with the whisk. Andy was too weak to argify with her so she had a fair field an' no favor.

But at long last, Andy an' the cat had enough of it.

"Hush! woman!" says he, "an' stop talkin' of them ye know nothin' of. King's son or tramp he was in sore need an' he's as welcome to it as the flowers o' May." With that, there comes a knockin' at the door.

"Who's there?" shouts she, for it was late, an' it's a lonely spot Moore's farm.

"A King's Son!" answered someone very softly.

Serellen laughed.

"King's sons seem to be cheap in the markets these times," says she, an' goes on sweeping. But Andra sat up suddent.

"Open the door, woman!" says he, an' she takes a look at him an' goes and does it.

An'in steps the boy of the Thorn-bush! But he was more like a King's son now. The goldy curls of him rippled an' shook like corn under a sunny breeze an' he held his head very proud indeed on his white neck. An' he carries a bundle slung on a stick. He leaned over Andy and took his two hot hands between his own young cool wans.

(Andy says there were tears in the boy's eyes, an' they looked like blue bells drenched with rain, an' like nothin' else.)

"I've something for you," says he to Andy.

"That beats all," says Andy, "for I've something for you too, an' I began to think you were goin' to forget about it."

He draws down the boy an' tells him

where to find the stockin' in the byre-roof.

The boy sat on the bed an' started to laugh an' laugh. It was like silver bells ringing far away.

"Why," says he, "that's yours, Andy man. That's the interest on the loan of your coat."

But Andy shook his head at him.

"No!" says he, "I'm no rogue. That money would make me rich, an' I'm content as I am, save for—"

Here Andy looked at Serellen who was standin' with her mouth as open as a beggar's wallet starin' at them like one in a transt.

"I understand," said the boy, "but, all the same, if you don't take my gifts you shouldn't have treated me as a friend that November night. So remember, Andy, no more talk of that stocking."

Andy didn't thank him for he couldn't swallow the lump in his throat.

"Now," says the boy, "I've my father's Kingdom to look after an' *it's* no small task, let me tell you, so I must be goin'. But before I go I'll give you something worth having Andy Moore. This, firstly, is your coat. You'll be glad to see that! Now for the best gift!"

He went to the fire-place an' took three ears of corn from the harvest-sheaf that hung there, an' then he confronts Serellen, who was standing still with the broom in her hand.

"Take that!" says he, an' he reaches her a corn-stalk.

She tuk it.

"That's for yourself," says he. "Let your good heart come uppermost!"

"Here's another."

Serellen tuk the second stalk.

"That's for me!" says the boy. "Remember me always."

"Now for the best one!"

She tuk the third ear out of his white hands.

"That's for—Love!" whispers he, an' he points to where Andra was lying like driven snow on his pillow.

Something touched both their foreheads like the flit of a bird's wing, an' then, they heard the door shut. A light, like the gleam of a falling star, shone on the wee window for a moment, an' that was the last they saw of the King's Son!

An' Serellen kept the three stalks in the chest with her Sunda clothes for fear the mildew would blight them; an' a kinder, better woman never breathed the breath o' life after that night, than she.

And Andy and Serellen told me who *he* was. Who? ah! chile dear, wait a bit! wait a bit! an' I think ye'll find that out for yourself.

THE MISSION OF THE SOCIAL SECRETARY AT WASHINGTON.

BY VIRGINIA TATNALL PEACOCK.

Nothing is more characteristic of the native Washingtonian than his hospitality—that spirit of gracious courtesy which has been handed down from father to son, and which instinctively puts forth its hand in helpfulness to the stranger who is eternal in the capital city.

From it has been evolved in recent years a profession which in many of its features is peculiar to Washington—the social secretaryship. Leaders and followers of fashionable life elsewhere employ private secretaries to relieve them of the merely clerical duties which their lives entail, the care of a correspondence, visiting lists, invitations, etc.; but between these positions and that of the social secretaryship as it is understood at Washington there exists as great a difference as lies between those of a nursery governess and a University professorship.

The social secretary, as she is known to Washington, is born with many of the attributes which fit her for her calling. She is the cream of the old aristocracy of the city, graduated from its most exclusive social circles, with a practical knowledge of her little world, with tact, and the gracious disposition traditional with her class—to be helpful to others.

The way had long been preparing for her. Every year witnesses new faces in the high places of Washington society. Every few years almost the entire dramatis personæ of official life changes. Those to whom are assigned the leading rôles cannot grow into the characters, assuming gradually the duties of their new positions. They must at once assume conspicuous rank in a city whose social life is on an absolutely different basis from that which obtains elsewhere, and where they have the dignity of their office as well as their personal dignity to preserve.

The social secretary has all the details of the situation at her finger tips. She knows where they belong at everybody's dinner table, on whom they must make the first call, on what days they will find every branch of society at home, who has daughters entitled to a card, and much besides of a similar nature, which, however trifling it may appear to outsiders, is of wide significance in a city where the question as to who should

make the first call, the Vice President or the British Ambassador, was once made the subject of grave, international correspondence.

To the social secretary it is her life. She has grown up in it, absorbing its details as she developed in mind and body. She can write any kind of a note circumstances may demand, can make up a table at bridge, or take a delinquent's place at dinner, just as she can be depended upon, on the other hand, to engage the caterer, the florist, to select the music, and to give the last touches to the table.

New-comers are no longer blamed for their faux pas along these lines. When mistakes are made it is the secretary who is censured. Therefore, to the newcomer in official life she is almost an essential, and the wise no longer make the effort to struggle on without her.

There is another class, growing each year larger in Washington, to which she is equally valuable, the non-official or purely resident element. For this class Washington society, which has long since outgrown the formative stage in which John Adams found and left it, when it was in the throes of that thirst for precedence which he denounced as a paltry passion, and which is to-day brilliantly cosmopolitan in character, holds out strong attractions. Those as a rule who constitute this class are persons of unusual wealth. Sometimes their position is already established in the locality whence they hail, and frequently they are socially unknown everywhere. In either event Washington becomes their mecca and a place in its social life, the goal of their ambition.

To this, the social secretary is often the open sesame. With her tact, her adroitness, and above all her own entree everywhere, she has pushed many not impossible persons up the social ladder, made of not a few leaders of the haute monde, given them the setting to which they aspired, evolved the atmosphere and with the help of the society correspondent, perhaps, even the halo in which they are to shine forth for other eyes.

Under her direction Washington is not a difficult city in which to attain social success, supposing one to have some native fitness for it, the great American characteristic, adaptability, and money. The foreign element strongly tinctures the life, and foreigners as a rule have not the prejudice against Americans of great and sudden wealth which exists not infrequently among the more conservative class of their own countrymen. They have read the Declaration of Independence, some of them, and they take us literally when we state on our own behalf that all men are born free and equal. Nothing apparently so amazes foreigners, as the class prejudice they discover in some Americans.

The diplomatic corps at Washington has helped to make the social success of many rich Americans, and the social secretary whose family for generations has been on cordial terms with successive diplomats of distinction is not infrequently the connecting link.

The number of social secretaries in Washington is increasing each year, and the selection of Miss Isabel Hagner to fill that rôle at the White House three years ago has given additional eclat to the calling.

Miss Hagner comes of an aristocratic old Maryland family. Her great grandfather, Peter Hagner, moved into Washington with the government in 1800, and the family has held social eminence ever since. She was educated at a fashionable Washington school, and made her debut six or eight years ago, achieving in her first season a popularity she has never lost. She is of the Juno type, large and strikingly handsome, with a face expressive both of the character and abili-

ty which are hers in a marked degree. She is Mrs. Roosevelt's coadjutor in all hospitalities to which invitations go out in the name of the mistress of the White House, and the smoothness with which these affairs are conducted is due in a great measure to Miss Hagner's able management of the details.

She began her career as a social secretary with Mrs. Cornelius Bliss when Mr. Bliss was Secretary of the Interior. Among other hostesses whose burdens she has lightened, and to the success of whose hospitalities she has contributed not a little are Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. John Griggs and Mrs. Elihu Root.

The pioneer among women in this new field was Miss Hunt, whose father was at one time Secretary of the Navy, and again our Minister to Brazil. In addition to her advantages of birth and position, Miss Hunt is a charming and accomplished woman with a voice that has given pleasure to many people.

As social aid-de-camp to Mrs. Levi P. Morton when Mr. Morton was occupying the vice presidential chair, her practical and executive side were revealed to Washington society. Mrs. Morton's entertainments were notable during the seasons she spent in Washington, and Miss Hunt's advice and taste figured largely in the selection of the guests for specific occasions, and in all the arrangements which went to make those occasions a success. With the social glories and achievements of Vice President and Mrs. Hobart, and later with those of Senator and Mrs. Hanna, Miss Hunt was similarly identified.

Another young society woman who has had a marked success in this field of endeavor is Miss Mullan who began as secretary to Mrs. Alger when the latter was here in the cabinet circle as wife of the Secretary of War. Now that she is in Washington as the wife of a United States Senator, Miss Mullan is again associated with her in her former capacity. Representative and Mrs. Morrell of Philadelphia, who have taken a prominent part in social affairs at Washington in the past two winters, have likewise the assistance of Miss Mullan. Though thoroughly conversant with the social customs in their respective localities, both the Algers and Morrells were new to the regulations peculiar to Washington society, and that their functions have been above the criticism which so often follows those of the new-comer is due in no small measure to their social secretary.

Miss Mullan was educated at Eden Hall, the Sacred Heart Convent near Philadelphia. After completing her studies she spent a year in making a tour of the world and passed two years in Paris. Following her return to Washington she was presented to society at one of the largest receptions of the winter. Her knowledge of the languages soon made her a favorite in diplomatic circles, while her engaging manners made her many friends among her own country-people.

She is to-day one of the most widely-informed women in Washington society on all that pertains to it. She comprehends thoroughly all the conditions peculiar to its cosmopolitan character, and through a long series of entertaining in her own home she has acquired a practical experience in the substantial side of hospitality upon which success in these days of mundane enjoyments is so largely dependent.

Miss Mullan is a descendant of the Williamson and Tiernan families, two of the oldest in Baltimore, and her mother who died in Washington a few years ago was well-known socially in both cities.

Miss Georgiana Todd is also of an aristocratic old Maryland family. She grew up in Washington's most exclusive residential set, and knows it in all its

MISS GEORGIANA TODD.

phases, its cliques, and circles, and the tastes and prejudices of all its individual members. She has a bright, charming face and a grace and simplicity of manner that are very attractive. She was educated by governesses in her own home. She has traveled extensively in Europe and both writes and speaks French well. With her knowledge of the social history of Washington she has made the way easy for some of the new-ocomers. To those who would reach the high water mark of social success and be noted as dinner-givers, when so much depends upon the placing of one's guests, knowledge such as Miss Todd possesses has an especial value. She is secretary for Mrs. Thos. F. Walsh, besides lightening the tasks of a similar nature for the Countess Cassini, Mrs. Oliver, wife of the assistant secretary of war, Mrs. Leiter, Mrs. Boardman and Mrs. Townsend.

Miss Helen Byrd Johnston, who is not only secretary but the almost constant companion of Mrs. Knox, wife of the new Senator from Pennsylvania, is a great, great granddaughter of old Governor Thomas Johnston of Maryland who aided Washington in selecting the site of the Federal Capital, and more than once during their explorations shared a contracted bed with the father of his country. She was educated at fashionable schools in Washington and at Garden City, L. I. Since her debut into society she has been very popular and is much admired.

Miss Fountain is secretary to Mrs. Leslie Shaw, wife of the Secretary to the Treasury, and Miss Stone, to Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the Vice President elect. The list now contains the names of perhaps a dozen bright society girls, each with qualifications and a fitness peculiarly her own. The new profession with its numerous and varied requirements is particularly that of a woman well-born and well-bred.

MISS EMMA V. MULLAN

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Archbishop Agius, O. S. B., Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, in a recent address to the students, at Notre Dame, Indiana, gave some deeply interesting reminiscences of his life in Rome. From his description of an audience held by the late Pontiff we take the following touching incident:

"I was still watching—to see what was coming next; and before I knew where I was there was a flutter—frrrrrr—what is all this? Twenty little nuns came in, with fluttering veils and grey mantles—frrrrrr—they came right in there, and threw themselves on their knees. They knelt down full of confidence before their common Father. Mgr. Bisletti said—'Your Holiness, these are twenty Franciscan Tertiaries, who are come to get your blessing before starting for China, to replace their martyred Sisters.' Pope Leo was wonderfully moved to see those young women, full of energy, goodwill and health leaving their homes, leaving their friends, to go to replace their Sisters who had been massacred in China. They knelt there, as if they would say to the Pope: 'Let us have no fuss about it—just give us your blessing.' So the Pope gave them his blessing, said some kind words to each, and all was over. He was sitting down and was very feeble. He watched them. I was there in the corner all the time. He watched them going out and he said — 'to martyrdom — to martyrdom — to martyrdom!' He gave the three blessings and threw himself back again on his chair quite exhausted. 'Poor children: they are giving their lives and shedding their blood for Christ.' I was still in the corner; and I said to myself — well, well, there is the Head of the Catholic Church!"

Archbishop Agius, O. S. B., is of Maltese parentage and was born in Alexandria, Egypt, somewhat more than forty years ago. At the age of twelve he moved to England and entered the Order of Saint Benedict. After his ordination he was sent to found a Benedictine house in Malta. Some twelve years ago he was made Procurator General of his Order and since that time has had his residence in Rome. While there he was a favorite preacher and confessor in the English and American colonies. The duties of his office, too, brought him in close contact with the Roman curia and occasioned many visits to the Pope. It was during these interviews that the Holy Father came to recognize and esteem the many admirable qualities of Monsignor Agius that so well recommended him for the difficult mission on which he is sent. He is now on his way to the Philippines and, stopping at places of interest in this country, he made a visit to Notre Dame.

A reception was given the Monsignor in the University opera house on the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

MONSIGNOR AGIUS.

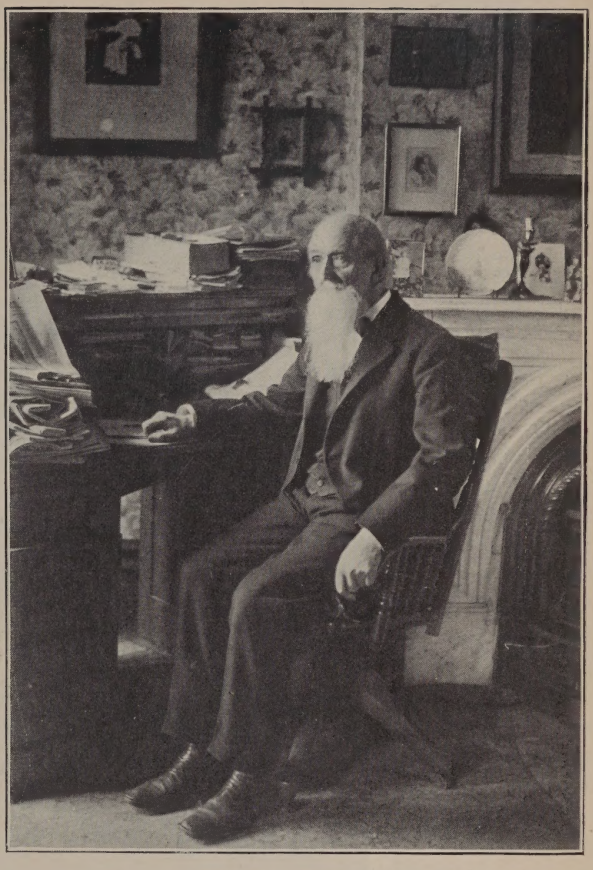
Mr. Patrick J. Meehan, editor of the *Irish American* of New York, the oldest distinctively Irish paper in the United States, may be styled the Nestor of the Irish-American journalistic fraternity, as he has been in continual service as an editor since 1850. He was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, on August 17, 1831, of an old and distinguished family, and his school days, up to his seventeenth year, were passed in one of the classical schools for which Limerick was famous. While he was quite young his father died, and his mother married again, taking as her second husband Patrick Lynch, the founder and first editor of the *Irish-American.*

After the death of O'Connell, Mr. Lynch like many others who had been prominent in the '98 movement, left Ireland and came to New York, where after a short connection with the daily press he established the *Irish-American*, the first

number appearing August 12, 1849. His family, seven in number including his stepson, then emigrated, and settled in New York, and later in Brooklyn.

Mr. Meehan's inclinations caused him to enter journalism. After a brief service on the *Scientific American* he became associated with Mr. Lynch in the conduct of the paper the latter had founded. Under their care it grew rapidly in circulation and influence. Mr. Lynch died in May, 1857, and was succeeded in the editorial chair by Mr. Meehan, who has since retained that position. In 1853 he married Miss Jane M. Butler, in Brooklyn. Of the eleven children born to them eight are living. Last year at the celebration of their golden wedding Mr. and Mrs. Meehan were accorded a signal favor by Bishop O'Connor who allowed the golden jubilee wedding Mass to be said at the family residence, Jersey City, where Mr. Meehan has lived for the past forty years.

During his journalistic career Mr. Meehan has been prominently connected with Irish-American politics, giving to every Irish-American movement for the good of Ireland the full assistance of his pen and personal effort. When the Civil War broke out he strongly espoused the cause of the Union, and was prominently identified in enrolling the gallant regiments of Irish soldiers from New York who made such a record for bravery during the conflict.



PATRICK MEEHAN.

The story of Mr. Meehan's efforts for the Fenian organization, and in the interests of the Land League and Home Rule movements, is too lengthy to be related here. It is a story of achievement.

Mr. Meehan is a copious and vigorous writer and his knowledge of contemporaneous Irish history makes him an authority, his dictum being accepted on the events of the past fifty years. Besides his journalistic work he has edited a number of volumes of the Irish-American Library including Father Burke's Sermons and Lectures and the replies which both Father Burke and John Mitchel made to Froude's sophistries. He has also appeared frequently as a public speaker and lecturer in the cause of charity.

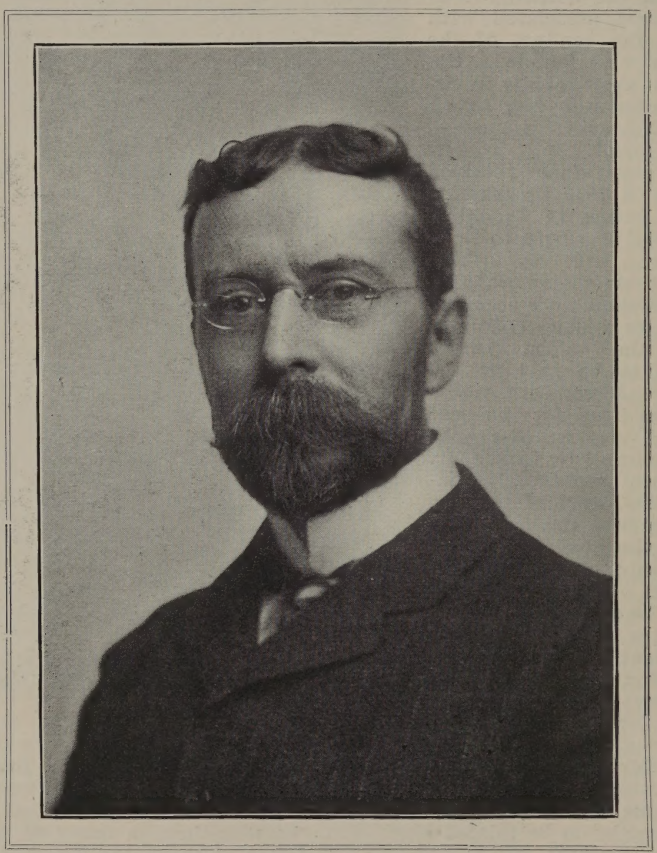
To be considered the greatest authority living, on the methods of preparing illustrations so that they may be printed from in the printing press, is the distinction earned by Mr. S. H. Horgan. He began thirty years ago, on the *New York Daily Graphic*, the work of turning out illustrations for the daily newspaper, and he has been pioneering the way through many of the intricate processes of engraving that have come up since that time. Half-tone engraving is the method in common use, now, for illustrating. Mr. Horgan made the first half-tone for a daily newspaper, that was published on March 4, 1880. Many of his inventions for improving methods of engraving are used around the entire world.

Mr. Horgan was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1854. He was but a babe in arms when the "Know-nothings" came to take his father out and hang him for the crime of being an Irishman. After his family lived through the yellow fever, which they all had, they went to his grandmother's, in the north of England, and then to the south of Ireland, where they remained for four years. They returned to America in 1863, when Horgan, senior, was promptly drafted into the war.

Irishmen were not hanged at this time, they were simply sent to the front to stop the enemy's bullets.

Young Horgan got his education at the public schools and at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. Brother Risler, the drawing teacher, discovered the boy had unusual art talent. Leaving college at fifteen, he drifted through many occupations until he landed at his life-work—illustrating. He began as a photographer, owning his own "gallery" when he was eighteen. Since then he has harnessed photography to the printing press in numerous ways. He has always been a tireless worker and to this he attributes the success that has come to him.

One of Mr. Horgan's inventions is the method of applying half-tones to the high-speed newspaper press. This is in use on the *New York Tribune*, where he holds the position of art manager. He is also the editor of "Process Engraving Notes," in the *Inland Printer*, of Chicago.



S. H. HORGAN.

Mr. Horgan is proudest of possessing the "old Faith" for which his father came near losing his life. He is next proud of his wife and children. His oldest son is a reporter on the New York *Sun*.

WHEN THE WHITE ROSE FADED.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

His scarlet uniform glowing against the dark green of the old oaks and beeches, through which streamed shafts of sunlight, a young officer came whistling down the avenue from Rosslee Castle. Brown cavalier curls hung over his neck and shoulders, but his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's, for he was a mere boy, and boyishly proud of his bright new coat, resplendent with gold lace, and his plumed military hat, jauntily turned up at one side, of his shining high boots and the long sword that clattered at his side.

"Master Nicholas—ho, Master Nicholas," called a low, stealthy voice as the blithe young *militaire* reached an ivied bridge which spanned a dark stream flowing away into the woods.

"Lieutenant D'Arcy, if you please, whoever you are," said the young man, halting and looking round, "Lieutenant D'Arcy, of Lord Bophin's Regiment of Foot. Who spoke?" he demanded.

"An unfortunate, in danger of death."

The bushes by the roadside parted and a man came forth, looking cautiously around him. He was pallid, bareheaded, his face and clothing were torn with thorns and stained with mud.

"Why, John Blackwell, neighbor Blackwell," exclaimed the young officer, "what brings you in this plight? Ah, I think I know," he added, with sudden remembrance and perception.

"Yes, you do, Master Nicholas—I beg pardon, lieutenant;" said the other. "It is on account of this new trouble, drat it! You are a Catholic, I a Protestant; you are for King James, I for King William. Some days ago I set out with others and joined the party of Sir Thomas Southwell, coming north from Munster, about one hundred strong. At sundown last evening we were surrounded near Loughrea by the *posse* of the Sheriff of Galway and compelled to surrender, all save myself, who escaped in the darkness. All night I have been pursued by a band, led, I believe, by your brother Pierce. They must be close at hand now. My horse dropped dead two miles from here, and since then" —he indicated his torn and soiled appearance—"I have been hiding in the woods and thickets."

"Neighbor Blackwell," said the lieutenant gravely, "it strikes me you have been in much haste to join the enemies of the King."

"I was pressed, forced into it, Master Nicholas," pleaded the fugitive. "For the sake of the old friendship between your family and mine I beg you to aid me."

"If brother Pierce is on your track may heaven help you!" commented young D'Arcy. "As for me, well, it seems too bad if I must commit an act of treason—as sheltering you will be—the very first day I don the King's uniform."

A sound of galloping hoofs was heard down the avenue. The Williamite's look of fear increased and his voice trembled.

"There they come," he gasped; "don't give me up, lieutenant."

"Get down under the arch," said the young officer; "down with you and make yourself invisible as an otter," and the fugitive plunged back into the bushes.

"Ho, brother Nicholas, so you are already in the full glory of your regimentals—brave soldier of the King you'll make!" ironically commented a florid-faced, light-haired young man, leader of a troop that drew rein at the bridge a few minutes later. "Pray tell us have you seen a runagate follower of Dutch Bill hereabouts this morning?"

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Lieutenant D'Arcy.

"Our neighbor, Blackwell of Stone Hall. We captured a hundred of his fellow rebels last night, and they are now safe in Galway prison. But our local fox escaped though he cannot be far away, for his horse is lying dead down the road, and if we only catch the cunning rebel—"

"What then, my dear Pierce?"

"The rope is ready for him—in ten minutes he shall be a swinging traitor."

"Ride on, Pierce," cried the lieutenant, banteringly; "go your gait, gentlemen, and catch him if you can. My province lies not in hunting and hanging, but in fighting."

"Sneer not at loyal men on the King's business, whose honest zeal halts not at gold-laced coats," growled Pierce. "Ride on, friends, to Stone Hall; perhaps we may find the rebel Blackwell in his home."

The pursuers rode away, and an hour or so later, John Blackwell, released from his shadowy hiding place thigh-deep in the cold stream, was safe in the secret "priest's nook" in Rosslee Castle, conveyed there by tactful arrangement of Lieutenant D'Arcy and with the knowledge and hearty approval of old Sir Gerald D'Arcy himself, generous, broad-minded and hospitable, who hated to see a neighbor in distress and peril. So the little unsuspected chamber in the massive walls, which had afforded refuge to many a hunted Catholic priest and monk during the religious persecutions under Elizabeth and Cromwell, was now in turn occupied by a Protestant attainted of treason. That night and many another Blackwell and his chief pursuer, Pierce D'Arcy, slept unconsciously within a few yards of each other.

While differing in age only about a year and a half the brothers D'Arcy differed very much in other respects. Nicholas, senior in age but junior in appearance, was of medium build and brown-haired as a Milesian, cheery, lively and impetuous. Pierce, with a red bull neck set on broad shoulders, had light blue eyes under whitish-yellow lashes, and his manner was reserved and saturnine. Their sports were different; while Nicholas would go out with the boys at hurling or football Pierce would covertly get up a dog-fight. One liking of theirs—the only one they had in common—was for their little neighbor, Eveleen Daly, on whom each of them lavished attentions according to his lights: Nicholas taught her to ride, gave her bonbons and sang and played music with her; Pierce took her out through the demesne to see his favorite terrier kill rats. Eveleen, heiress of Rathmore, was Sir Gerald's ward.

It was about Good Friday, 1689, that Sir Thomas Southwell and his Williamites were captured; they were sentenced to death for high treason but released by King James in April of the year following. Catholic Ireland fought for James against his son-in-law William of Orange, who was supported by England, Holland, Denmark, and the Huguenots of France. The Catholic gentry raised many regiments to serve the cause of the Stuart king, who cared little for them as Irish but was glad to utilize them as Catholics. The regiment in which young Nicholas D'Arcy held commission was raised and commanded by Lord Bophin (John Burke), son of the Earl of Clanrickard. Pierce D'Arcy, with marked absence of fraternal feeling, took service in a different corps, that of Colonel Henry Dillon, son of Viscount Costello. Both sad and glad was the memorable day when Lieutenant Nicholas bade tender adieu to his father and Eveleen Daly. Old Sir Gerald's face had a pained yet proud look that it had never worn before; his voice was husky as he gave his departing soldier son his blessing. Fair Eveleen, her sweet eyes like bluebells wet with dew, bore white roses one of which she pinned on the hat of the lieutenant—the White

Rose of York being the emblem of King James.

"God's blessings with you, father and sweetheart," said the heir of Rosslee. "Have courage—the King shall have his own again, and we'll soon return victors, to enjoy peace and liberty. My brave boys, a cheer for King James."

"Righ Shemus aboo!" (King James to victory) shouted the arrayed recruits he had levied in the district. Then, at the word of command, they wheeled about from the hall door of the grey old castle and marched away down the shady avenue, the fifes and drums playing the lively Jacobite music of "The White Cockade;" most of them, poor fellows, thus marching away so lightly and gaily to red war, destined never to return more.

Pierce D'Arcy seemed in no particular hurry to join his regiment. He lingered about the castle for many days after the departure of his elder brother, conducting in a most leisurely manner his warlike preparations. One day his father noted him laughing heartily to himself—a most strange thing for Pierce—and inquired the cause.

"Well, father," he said, "it's about the best war story I've heard since the trouble began. Our namesake and maybe relative, George D'Arcy, of Dunmow, in Westmeath, entertained one night King James, retreating, and the next night King William, pursuing. He treated both kings most hospitably and made them feel pleasant and comfortable, and now he says:

'Who shall be king I do not know,
But I'll be D'Arcy of Dunmow.'

That's a sensible D'Arcy," added Pierce, laughing again until his florid face grew purple, "and that's the kind of D'Arcy I think I am."

"Pierce, my boy, I fear you are the makings of a traitor," said Sir Gerald severely. "How dare you utter such sentiments in my hearing! Bring me and yourself not dishonor by playing the laggard any longer, but go forth at once like a true man and a D'Arcy and fight worthily for altar and hearth, for your country and your country's king."

"Fighting is good and glorious for them that have much to gain in it," muttered the younger son; "but I think D'Arcy of Dunmow is right, and I'm inclined to rhyme on my own account:

'What care I what king there be
If I'm not heir to old Rosslee?'"

However, a few days later he said a brief good-bye, mounted his horse and rode stolidly off to join the headquarters of his regiment, in the county Roscommon.

Hope and sorrow, joy and despair alternately visited that old tower among the whispering trees of Rosslee, as passed the thrilling events of the war of the Revolution. The Boyne water was triumphantly crossed by King William, and the coward King James fled to France. Then came the memorable first siege of Limerick, its heroic defence by the Irish, and the repulse of William. Nicholas D'Arcy rode, a volunteer, with the gallant Sarsfield when the latter dashed across the Shannon and captured and blew up the formidable English siege train.

But then came 1691, with its record of black disaster. Athlone fell, and the English army poured into the western province of Ireland. Soon came the day of Aughrim, when a regular Irish army, drilled and disciplined, for the last time took the field to fight for the country's liberty. But St. Ruth, the able and arrogant French general who commanded, kept his plan of battle all in his own haughty head, and when that head was swept from his shoulders by an English cannon ball the plan of battle went with it. Confusion ensued; the Irish army, bereft of its commander in the very moment of victory, tumbled back and melted away over the hill of Kilcommodon, whose green slopes were soon matted and mottled with

corpses, and William III was King of Ireland as well as of England.

From the ivied battlements of the tower of Rosslee the anxious listeners heard during that momentous Sunday in July the booming of the cannon and the surge-like roaring of the musketry. It was about sunset when the fugitives from the battlefield began to stream past. Few or none tarried, for the castle was untenable, and the Williamites, flushed with sudden and unexpected victory, were giving little or no quarter. Pierce D'Arcy arrived fatigued and gory; he had lost part of his ear in sword combat with an English officer.

"But the fellow who took it gave his life for it," he said. "Yes, father and Eveleen, the game is lost. This, poor this, is all I have got by glorious soldiering." He drew from his pocket and threw on the floor a handful of King James' brass money and laughed grimly as a kitten playfully chased the rolling pieces.

Eveleen screamed as there appeared at the door a ghastly presentment of former Lieutenant, now Captain Nicholas D'Arcy, his cavalier locks clotted with blood, his uniform in tatters.

"No need for alarm," he tried to say cheerily; "only a few scratches, I assure you."

He had been in the terrible melèe on the Irish left wing, at the old castle of Aughrim, where Colonel Bourke's Mayo men, treacherously supplied with bullets that would not fit their muskets, had to load with chopped ramrods and buttons from their coats. Among the prisoners to the enemy was his colonel, Lord Bophin, whose elder brother, Lord Galway, and Colonel Charles Moore were, after surrendering, killed in cold blood. He had seen Father Alexius Stafford fall, crucifix in hand, while encouraging the soldiers.

"Wine, there, wine," cried old Sir Gerald. "My dear, brave boys, you have both fought well, and I thank the Lord that you have come back to me fairly safe—though, Nick, you look as if you had been dragged through all the furze on Sliave Bawn. But this of today is an awful blow; I fear me our cause is lost."

"Eveleen, my queen of beauty, your parting favor," said Captain D'Arcy. He held forth a faded white rose.

"Withered, but not dishonored in your keeping, my gallant knight," said the spirited girl, kissing the crumbling petals. "I will give you another in its stead. Perhaps the sun of success will yet cheer the fair flower of our love and loyalty."

"Flower of fiddlesticks!" ungallantly blurted Pierce, smarting from the sting of his wounded ear. "Not the White Rose, but the White Feather, is the proper emblem of James, the runaway."

Sir Gerald's lips were quivering on an indignant reproof, when an alarmed domestic rushed in saying that English cavalry were dismounting in the courtyard. By request of their father the two brothers secreted themselves in the "priest's nook." But not long were they there when the door or slide of their retreat opened, and an officer in English uniform entered with a bow and a smile. To their surprise, and rather to Pierce's chagrin and uneasiness, they recognized in the intruder their former neighbor, John Blackwell, now a major in the army of King William.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have grateful reason to know this little recess, and, our positions being changed, I have come to tell you not to fear. No, Master Pierce; I have no rope for your accommodation, as you once had for mine. I am here to do a well-earned neighborly act in protecting this good household from spoil and outrage." He bowed politely and withdrew.

At Limerick the brothers rejoined the remnants of their regiments, and there was fought the last battle of the Revolution. At the beginning of October the

white flag was hung out and the treaty signed guaranteeing the Irish Catholic gentry undisturbed possession and enjoyment of the estates they had occupied under Charles II, and the Irish Catholics generally the free exercise of their religion. The 14,000 Irish troops in Limerick got their choice to enter the French service, or the English service, or to go home. The march out took place October 6, 1691, after the bishops had given the departing Irish army their blessing: those volunteering for France were to march straight on, the others to wheel off at a certain point. Among the 11,000 tattered and war-worn veterans who marched straight on was Nicholas D'Arcy, heir of Rosslee; among those who wheeled aside were about half the regiment of Colonel Henry Dillon, including Pierce D'Arcy. These deserters of their colors were mustered near the English commander's tent, liberally treated to food, brandy and tobacco and given two weeks' subsistence in order to callous their consciences and induce others to join them.

"Selling themselves for sake of their stomachs," commented their departing comrades, whose bayonets were soon to flash victoriously on Continental battlefields.

"These last two months' bother and starvation have filled up my cup of military glory, and I want no more of it, either at home or abroad," phlegmatically observed Pierce to some of his fellow recreants, as he sat smoking on the trunnions of a cannon that had lately been battering Limerick, with a cannikin of brandy in his hand.

Dull and dreary was the time that ensued in Ireland, with the flower of her manhood gone and her absent nobles dallying in vague hope at the pinchbeck court of their exiled king. Particularly dreary was it in Rosslee, both to Sir Gerald D'Arcy and his ward, the sweet and piquant heiress of Rathmore, in summer, when the primroses shone along the arching avenue, where never came the step of the young master, and in winter, when the howling wind swept the snow wreaths through the woods and raised them in clouds round the old castle.

As for the stout and saturnine Pierce he found ample recreation that suited him, especially in gambling with the Cromwellian squires of the neighborhood. Some of these covertly admired Eveleen Daly, both for herself and her property. One of them happening to make a remark about the lady which seemed insulting, young D'Arcy challenged him and shot him dead, after which the others were more tender of the sensibilities of the bull-necked young man with the sullen blue eyes under yellow lashes.

As years went by Eveleen came of age and entered into possession of the estate of Rathmore. Pierce proposed for her hand, indeed maintained a continuous proposal, for, if he was slow, he was also persistent.

"Why wait for a man who thinks more about what he calls military glory than he does about you?" was his usual plea. "You'll be a very old maid, Eveleen, before he returns. Besides, any day may bring news of his death in one of those great battles he writes to us about, and then I'll be heir of Rosslee."

"Cain!" she would retort, "I see what is in your heart. I will remain true to Nicholas even if I have to reach unmarried the age of Queen Meave."

At length the Treaty of Limerick was foully broken by the English government, and persecutions were renewed against the Catholics of Ireland. Ingenious and malignant enactments were devised to drive them by the spurs of oppression, plunder, poverty and degradation into the Protestant ranks. Catholic priests had to go in hiding or disguised as peddlers or tradesmen. Catholics could not be guard-

ians of their own children or have them educated at home or abroad except by stealth—or by Protestant teachers. They could not carry arms, they could not be doctors or lawyers. If the son of an estated Catholic adopted the Protestant religion the father was deprived of all right or interest in his estate save as life tenant, the apostate son to inherit it at his death. Finally Catholics were prohibited from owning land at all unless they swore that they were not Catholics and that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was "damnable"—to escape which sacrilegious oath many Catholics adopted the plan of signing over their lands in trust to friendly Protestants, giving the latter legal title; and in few instances was this pathetic confidence abused.

Little did the penal laws affect Pierce D'Arcy beyond setting him to sinister thinking. His Catholicity sat lightly on him. About once a year he heard Mass, when with his father and Eveleen Daly and the servants he rode out on Christmas midnight to the lonely glen, where the candles twinkled on the prohibited altar and the bullets of the priest-hunters might any moment come singing through the darkness. But he did this mainly to conciliate Sir Gerald, to whom his demands for money wherewith to gratify his gambling habits became steadily more persistent and annoying and at length insupportable.

"Not another guinea this week, Pierce," at length said the old baronet, to a specially bold and importunate appeal, "and not another guinea at all unless you separate from that gang of rakish and worthless squireens."

"If I cannot get money one way father," retorted Pierce, "I can readily get it another. You know what I can do."

Sir Gerald laid down his pipe and rose from his arm-chair, his eyes blazing and his spare, age-worn frame quivering with indignation.

"Yes, sir, I know what you can do—you can sell your worthless soul, in order to rob your father and brother, by taking the oath of abjuration. You can swear that the religion of your ancestors is idolatrous, and that the Holy Sacrifice is 'damnable,' and that prayers to the Mother of God are folly. But there is one thing you can most truthfully swear, and that is that you are the most contemptible scoundrel in the county Galway. Now leave this room."

One summer day great were the rejoicings at Rosslee, for the long absent heir had returned, Colonel Nicholas D'Arcy himself, cheerful, stalwart, soldierly, and brown as with the cannon smoke through which he had passed in the great conflicts of Landen, Cremona and Almanza. A bonfire blazed on the castle lawn, and there were pipers and fiddlers and dancing, and tables of refreshments surrounded by peasant merrymakers, with many anxious parents who had come to inquire after their brave departed Wild Geese, as were called the recruits for the Irish Brigade in the service of France. Sir Gerald, suddenly grown many years younger, danced a lively jig with Miss Eveleen Daly of Rathmore, who was dressed in the picturesque Irish costume, pretty and graceful, and defiantly wore the Jacobite white rose in her dark hair. Some Protestant neighbors, including jolly Major John Blackwell of Stone Hall, sat smoking their pipes, drinking native usquebaugh and otherwise enjoying the occasion of festivity.

Such was the spectacle that presented itself to Pierce D'Arcy, as, all dusty from a long journey, he came riding up the avenue. With a look of surprise and speculation he dismounted and gave his horse in charge to a groom. Then, with a supercilious look of inquiry in the blue

eyes under the yellow lashes, the younger son strode leisurely towards the bonfire.

"Ho, there, Mr. Pierce, come hither and sit by me," called Major Blackwell: "you need a good cup of usquebaugh after your long ride;" and Pierce perfunctorily obeyed.

"I know where you've been, my boy," whispered the major—"at the cathedral of Tuam, reading your recantation, taking the oath of abjuration, and all that. Please let me look at your certificate."

With an unwonted tremor in his fat hands Pierce produced from his breast pocket a document, which the major opened and read—a sample of many that were issued in that crucial time of temptation and coercion:

"John, by Divine Providence, Lord Archbishop of Tuam, to all whom those presents may concern, greeting.

"We do certify that Pierce D'Arcy, now of Rosslee, hath renounced the errors of the Church of Rome; and was by our order received into the communion of the Church of Ireland, on the 24th inst., June. And that the said Pierce D'Arcy is a Protestant, and doth conform to the Church of Ireland, as by law established. In witness whereof we have caused our manual seal to be affixed to these presents the twenty-fourth day of June, 17—.

"JOHN, TUAM."

John Blackwell smiled as he refolded the document and handed it back. "It's all right and correct, Mr. Pierce," he said, "and as a Protestant I welcome you into our church. But, outside its being a proof that you have formally changed your religion, have you any idea of the true value of that document?"

"I have, Major Blackwell," declared Pierce exultingly; "it is as good as a title deed covering all, and it makes me the true heir and future owner of Rosslee."

"Not so, for it makes you no heir of mine, and I am the present owner of Rosslee," said Major Blackwell, and he laughed heartily at D'Arcy's look of bewilderment, which quickly turned to a pallid one of deepest dismay and chagrin.

"A bumper for Mr. D'Arcy—he looks very tired," called the jovial squire of Stone Hall. "Understand," he continued, in a low tone, "you may throw your certificate of conformity into yon bonfire for all the good it is likely to do you. Your father and I are old friends, so, suspecting your very kind and filial intentions, he has turned over all his property to me, and you cannot touch stick, stone or sod of it. As it is, you are now a trespasser! Being an honest man, I hope, and a faithful friend, John Blackwell will keep his trust inviolate until fairer times arrive.

"Therefore, Mr. Pierce D'Arcy, I would advise you to turn over a new leaf and be a man. There is some good in you; try and let it come out. Go and welcome home your good brother—there he is, talking to his intended bride. And remember that, despite vicious laws and lawyers, true gentlemen can live peaceably and honorably together in this beautiful country—although the White Rose has faded."

Pierce silently rose and quitted the scene of gaiety. Next day, without waiting for his brother's marriage to Eveleen, the unhappy young man left the old place, never to return. Rumor said he sailed for America. But Rosslee knew him no more.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST REAL ESTATE COMPANY.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

The United States is the greatest landlord the world ever saw. It has held nearly two thousand million acres of land, and it still holds more than half of this vast area. No country, or individual, even of the great feudal monarchs who owned every foot of land in the dominions over which they ruled, could approach the United States in the matter of real estate possessions.

In 1901, the Government sold a million and a half acres for cash, parted with three millions more as payment for services of various sorts that had been rendered, and practically gave away fourteen millions more to nearly one hundred thousand new tenants who agreed to live on and cultivate their new possessions. Furthermore, it sold twenty-eight town sites, each one mile square, eighty-eight coal mines, two thousand mining claims, and about six thousand timber tracts. For this it received some two million dollars in cash. At the same time it closed out sixty thousand deals which it had had afoot for a year or more, receiving therefor over four million dollars more. No real estate owner who in a single year has done a business of more than six million dollars, four and a half of which was clear profit, can be put into the "has been" class. And yet there are many who think that while the United States used to have plenty of fertile land, it was long ago; that to-day it has only some odds and ends of good land, coupled with millions of acres of rocks and sands and mountains and deserts—hardly worth the trouble of acquiring.

In doing such a great business as this, the most perfect organization and the most carefully devised rules of administration are, of course, necessary. Most real estate men make a specialty of city property or of country property, and practically all of them confine themselves to one section of the country. But Uncle Sam makes a specialty of all the kinds of property there are; city property, country property, dry lands, wet lands, forest lands, prairie lands, mineral lands, salt lands, lands that have only to be "tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest," and lands that are so "sour" they will not smile under any conditions whatever; lands far down toward the equator, and lands where the midnight sun shines for six months of the year—it's all one to him. And he sells on all sorts of terms—for cash, for cash and at a date, for cash and services, or for services alone. Never was landlord so liberal. Obviously, no happy-go-lucky, off-hand style of doing business would apply to such varied and widespread transactions as these.

The present system was not devised off-hand. Rather, it grew slowly and naturally, from small and obvious beginnings. In the early days the United States followed the ancient precedents which held that all the land belonged to the sovereign or Government, and could be given to whomsoever willed.

This, of course, was in the very early days of the country; later, matters were systematized somewhat. A squatter's title no longer held good; a formal grant of some sort was necessary, though always easy to obtain—under conditions. These conditions always involved payment of some sort. Popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding, the United States has never given away land without being recompensed in some way. This recompense might take the form of

money, or of personal services, or of supplying public improvements, or even merely settling upon the land and making it valuable,—thus providing taxable wealth,—but recompense of some sort there had to be.

Grants for military services marked about the first formal step the government took in alienating its land. When the early wars were over, and it had to pay off the soldiers, the United States found itself with little money. However, it had an abundance of land; to use it in payment would serve two purposes—it would discharge the debt and would aid in settling the West, both eminently desirable. The soldiers often did not want the land,—fancy paying our soldiers of the late war with land in Alaska and you will have a parallel case,—but it was that or nothing—so they usually accepted.

Military bounty "scrip" was issued voluminously and little record kept of it. If a friend happens by when you have just opened a barrel of apples, you ask him to take one without thinking much about it. Just so the United States handed over a few thousand acres apiece to its soldiers without making a note of its munificence. The result is that no one really knows how much of this scrip was issued. Some seventy-five million acres of it has already been located on "lands not already appropriated," and the end is not yet. Every now and then some one finds some of the warrants buried in an old trunk somewhere and brings them to Uncle Sam to be cashed. Eight thousand acres' worth were claimed last year.

The next step was to grant lands in return for building wagon roads, and later, railroads. Land far away from everywhere was of little value until a road was built over which its produce could be hauled to market, but when once connected with the outer world it became valuable. People saw this without difficulty, and Uncle Sam never had much trouble in finding capitalists who would accept lands on condition that they build a road to them. These men took big risks and hoped for big profits.

Next, the United States deeded immense tracts to the States on condition that they improve the same, suiting the gifts to the circumstances of the cases. Thus, it gave to each State all the swamp lands within its borders, so that it might bargain with contractors to drain them and make them available of settlement. It also gave large tracts of arid land to States containing them, that the land might be irrigated. It gave thousands of acres to the States to be sold or leased for the benefit of the public schools, taking its pay in the increased prosperity of the country resulting from the greater earning powers of an educated over an uneducated man.

All this was good business, and resulted in increase in population, especially in the back-woods. Increased population means increased wealth, greater strength to resist aggression, and larger tax returns; that is why every government desires it. But these grants were all directed toward special classes of people; they did not apply to ordinary men who wanted homes for their families. So plans were devised for reaching this class also.

It did not seem advisable to give lands away directly, without any return. It was believed that people would prize an acre which they had bought or earned by their labor, far more than one that had been given to them outright. So public auctions were established, in which lands in certain districts were sold to the highest bidder. Naturally, a good deal of the land offered was not bidden in at the sale; this land was laid away—on a shelf, so to speak—and sold afterward at a fixed minimum price to any one who wanted to buy it. Everybody had an equal chance at the auction, and if no-

body cared to buy just then, the goods were kept until somebody appeared who did.

But by-and-by it was found that wealthy speculators were taking advantage of these sales to buy in the best land at prices larger than real settlers could afford to pay, leaving only the poorer tracts for the people to whom the Government most wanted to sell. After these latter had gone West and by hard work in the face of enormous difficulties had conquered the wilderness and made even their poor lands valuable, the speculator would walk in from his comfortable home in the far East and sell his more valuable property at the enhanced price due to their labor—an enhanced price that he had done nothing whatever to earn. Much of the same thing is done to-day in our cities, where rich men buy real estate and let it lie unimproved until the city, in spite of the incubus of having many of its best locations lying waste, has prospered enough to enable the speculator to sell out at a big unearned profit.

So Uncle Sam met this evil by requiring people who "took up" public land to live on it. He sold it very cheaply; demanding only about eighteen dollars in all (in fees for surveys, deeds, etc.), for a tract of one hundred and sixty acres, but he insisted, before he issued a patent (or deed) to the property, that the settler should prove that he had lived on and cultivated it for five years. The act of Congress under which he did this is known as the homestead law. Under it nearly a million farms have been chopped from the wilderness in the last twenty years by people who were as nearly penniless as any people could well be. Any citizen of the United States, actual or prospective, who was the head of a family, or was twenty-one years old, or had served in the army or navy in time of war, was entitled to a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, or one-quarter of a square mile of land.

The homestead law worked well under ordinary conditions, but it failed when the course of settlement reached the arid plains of the West. Arid lands were worth nothing without water, and water cost money out there. The poor men who had taken up the prairie lands and established their homes on them so successfully, lost everything when they tackled the great American desert. Uncle Sam studied over the question for a time, and concluded that nobody gained anything by the ruin of these hard-working men, and that he wanted men with money as well as vigor to attack the desert. So he enacted an additional law, giving twice the amount of land granted by the homestead, but requiring the payment of one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre down, and the expenditure of one dollar a year for three years in irrigating work and improvements. At the same time he adopted a law permitting any homesteader to buy in his homestead for from one dollar and twenty-five to two dollars and fifty cents after living on it for six months.

He also enacted special laws governing the sale of coal lands, etc. In enacting all of these he was controlled by the principle that public property ought not to be parted with except under conditions that would enable the public to benefit not only by the money paid, but also by the use made of them. For instance, it is a good thing for the whole country when a new mine is opened, whether it is one of lead or coal or silver or gold. So Uncle Sam promises that if any one will discover such a mine, he will sell it to him very cheaply, on condition that he shall do a certain amount of work on it each year. If the work is not done, the mine is forfeited and may be taken up by another person.

At present the United States land department is confronted with two problems: the preservation of the forests and the supply of water to the arid lands.

Perhaps these may be called parts of a single problem, since they are closely interrelated, the forests preventing, or helping to prevent, the loss of water that might be used to irrigate the land.

There is no doubt that there has been a shameful waste of the forests. Greedy lumbermen have denuded vast tracts; careless campers have burned still larger areas; sheep herders have permitted their flocks to eat out the young growth so thoroughly as to prevent even the chance of renewal. As a result came many evils, chief among which were the destructive floods produced by the rain-waters that raged to the sea, unchecked by the trees whose roots once held them back, scoring the land, washing away the soil, and leaving the country to parch under hot suns.

But now, at last, the Government has waked up and is trying to repair the damage already done. It has withdrawn about sixty millions of acres of forest land from settlement, setting them aside in fifty-four reserves. Moreover, it is trying to buy back—at greatly enhanced figures—forest lands which it sold for a song years ago. For instance, it is trying to buy four million acres in the Appalachian mountains in the South at a cost of ten million dollars in order to preserve the rivers of that section from destruction.

It has also energetically tackled the problem of water supply for the arid lands—not the irrigating of those lands, be it well understood, but supplying of water for irrigating. Uncle Sam does not purpose to irrigate a single acre himself; but he does purpose to save the spring waters that now run to waste and sell them to the people who will dig trenches to irrigate their lands during the dry months of the year. Congress has enacted a law permitting the net product of the sales of public lands to be applied to building enormous storage reservoirs at convenient points in the West where this might be done.

Even this, however, will only solve the problem in part. If all the water that falls in the West could be saved and used without loss for irrigating, it would suffice for less than half the land capable of being irrigated. Under present conditions, all the rain that can be saved will supply less than one hundred million acres, only about one-fifth of the public land lying vacant in the West alone. However, even one-fifth of a loaf is better than nothing. Two hundred million acres which the new departure will supply will probably meet the demands of the country for fifteen or twenty years longer. By that time, new methods will doubtless be found for further increase.

"GRAUNYA."

BY ALICE FURLONG.

By the dark doorway of the cabin sat Graunya, mending her father's nets. He was away there on the sea, in Teig Dhu Sullivan's boat that was like a copper speck upon the waves. Graunya drew the net together in the places where it was broken. It was brown upon her hands, and her hands brown under it. Her hair was brown, too, but with a golden light upon it where it fell by her cheek; and there was a light in her hazel eyes, a bright ray that led many a sailor-man to his woe, like a false beacon upon the shore. The English painter did not know this, when he walked by Rinnamore, and saw the girl. He made an excuse to talk to her.

"I have come from Drinagh, up the coast," said he. "Can you point me out some place where I will get refreshment here?"

Drinagh was a town seven miles away, a big town with a market-place, and four hotels. Graunya's father used to make sale for his fish in Drinagh. It was always full of people. Strangers from the wide world came to stay there, because there were fairy-mounds near it, and a ruined monastery, and old carved crosses, and a little cloghan of stone where a saint had lived once.

"There's Mary Rohan has the shebeen," said Graunya, looking up at the young man. She saw then that he was well-featured and fair, with a skin soft as a woman's in her youth. The fisher-boys that came courting Graunya were as brown as turf, many of them. She took to the strange gentleman. "Maybe ye wouldn't be for goin' into a shebeen," said she. "There's fresh mackerel within our house, an' bread an' milk an' tea, if ye could do with them, an' not be lookin' for whiskey."

He met her bright witch eyes, and he said: "I don't want whiskey. I'll take what you have to give me."

The girl rose up, and in her motion she was as graceful as a swan on the water. "Sit here while I prepare it," said she. When she went within, he took her place, and fingered the net she had left in a heap on the ground. It was crusted with the salt, and smelt of the brine and the sea-weed. The sun was shining on the cliffs, and on the wide waves flashing with foam, and on the boats rocking among the waves. At hand was the open door, and the dark house, the reek of blue smoke from under the lintel, the sound of the spluttering pan on the fire. The girl sang, and her voice was as sweet as the voice of a bird in April.

"I will marry no woman unless she be as enchanting as this fisher-girl," said George Fielding, the Englishman. He thought of all the women he had met in London over the sea. With their fine dresses of silk and satin, their diamonds and their pearls, there was not one of them half so beautiful as Irish Graunya in her linsey gown.

She bade him come in, and eat the dinner she had prepared for him; and while he ate, she talked with him. "I suppose you'll be a person from Dublin?" said she. The doctor of the place came from Dublin, and the priest, Father Martin Ryan. They had soft, fine voices, like this stranger.

"I come from England," he made answer to the girl. "Perhaps you do not like the English, here?" But the girl lifted her shoulder.

"Some do, some don't," said she. "Myself, I go neither with them that love nor them that hate. Let us have fish in

plenty, an' floury potatoes, an' where's th' use o' squabblin' over Freedom or the like!"

The stranger stopped in his eating, and stared at her. She was cute and clever, this handsome girl, and she knew she had not pleased him by her sayings.

"That's what I hear with the people that have the knowledge," said she, and she bent the brightness of her eyes upon him. "How could I say against them, a poor colleen workin' from dawn till dark, no time with me for thinkin' o' this or that but how to get through what I have to do."

"Do men ever come down here, painting the sea, and the rocks, and the people?" asked George Fielding.

Graunya shook her head. Few folks troubled them. The coast was bleak, they said, the two or three who came in the year. The cliffs were not high enough to please them. "Easy to talk," said Graunya. "But if they were to be climbin' them up an' down, in rain an' storm, maybe 'tis glad they'd be to have them low."

"I'm a painter," said the Englishman. "I would like to make a picture of that bit of sea breaking on the rocks before the door, and of the house, and you with that old net upon your knee. I will give you a sovereign if you will let me paint you." He did not want to paint at all, but to see her, and talk to her, and help her in the poverty she made complaint of.

"O, you're welcome, indeed," said the girl. She smiled on him with lips as red as coral from under the sea. He thought her smile was kind, but she was only thinking of the gold guinea, and how she would spend it to the best advantage on herself. A whole guinea for nothing! Why, less than that would pay the quarter's rent which was owing. Graunya's father made his moan night and day that he was in the hand of debt, and now, if she liked, she could put an end to his trouble. But she did not like. "Easy got, easy gone!" said she to herself while these thoughts were coming and going in her mind, and she was smiling on George Fielding. "Let him go without his tobacco, an' he'll soon gather enough to pay the rent."

She settled with the Englishman that he was to come the next day, and begin to paint the picture. He paid her for his refreshment, and went his way, with the light of her witch-eyes in his memory. "Come many like ye!" said the girl after him.

When it was sundown, with a red west and fire upon the sea, the father and Teig Dhu brought the boat to shore. They traveled the wet sand that was golden, and the dry sand that was white, and they stood at the cabin door, two shadows of men, with the light behind them.

"I thought ye were to remain upon the sea to-night?" said Graunya, knitting her brows.

Teig Dhu Sullivan was her promised husband. He was a silent, jealous young man. He had a spy-glass on his ship, and had seen the stranger in talk with Graunya at the cabin door. He let his fishing be, and tacked about, and came home to shore.

"We had no luck with us," said he. "I met a red-headed man an' I givin' my back to the door this mornin'. I knew there was bad luck before me, then."

"Ould *pisherogues!*" said the father of Graunya. "God made the red head as well as the black, Teig avic." But the young fisherman was not of a mind with him. "What word have ye?" asked the father of Graunya.

She told them of the strange gentleman, and how he was going to paint her picture to-morrow. She did not say a word about the guinea. If she had, the father might be coveting it to pay the rent, she thought. Graunya was going to buy a new skirt with it, and a pair of

shoes, and a bonnet like the bonnet of Honor Cassidy, the wife of the big farmer on the hill between Rinnamore and Drinagh.

The men ate their suppers, and smoked a pipe over the hearth. When Teig Dhu finished his turn he gave back the pipe to the old man. "God be merciful to the soul of your mother!" said he. That was a customary saying with the handing back of the pipe. He rose then, and bid the man of the house good-night.

"Maybe you'll be walkin' a bit o' the strand with me?" said he to Graunya.

She gave consent, and they walked the strand together. The sea moaned. The moon was rising, yellow as copper behind the hill of Drinagh. The two people followed their own shadows that darkened the way before them.

"I don't fancy this notion o' that strange man paintin' your picture," said Teig Dhu Sullivan.

"That's a pity," said Graunya. Her eyes were bright and mocking, looking at him out of the dark. His gaze went from her face to the yellow moon behind her head. They walked without words for a while. The wash of the sea was a sad sound; it brought the thought of tears and sighs.

"I have a feelin' about it," said Teig, with a hard breath. "I misdoubt me but that he'll set his heart upon ye, an' take ye from me."

The girl laughed. "Musha, it mightn't be a bad thing either for yourself or myself," said she. It would have gone to a kinder heart than hers, that desperate groan he gave.

"Is that the wish with ye?" said he. "I was warned o' this."

She put her hand to her bosom, and drew forth a riband and the half of a ring. It was the token of their plighted word. "You're a free man," said the hazel-eyed girl. "An' I'm a free woman."

He took the ring and the riband from her hand, and threw them far out upon the moaning waves. The moonlight lit the gold as it spun into the sea. The wind made the blue riband flutter. "I will not say against ye," said Teig Dhu Sullivan. He left her, and walked the shore in his loneness. His heart was broken in his breast.

The girl went home with her head bent. Moon and stars were in the sky; the wave and the wind talked together; the curves of the beach were frosted with the silver of the moonshine. Graunya put her hand again to her bosom. In the place where Teig Dhu Sullivan's ring used to be she felt her little purse and the stranger's guinea. It was more to her than the sweetheart's ring. She was ready to sell love for wealth, this girl with the witch-light in her eyes.

The next day brought the Englishman, with his easel and his paint. He sat by Graunya, outside her father's door, and they talked of the wide world that was over the Irish Sea, the world where ladies moved in fine assemblies and spoke without the brogue. "I would like to be a lady," said Graunya.

"There's many a lady would like to be you," said George Fielding, and he watched how the sun called up amber colors among her locks, like the streaks upon Autumn leaves. Then he made her take the net on her knees as he had seen her with his first look, and he went apart, and set up the easel, and painted the sea, and the golden shore with the gray of the cliff behind it, and the reed-thatched cabin. He did not do that in haste, but with many a stop to watch the girl, and to fall into dreams about her and her rare beauty. And many a time, he rose and crossed the ridgy sand, and made occasion to hold her in conversation with him.

"Have you many lovers?" said he to her, one of these times.

She gave her soft laugh. "If it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many sailor-men does it take to make a sweetheart?" said she. "The folks here are too rough for me."

"Ah, I believe you," said George Fielding, and he forgot to take notice that she had given him no straight answer, as an honest girl would have done.

After that day the Englishman came to Rinnamore other days. He coaxed the girl to walk and talk with him.

"What will Teig Dhu say to this?" said her father to her one evening.

"I've sent Teig Dhu away," said Graunya. "He was no fitting husband for me. You, yourself, should have seen that in the beginnin' and refused consent to let me marry him."

"Teig Dhu Sullivan is a decent boy, an' come o' decent people," said the father. "You'll be repentin' yourself of this, some day."

"That'll be time enough, then, without you repentin' of it beforehand," said the girl. If George Fielding had seen her with that frown so dark upon her forehead, under her curls of gold and brown, he might not have come to the old man the next day, asking his daughter of him.

"Graunya will not be said by me," said the father. "I might bid her do otherwise nor marry you, young man; though you've got an honest face. But Graunya was never used to be said by me, nor by anyone."

George Fielding went to Graunya. "Come with me along the beach," said he. "I have something to say to you."

The red of roses dyed her face. She let the hair droop by her cheek. "Where will ye have me go?" said she, when they stood beyond the door. There was a purple bank of clouds beyond the sea, and the sun going down in a sky of the hue of primroses.

"Farther, maybe, than you will be willing to come," said the Englishman, and his voice shook. Then, he tried to laugh, and he said: "Let us go to that place you call Corneen, around the turn of the land, there."

"Ye want to see Corneen," said Graunya. It was a reach of the sea,—"the little bowl" its name meant. Smooth cliffs rose round it to grassy headlands, lone places where only the wind walked, and the sunbeam, and the shadow.

Graunya and her fine lover went along under the cliffs. Out far upon the strand the tide turned, and the sea-mew screamed for joy. The sun was swallowed in the purple cloud. There was a hollow sound in the wind.

In the fall of the dark, Teig Dhu Sullivan took his way to Graunya's cabin. He was not seeking to see the girl, but to settle a matter of business with her father. He found the old man by himself, sitting in the twilight. "Ye have a lonesome look," said Teig, from the doorway.

The old man sighed. "I'd best be gettin' used to lonesomeness," said he.

"Aye, that's it," said Teig Dhu Sullivan. He was not given to words. He asked no question of the father of Graunya. The old man's words had told him the tidings that were to him like the doom of death.

"I'd rather it had been you," said the father. "But she wouldn't be said by me. 'Tis a woman is easy caught by a fine person and a full purse."

"No blame to them," said Teig Dhu Sullivan, who was proud and jealous, and willing to hide the grief that ate into his heart.

"They're away together this hour," said the old man. "He come askin' me to give her to him. I said him no; let him ask herself, said I. I wouldn't be for their marryin', at all, said I. He went to the girl herself, then. They went off together. 'Tis a pity my Graunya was left without her mother. A man has no right

way o' rearin' up a colleen as she ought to be reared." That was the manner in which he tried to make excuses for the bad conduct of his daughter.

"Let her be," said the young sailor-man. His head went up, as proud as Graunya's own. "A colleen is not the same as a goat, that ye may spancel her with a bond to keep her off the sthray." When he first went courting Graunya the same word had been spoken to him by one that loved him well. To his sorrow he had not heeded it, then.

He gave good-night to the old man, and went away down the level shore. The sea was roaring in over the sand. The hollow wind was melancholy to hear. Of a sudden, like a man struck with a fairy-dart, Teig Dhu Sullivan turned back upon his way. The wave spoke a word in his ear. The wind sighed it, heavily. He stood under the lintel of Graunya's cabin, and said he: "What way did the daughter take?" The reeds that thatched the house were loose over the lintel. They whispered when the blast raised them, and the same word was with them as was with the wind and the sea.

Graunya's father was preparing his supper at the fire. He turned his head, and made answer: "They said it was what they were goin' a-towards Corneen."

"Then the protection o' God be about them!" said young Teig under his breath. The old man pottered about, within. Old age had made him forgetful, or else he might have warned Graunya and her lover against the coming of the swift spring-tide, that the moon was to bring this night.

But the sailor-man whom Graunya had ill-used went from the door, and his face was white as chalk. There was a bit of a boat, a cockle-shell of a thing, moored to a post in the sand hard-by the cabin; the two oars lying within it. He loosed the boat. He drew it behind him, grinding the keel upon the wet sand, until he had it in the lap of the sea. He clambered in. He took the oars, and waited for the next wave. It came with a long heavy fall, and the water washed up about the currach, and lifted it from the sea-bottom. Teig Dhu Sullivan, with his heart in his mouth, was away upon the billows, running a race with the tide for the smooth straight cliffs above Corneen. If the full tide were to be there before him, two corpses would be the prize of the sea.

"I save her that I may lose her," said Teig Dhu Sullivan, with a groan. He bent to his work. The oars strained, flinging off the great weight of water, so deep he dipped them. He rowed powerfully, rowed with haste. The point of the boat cut the sea like a sharp knife dividing it. Rinnamore was left behind, low and purple in the dark. The headland was passed, and the sailor-man saw the tumult of the waters in the bowl of the sea that was called Corneen. He hove the prow to the shore, and the helm to the angry ocean hurrying after him, and he came skimming like a sea-gull over the white ridges and the green glassy troughs of the waves.

There was a narrow strip of sand between the billows and the cliff-base. To and fro, with wild cries and wringing hands, went Graunya on that spot. Her lover leaned against the spume-spattered cliff, his face hidden under his palm. The girl's brown hair floated like a drift of sea-weed, long and wet. She cried upon the wind, and said: "O Mary have pity! I die in my youth!"

"We die before our desire has faded in our hand, like a gathered flower," said George Fielding, the Englishman. But the girl had no understanding of his saying. She only felt the cruel, creeping wave about her feet. She moaned, and stepped backward against the cliff, clinging to her lover.

"Save me!" she said, and the voice was

hoarse in her throat. "Save me from the death!" The sea was rising with a clashing of angry sounds. The hollow wind blew upon the billows, and broke the green crests into surf and spreading foam.

"Graunya! Graunya!" came a voice from the sea. It was the voice of Teig Dhu Sullivan, the forsaken sweetheart. The girl drew from her new lover. She ran to the margin of the sea, until the foam was breaking about her knees.

"A thousand welcomes before ye!" said she, throwing out her arms to Teig Dhu Sullivan. He looked at her with a bitter smile in his eyes. He threw the oars down in the boat, and leaped into the sea, and drew the prow to the bit of land that was still left by the tide.

"Get in, an' row out beyond the heavy breakers," said he to the Englishman, George Fielding. Graunya was watching her new lover with strange looks from her witch-eyes.

"Who is to stay behind?" said she. "The boat will only bear two."

"I will stay behind," said George Fielding, from under his hand.

"Not so," said Teig Dhu Sullivan. He put his arms about the girl, and lifted her over the currach's side. He leaned to her, and kissed her red, red lips. "Ye will not be grudgin' me that," said he to the Englishman.

There was not another word between the three. George Fielding took his place in the boat. Graunya laid her hands upon the oars. They rowed beyond the high wild breakers, and out upon the sea. In an hour's time, they were safe upon the beach of Rinnamore. Teig Dhu Sullivan was drowned in the sea long before that.

The first thing Graunya saw when she stepped out of the boat was the ring and the riband the sailor-man had cast upon the wave. The tide had washed them in. She laid her lips to each, and hid them in their own place in her bosom. She stopped by her father's door, and turned to George Fielding.

"Here shall be our partin'," said she. "An' my curse upon the day we ever met." She flung his gold after him as he went.

But that was little good to Teig Dhu Sullivan, the dead man at the bottom of the sea.

JUSTIN McCARTHY'S "STORY OF AN IRISHMAN."*

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

"The river and the sea gave me my playground," says Justin McCarthy, narrating the story of his own life, in his latest book. "I have seen many rivers and harbors in foreign countries, on this side of the Atlantic, and the other, but I have seldom looked upon a scene more fascinating to the eye and mind than that which was so familiar to my boyhood."

With this tribute to the Lee "the river of my youth" he tells with inimitable simplicity and charm of his early home and his boy companions, who rowed with him in the harbor and out to the tossing sea. "At that time the boys I knew cared for little or anything in the way of sport that was not associated with the river and the sea, with boating and swimming." Football, racing, and cricket had no charm for these Irish lads, and with a word of apology for such indifference their comrade dwells on the long rambles they took together, their scholarly tastes and high ideals. "We could read our Latin and make something of our Greek, most of us could read French, some few Italian, and many of us were already taking to the study of German. I have never met with a set of young men more happily endowed with literary tastes and more given to steady literary culture than that which I can well remember in my native city during those far-off years."

The reason for this culture is not far to seek. It is discerned when this man of letters opens the door of his boyhood's home,—a home typical of many others in Cork at that time—and introduces his readers to the family circle. The father was a man of much reading and a distinct literary gift; the mother and sister live always as ideals of womanhood in the memory of the son and brother.

"Looking back as thoughtfully as I can, I recall nothing in the character of either woman which suggests aught but purity, sweetness, utter unselfishness, and loving devotion to duty." The dearly loved sister passed out of life with the close of her twentieth year. The third child, Frank, had a great ambition to become a painter, but at a very early stage of his career he had to work hard for a living. While still very young he emigrated to America and settled down in New York as an office clerk in a wholesale dry goods store, and soon married a charming and gifted American girl. Though he continued painting, the needs of a growing family kept him to the business that supplied their income. He served on the Northern side during the Civil War, and owing to exposure to inclement weather contracted a disease of the lungs that brought his life to an early close.

"I have the most delightful memories of happy days and evenings spent with him and his wife, in a quaint old house, mainly built of stone near to the village as it then was—of Bayonne, in New Jersey," says Mr. McCarthy. A son of this brother another Justin McCarthy, now holds an honorable position in the state administration of New York.

The schoolmaster who influenced the bent of young McCarthy's mind is honored with a chapter all to himself, as becomes his worth. Few men remember their teachers so gratefully and lovingly.

"My schoolmaster—my only schoolmaster as I may well call him—was a Cork man, named John Goulding, who had been educated for the priesthood, and had, I believe, spent some years in Rome, but owing to ill-health had been com-

*The Macmillan Company, New York, 1904.

pelled to give up all hope of becoming a priest and undergoing the severe labors of that calling. Mr. Goulding must have been some seventy years when I first found a place in his schoolroom. My recollection of him is that his face appeared to be much older than his figure. He was a tall man—stood quite six feet, I think, —and his form was one of strength and symmetry, while all his movements were quick, active, and vigorous. His face was clean-shaven, and his head and high forehead were crowned by a mass of thick, white hair which even yet had not had the curl quite taken out of it. The general expression of his face, when he was not speaking, was thoughtful and even melancholy, but when he spoke with animation his eyes lighted up with an inspiring brightness. He was fond of movement, and even when examining his pupils or explaining some subject to them it was his common habit to walk rapidly up and down his room, and indeed he seldom remained seated for any great length of time. Yet there was nothing fussy or even impetuous in his movements—they only illustrated his physical vigor and mental activity, and they never marred the grace and dignity which belonged to him." The methods of this gentle master are described at length by his pupil, who remained under his charge until the necessity of making a living forced him from the schoolroom into a lawyer's office. One shares his regret at having to say good-bye to such congenial associates and environment.

Among the literary and educational institutions of Cork city at that time was the Temperance Institute founded by Father Mathew. Here young McCarthy came often in his evenings, to hear lectures and debates. "Father Mathew had a strong confidence in the common desire of young men and boys to cultivate their natural intelligence when the opportunity was placed easily within their reach . . . He visited the Institute very often himself and talked with the members, always in the friendliest and easiest way, and entered thoroughly into all the ideas and pursuits of the young.

"My own knowledge of Father Mathew," says Mr. McCarthy, "was close and intimate for many years. I was little more than a child when I accepted from him the temperance pledge and was invested with his own silver medal—the badge of the Order. I was a frequent visitor at his house, and he often came to see my father and mother. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand, by advice or personal intervention, when a friend was involved in any sort of difficulty, and in the houses of the very poorest it was noticed that whenever serious trouble came on Father Mathew was sure to appear, like a protecting angel . . . With all his horror of drunkenness, with his lifelong devotion to the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, Father Mathew had a never-failing patience with and pity for the drunkard. . . . It was this very attribute of unfailing sympathy and sweetness that made Father Mathew's influence all but magical over those with whom he had any influence whatever."

With the same closely personal touch that makes itself felt in those chapters the writer attracts our attention to his early friends, both boys and books, and through all the delightful reminiscences there is no suggestion of necessity marring the mind-repose of the Irish youth, though he tells us frankly: "But in the meantime I had to work hard for a living."

Having left the law office to assume the more congenial occupation of a reporter, on the Cork *Examiner,* young McCarthy began work under the most inauspicious conditions. The first work of any importance assigned to him was

to travel through the country as a special correspondent to note the devasting effects of the failure of the potato crops. His reminiscences of this period make saddening reading. It is a relief to turn from them to the boy reporter's experiences at the state trials in Clonmel, when in order to get copy to Cork in season for the evening paper "two of us would charter a jaunting car in Clonmel, drive the greater part of the night and morning to Cork, and, when we got there, sit down without thought of rest, in the newspaper rooms, go on with the writing out of our copy until it was finished, and then start off again as quickly as possible on our return journey to Clonmel.

. . I do not think that any of my later experiences of work or travel have left in my mind so intense an impression of hurry, discomfort, and fatigue."

The story of the middle and later life of this gifted Irishman is even more interesting than the reminiscences of his youth. For among other things it relates the events of his parliamentary career, and gives personal impressions of the men he met and knew during half a century of public life.

From the Lee to the Mersey, across the Atlantic for "a wandering holiday," amid American scenes and people, and back again to London Mr. McCarthy takes his way, and is always so entertaining that his readers follow him without protest, even if as averse to the ocean as Dickens' old lady who never was on the water "except on a bridge."

BOOK REVIEWS.

A REMARKABLE WORK.

A History of the United States and its People. By Elroy M. Avery. The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

The firm of Burrows Brothers of Cleveland has already established an enviable reputation for works of deserved permanence and of literary excellence. Their publication of the Jesuit Relations inaugurated a new era in the American Book World, and the success which greeted this venture was a proof that valuable documents, scholarly editing, and splendid press-work will always find a host of warm friends and of appreciative supporters. This firm is now publishing a History of the United States which, for many reasons, claims our close attention.

It has been wisely noted by a thoughtful writer that the term *history* has two meanings; for historical facts are of two kinds—the veritable fact such as it actually occurred, and the account of it which has been given by more or less competent writers. The first is irrecoverable. It is the second that the historical inquirer has to deal with; and, in doing so he has a twofold office to discharge—he has to collect his material correctly, and he has to distinguish in that material reality from misrepresentation. Again, historical facts do not simply mean the current events of the day, but include beliefs, customs, institutions, even forms of language. History is not to be considered as principally made up of the rise and fall of Governments, the shifting of frontier lines, wars of succession, and the like. These do not even give us the salient lines or contour of history, but are rather the frame in which history is set. A true history, consequently, must present the facts of the past in their actual setting, as far as this can be built up from reliable documents. Hence the conscientious historian will be a scholar in his rigid accuracy and an absolutely impartial judge in his presentation of a subject. He will carefully eliminate the personal factor which enters so largely into the greater number of narratives and which adds a personal and often untrue coloring to the incidents of life. Over and above all this, the historian should be master of a happy, lucid style, for he is more than a mere chronicler of uninteresting facts.

That there is need of a trustworthy, complete, readable History of the United States no one will deny, we have several excellent school manuals, we have very exhaustive accounts of certain periods of the nation's life, we have many valuable monographs, but we certainly have not had, until the appearance of this work, a scholarly, adequate, and finished story of the United States, its origin and its marvellous development. It might be suggested that the expensive work being published under the supervision of

Prof. Guy Carleton Lee rendered any other production upon the same subject superfluous. This is not, however, the case, for Prof. Lee's history covers the whole range of North American history, it is, in many instances, documentary in character and there are, we regret to state, not only serious omissions but, in many instances a lack of that objective treatment which is essentially necessary for the proper presentation of historical truth.

An examination of the first volume of this series convinces us that the author has honestly striven to reach the ideal of a scrupulous, painstaking, impartial, interesting historian. It is extremely pleasant to note the presence throughout of a note of absolute frankness with regard to personal limitations and of the desire to profit by the experience and knowledge of others. We admire the candor of the publishers when they declare:

"We do not presume to claim that this is a perfect history or to compare in detail the respective merits of this work with those of others. But we sincerely hope that what author and publisher have done is, on the whole, better than what had been done along this particular line when they assumed their task, and that the years of patient toil, the large sums expended, and the material sacrifices unflinchingly made will not be a fruitless waste."

Their aim is clearly laid in the subjoined statement:

Twenty years ago we recognized the urgent need for a really excellent Popular History of the United States, one that should be—

1st. *Trustworthy* without being a mere mass of documents of little more value to the general reader than logarithmic tables.

2nd. *Complete* or *Extended* enough to be more than a mere skeleton devoid of all the flesh and blood of personal interest.

3rd. So *Lucidly Written* that its clearness of expression should make it as interesting as a novel.

4th. *Liberally Mapped.* To a history properly published maps are of the highest utility. Ruskin tells us that true art is decorated utility. We, therefore, planned to supply maps, liberally as to number and ornate in character, making them thus more useful, and at the same time truly *artistic.*

5th. *Instructively Illustrated, Beautifully Printed,* and *Sumptuous* in all manufacturing details.

With these high aims in view, we, twenty years ago, appealed to Doctor Avery to help us. He became deeply interested and, after several months of consideration, a contract was drawn. From that day to this, practically his entire working time has been devoted to the authorship of this set of books.

For both author and publisher we have nothing but unstinted praise. The very fact that Doctor Avery has consecrated twenty years of a busy life to this important task is convincing proof of his lofty purpose. His previous positions had admirably fitted him for this great work, while his mastery of a vivid, clear, vigorous English style, enables him to give us a picture correct in every detail with that glow of life which makes the past stand out in all the fullness of reality. The artistic and mechanical setting is, not only good, but excellent. The finest paper, clear-cut, well-defined type, strong flexible binding, beautiful and highly decorated illustrations combine to produce an almost perfect work of art. A striking feature of the book is the series of splendid maps, many of which have been redrawn a dozen times in order to reach the utmost accuracy. We are sure that no matter how crowded the library shelves of our readers may be, room will be made for this monumental history of our people.

Ideals of Science and Faith. Edited by J. E. Hand. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. $1.60 *net.*

This book contains a collection of essays by different authors upon man's highest ideals. The subject is treated from a variety of stand-points. Thus we have "A Physicist's Approach," by Sir Oliver Lodge, "A Biological Approach," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, "A Psychological Approach," by Prof. John H. Muirhead, "A Sociological Approach," by Victor H. Branford, "An Ethical Approach," by the Hon. Bertrand Russell, "An Educational Approach," by Professor Patrick Geddes, "A Presbyterian Approach," by Rev. John Kelman, "A Church of England Approach," by the Rev. Ronald Bayne, "The Church as seen from Outside," by the Rev. Philip Napier Waggett, "A Church of Rome Approach," by Wilfrid Ward. Here there is surely variety and no one need complain that an important trend of modern thought has been neglected. In bringing together these papers, the editor desires to present the views of scientific and religious leaders upon the subject of man's noblest ideals. He hopes thereby to show how baseless is the so-called antagonism between Religion and Science. The object of the book is certainly worthy of the highest praise. Among so many writers, treating the subject from different stand-points, it is not to be expected that we can endorse all their statements. The value of the book as it stands is in its stimulating influence, for it certainly arouses deep thoughts to read the treatment of this theme by these learned men; even although their views differ widely from those held by Catholics. A consoling feature of the essays is the frank admission that many of the claims of science are, at the most, only hypotheses and far

from being placed on a stable foundation. It is also shown that many scientists while condemning theologians as bigots, are themselves guilty of the most oppressive tyranny.

One of the best essays is that written by Prof. Geddes upon the "Educational Approach." It is scholarly, practical, and strikingly suggestive. School Boards throughout the world ought to turn the pages of this essay every month, and we could then look for a more intelligent management of teachers. It does seem strange to have school-legislation made by those who have never taught a class in their lives and who if placed in that trying position, would make a miserable failure of the matter.

Much good ought to result from this collection of clear, concise, matter-of-fact treatment of a subject so interesting as that of *ideals*.

Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise. By the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. London and New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. $1.00 *net*.

Not satisfied with the laurels won in the realm of romance, the gifted author of "My New Curate," has entered the field of dramatics. In the above production he shows power and originality, and we should like very much to witness an actual performance of the same; nevertheless we cannot help expressing the view that the greatest victories await Father Sheehan in the world of fiction.

Moral Briefs. A concise, reasoned and popular exposition of Catholic Morals. By Rev. John H. Stapleton. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904.

It is pleasant to know that Father Stapleton's forceful explanations of Catholic doctrines have been so well-received as to make this re-issue necessary. Useful as they will be to the over-taxed clergy, they will not be less serviceable to educated laymen, who need a work of this kind in which the truths of our religion are stated in a clear and vigorous manner. The closing chapter on *Debts* should be carefully pondered by that constantly growing class of people, who look upon monetary obligations as of little consequence. "The wilful debtor is a thief and a robber, because he retains unjustly the lawful possessions of another. There is no difference between taking and keeping what belongs to the neighbor. The loss is the same to a man whether he is robbed of a certain amount or sells goods for which he gets nothing in return. The injustice is the same in both cases, the malice identical. He, therefore, who can pay his debts, and will not, must be branded as a thief and an enemy to the rights of property." These words ought to be driven home to many a lax conscience of modern times.

American Short Stories. By Charles S. Baldwin. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Price, $1.40 *net*.

The Short Story may fairly be claimed as a distinctively American product, and hence, it deserves our careful consideration. We all know how our British cousins insisted for many decades upon the three-volume novel, and how, in consequence, library shelves groaned under the burden of these ponderous productions. Americans sought something less forced, something less complicated. The result was the creation of the short story. The editor awards the honor of inventing the short story to Poe: "Poe could write trenchant essays; he turned sometimes to longer fictions; but he is above all, in his prose, a writer of short stories. For this work was he born. His artistic bent unconsciously, his artistic skill consciously, moved in this direction. In theory and practice he displayed for America and for the world a substantially new literary form. His works were (new) models for the future. Primarily, Poe, as a literary artist, was preoccupied with problems of construction. More than any American before him he felt narrative as structure;—not as interpretation of life, for he lived within the walls of his own brain. . . . His chief concern was how to reach an emotional effect by placing and building. . . . . When he worked, at least he planned an ingeniously suspended solution of incidents; for he was always pleased with mere solutions, and he was master of the detective story. At best he planned a rising edifice of emotional impressions, a work of creative, structural imagination."

Examples of short stories are given from Irving, William Austin, James Hall, Albert Pike, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, Willis, Kirkland, Fitz-James O'Brien, Bret Harte, Albert Falvey Webster, Bayard Taylor, Bunner and from Harold Frederic. The introduction is interesting, exhaustive, critical, and finished.

The Canterbury Tales, rendered into modern English by Percy Mackaye, with pictures by Walter Appleton Clark. Fox, Diffield & Company. New York. 1904. $2.50.

This new edition of the Canterbury Tales presented in modern prose should diffuse a knowledge of Chaucer outside the ranks of the erudite. The idea of interpreting the great poet in modern form is not new. Such poets as Dryden, Pope, Leigh Hunt, Elizabeth Barrett and Wordsworth, contrived metrical versions of the Canterbury Tales

in the literary forms of their own day, with the result, as Professor Lounsbury has shown, of diverting men from the study of the original. The present version differs from the others in using prose as the medium of expression, while retaining as far as possible Chaucer's own words and his forms of construction. The necessary changes are made on the score of intelligibility.

To the ten tales chosen as representative have been added the prologues, epilogues, and links forming part of the original design.

The mechanical work leaves nothing to be desired. The heavy, cream-tinted paper, wide margins, numerous colored plates, and clear large type combine to make the volume one of the handsomest and most readable produced this season.

The Way That Led Beyond. By J. Harrison. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1904. $1.25.

The author of this book is attracting much attention by the originality and strength of her work. A good story is a valuable means of inculcating moral truths and inciting to noble living, and when it is also a Catholic story pulsing with love of the faith its influence in the home is indeed helpful and uplifting.

Xaviera Pomeroy and Phyllis Gordon are unusual types of womanhood, and their lives run much out of the common groove, but girl readers will find them intensely interesting companions, and will gain in many ways by knowing them, even in a novel. It is to be hoped that this brilliant young writer, who has appeared so lately among Catholic novelists, will take courage from her success and come out under her own name.

Several reviewers have commended "Mr." Harrison's books, but only a true-hearted woman, tenderly sympathetic, and steadfast in her love of her religion could write as does this author who hides her identity under many a *nom de plume.*

The Scarecrow and the Tin Man. By W. W. Denslow. G. W. Dillingham Company. New York. 1904. $1.25.

This is a story both written and illustrated by W. W. Denslow, whose pictures proved so important a factor in the great success of "The Wizard of Oz."

According to the author, those two irresponsibles, the "Scarecrow" and the "Tin Man" in the play, are discontented with their lot, not having had a vacation from their labors in two years in entertaining the children.

Their adventures in the street car, with the fruit selling Italian, the stolen automobile, the man with the lighted match, the rescue and final capture of the truants by the stage manager and the police are admirably told.

Life of the Blessed Thomas More. By Henri Bremond. Translated by Harold Child. New York. Benziger Bros. 1904. Price $1.00.

In Sir Thomas More we behold a model of personal integrity, of domestic fidelity, of sincere piety, of civic probity. The poet Thomson eulogises him in the following words:

"Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death."

And Sir James Mackintosh says of him: "In no moral respect does Socrates appear to be his superior. No life in Plutarch is more full of happy sayings and striking retorts, but these are justly overlooked in the contemplation of that union of perfect simplicity and moral grandeur, which perhaps no other human being has so uniformly reached."

All can profit from the perusal of this life, for it shows practically how, amid the sorrows of persecution, the splendor of prosperity, or the nervous cares of a political career, it is possible to lead a life of the utmost self-sacrifice and of the highest Christian perfection. Would that our Catholic laymen could be brought to imitate the leading traits of this noble man's character!

Perfect Contrition. By Rev. J. Von den Driesch. Preface by Rev. A. Lehmkuhl, S. J. Translated by Rev. J. Slater, S. J. St. Louis. Herder. 1904.

A consoling little book, full of practical suggestions for those who are in quest of the golden key which unlocks the portals of Heaven to the pilgrims of earth.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON.

It is gratifying to learn that the Trustees of the University have decided to proceed at once with the full development of undergraduate courses of study. Two motives impelled to this action: the desire of increasing the productivity of the University in all its departments by the better preparation of young men for subsequent scientific investigation and research in the graduate schools and in the learned professions, and the urgent necessity of doing something to prevent the continued increase in the number of our young men attending non-Catholic institutions.

During the ten years which ended with that of 1900, the attendance at non-Catholic colleges increased sixty per cent. while that of our Catholic colleges showed, at the most, a very meagre gain. During this period of time our Catholic population maintained its normal growth, our people became more prominent in intellectual activity and our students increased in the proper ratio of numbers. This increment of our student body must have been educated, but in non-Catholic institutions. It is obvious that the majority of students who frequent non-Catholic universities and colleges do so in order to acquire a training which our colleges cannot afford. None of our colleges has or can hope to have an educational equipment which approaches in efficiency that of the larger American seats of learning, and, accordingly, such colleges will remain powerless to arrest the movement of our young men into other schools, the atmosphere of which is hostile to our faith. The Catholic University of America alone is in a position to retard this exodus of our laity, it alone has called together a corps of professors trained in the great universities of the world, side by side with many of the instructors who draw our students to their class-rooms and laboratories.

Therefore, the Board of Trustees have inaugurated a new era in the history of Catholic education by placing the laboratories and libraries of the University at the disposal of a larger body of lay students working under the direction of the trained investigators of its professorial corps. It is to be hoped that, henceforth, every Catholic citizen of the United States will feel that he has a direct personal interest in the University, that it belongs to the Catholic people of the country, and that it is their right to partake of its advantages, and their duty to defend it and support it liberally.

QUESTION BOX.

What are the prophecies of St. Malachy?

The so-called prophecies of St. Malachy are certain mottoes supposed to point out the future Pontiffs from the time they were made until the end of the world. St. Malachy was an Irish Cistercian monk who lived in the twelfth century and who became Archbishop of Armagh. He was a great friend of St. Bernard, who wrote a short biography of him. In this life the founder of Clairvaux asserts that the gift of prophecy was not denied to the illustrious Archbishop. This, however, is the only reference made to this power by any mediæval author. Four centuries, however, after St. Malachy, in 1595, Wion, a Benedictine monk, formerly of Douai, published a book entitled *Lignum Vitae, Ornamentum et Decus Ecclesiae*, in which he had occasion to mention St. Malachy, and, at the end of his short notice, he added a list of the now famous mottoes, concerning the future Popes, with an explanation of the various mottoes. As there is absolutely no trace of these prophecies before the appearance of Wion's book, and as he cites no proof for their authenticity, writers, as a rule, regard them as spurious, looking upon them as the invention of some old chronicler, who wished to puzzle posterity. They have, however, attracted widespread attention, and it may interest our readers to see these prophecies and to compare them with actual facts:

Celestine II., 1143-1144. *Ex Castro Tiberis*—"From the castle on the Tiber." His name was Guy de'Castelli and he was born in the town of Castello at the source of the Tiber.

Lucius II., 1144-1145. *Inimicus expulsus*—"The enemy chased out." His name was Gerard Caccianemico, which means in Italian "chase-enemy."

Eugenius III., 1145-1153. *Ex magnitudine Montis*—"From the greatness of a moun-

tain." He was born in the castle of Grammonte, *i.e.*, in the castle of the great mountain.

Anastasius IV., 1153-1154. *Abbas Suburranus*—"A Suburran Abbot." His name was Conrad of Suburra, and he was Abbot of the Monastery of St. Rufus.

Adrian IV., 1154-1159. *De Rure Albo*—"From a white country-place." The *album* is thought to be a reference either to his native town St. Albans or from Albano of which he was bishop.

Alexander III., 1159-1181. *Ex Ansere Custode*—"From the Keeper Goose." The name of the family was Paparo, which means a goose, and a keep or tower appears in the arms of the family.

The motto of Alexander is, in some editions, placed after the names of the three anti-popes who disturbed the peace of the Church until 1178. The regular Pontiffs are then taken up.

Lucius III., 1181-1185. *Lux in Ostio*—"A light in the gate." He was born in Lucca, his family name was Alucignuolo, and he was Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, the gates (mouths) of the Tiber.

Urban III., 1185-1187. *Sus in Cribo*—"A sow in a sieve." He was of the family of Crivelli (meaning "sieves") which has a canting coat-of-arms representing a pig in a sieve.

Gregory VIII., 1187. *Ensis Laurentii*—"The sword of Lawrence." The arms of his family were two crossed swords, and he was Cardinal Priest of San-Lorenzo in Lucina.

Clement III., 1187-1191. *De Schola exiet.*—"He will come out of a school." His family name was Scolare (scholar).

Celestine III., 1191-1198. *De Rure Bovensi*—"From the cattle country." His family name was Bubone, which means a buffalo.

Innocent III., 1198-1216. *Comes Signatus*—"A signed Count." He was of the family of the Counts of Segni, and *segni* is Italian for "signs."

Honorius III., 1216-1226. *Canonicus de Latere*—"A Canon from the side." He had been Canon of St. John Lateran.

Gregory IX., 1227-1241. *Avis Ostiensis*—"The bird of Ostia." His arms were an eagle and he was Bishop of Ostia.

Celestine IV., 1241. *Leo Sabinus*—"The Sabine lion." His arms were a lion, and he was Bishop of Sabina.

Innocent IV., 1243-1254. *Comes Laurentius*—"Count Lawrence." He was a scion of the Counts of Lavagna, and was Cardinal Priest of San-Lorenzo in Lucina.

Alexander IV., 1254-1261. *Signum Ostiense*—"A sign of Ostia." He was also one of the Counts of Segni ("signs"), and was Cardinal Bishop of Ostia.

Urban IV., 1261-1264. *Hierusalem Campaniae*—"Jerusalem of Champagne." He was a native of Troyes in Champagne, and was Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Clement IV., 1265-1268. *Draco depressus*—"A crushed serpent." His family arms were an eagle clutching a snake.

Gregory X., 1271-1276. *Anguineus vir*—"The man of the snake." He was a member of the Visconti family, whose arms are a serpent devouring a man.

Innocent V., 1276. *Concionator Gallus*—"A French Preacher." He was a French Friar Preacher.

Adrian V., 1276. *Bonus Comes*—"A good Count." He was another member of the Counts of Lavagna, and his name was *Ottobuono.*

John XXI., 1276-1277. *Piscator Tuscus*—"A Tuscan fisherman." His baptismal name was Peter, and he was Cardinal Bishop of Frascati (Tusculum).

Nicholas III., 1277-1280. *Rosa Composita*—"The tranquil rose." He was one of the Orsini, who bear a rose gules in chief. He was so calm in manner that he was called, before his election, "the Composed Cardinal."

Martin IV., 1281-1285. *Ex telonio liliacei Martini*—"From the collector's office of Martin of the lilies." He was treasurer of the church of St. Martin of Tours in France. Lilies are for the arms of France.

Honorius IV., 1285-1287. *Ex rosa leonina*—"From a Leonine Rose." His arms contained a lion supported by a rose.

Nicholas IV., 1288-1292. *Picus inter escas*—"A woodpecker among the food." He was a native of Picenum, derived from *picus*, a woodpecker, and he was born at Ascoli.

Celestine V., 1294. *Ex eremo celsus*—"The lofty one from the desert." He was the hermit who was compelled to ascend the Pontifical throne which he resigned after five months.

Boniface VIII., 1294-1303. *Ex undarum benedictione*—"From a blessing of the wave." His name was Benedict (Blessed), and his arms display a fesse wavy.

Benedict XI., 1303-1304. *Concionator Patareus*—"A preacher from Patara." He was a Friar Preacher and was called Nicholas after St. Nicholas, a native of Patara.

We might continue to cite the entire list, had we the space at our disposal, but we have quoted enough to show the remarkable coincidences between the predictions and the facts. The present Pope is styled *Ignis ardens*—"A burning fire," usually supposed to refer to his intense zeal. There still remain eight unfulfilled predictions.

Religio depopulata—"Monasticism plundered."

Fides intrepida—"Faith undaunted."

Pastor angelicus—"An angelic shepherd."

Pastor et nauta—"A shepherd and a sailor."

Flos florum—"A flower of flowers."

De medietate lunae—"From a half-moon."

De labore solis—"From the toil of the sun."

Gloria olivae—"The glory of the olive."

The predictions close with the words: "During the last persecution of the Holy Roman Church, there shall sit the Roman Peter, who shall feed the sheep amid great tribulations, and when these are passed, the City of Seven Hills shall be utterly destroyed, and the awful judge will judge the people."

It is difficult to pass an absolute verdict upon these so-called prophecies. Father Thurston does not hesitate to style them "palpable impostures," while the Marquess of Bute, who made an exhaustive study upon the subject, and incorporated his views in an article published in the *Dublin Review* for October, 1885, concludes as follows: "These so-called predictions are utterly destitute of any support from *external* evidence; on the contrary, every external circumstance is strongly against them, beginning with the silence of Bernard of Clairvaux. The *internal* evidence is also heavily against them in almost every conceivable way, with two exceptions, *viz.*, their apparently striking fulfilment in some re ent cases, and, in the eyes of one school, the remarkable piece of chronology which has just been pointed out above."

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To be the friend of every child?
Why, 'tis because his trunk is packed
With IVORY SOAP, and he'll not act
As once he did in Timbuctoo
When ivory tusks (not soap) he grew;
For now he's clean, he's tame and kind.
The moral is not hard to find —
He holds it in his trunk up-curled:
'Tis IVORY SOAP, for all the world.

IT FLOATS.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory"; they are not, but like all imitations, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

MAIDENHOOD.

The wakening bugles cut the night:
"To horse! to horse! Away!"
And thine the lips that bid me go
The eyes that bid me stay.

O eyes that hold me with your tears!
Think not your prayers I spurn:
Eyes that must for a soldier dim,
Not from a craven turn.

O lips that bid me forth to fight,
I take your challenge — so!
Where red death waits without the gates,
Thy knight, and God's, — I go

Donahoe's Magazine

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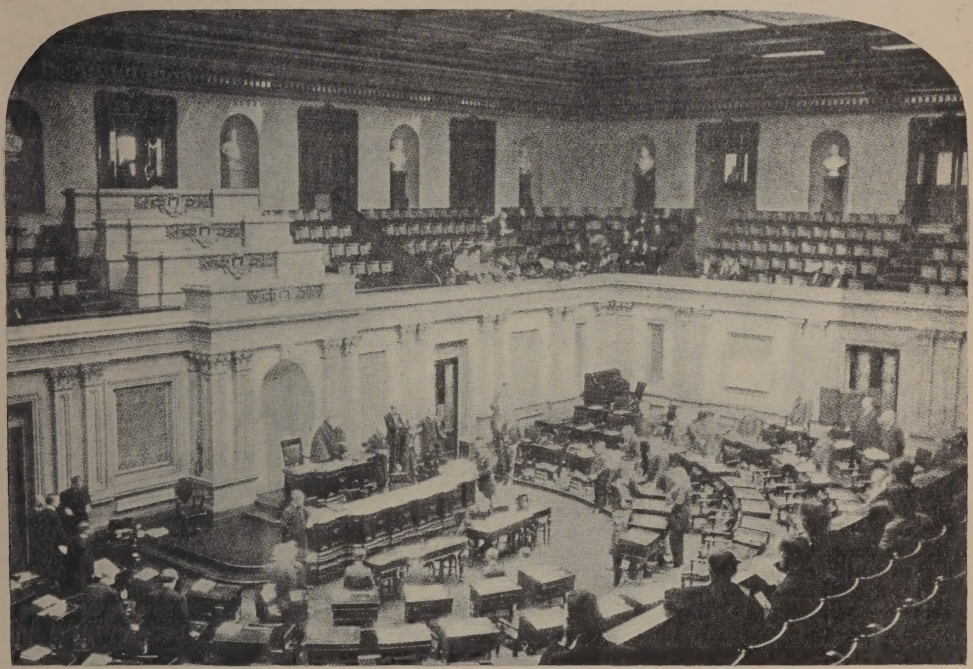
VOL. LIII. FEBRUARY, 1905. No. 2



OPENING A SESSION OF THE SENATE.

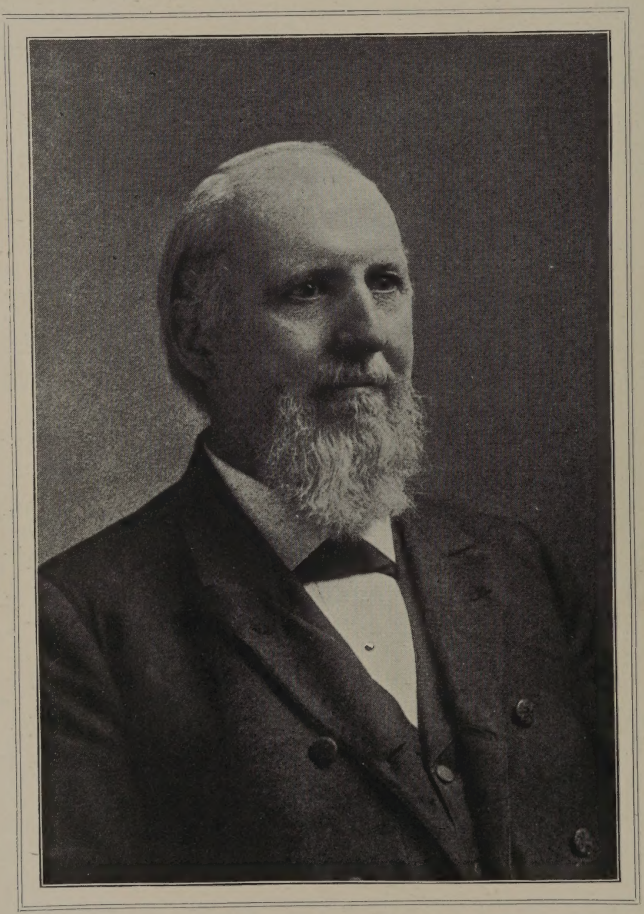
FORTH-COMING CHANGES IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

BY ANTHONY J. GAVIGAN, L.L.B.

When the framers of the Constitution decided that the legislative branch of the Government should comprise two chambers—a Senate and a House of Representatives—they provided that the legislature of each state should elect two senators for a term of six years. If that instrument had made no other provision in respect to the tenure of senatorships, the whole Senate would have been changed, or liable to be changed in 1799 and so on at the expiration of every six years. To obviate the inconvenience of such a possible simultaneous change in the whole of the upper branch of Congress by which there would have been a loss of accumulated experience and familiarities with the duties appertaining to the office of senator, the Constitution directed that the first Senate should be divided as equally as possible into three classes, and that the seats of the senators of the respective classes should be vacated at the expiration of the second, fourth and sixth years of their respective terms, so that one-third of the whole

body might be chosen every year. This classification was so made as not to place both the senators of the same state in the same class.

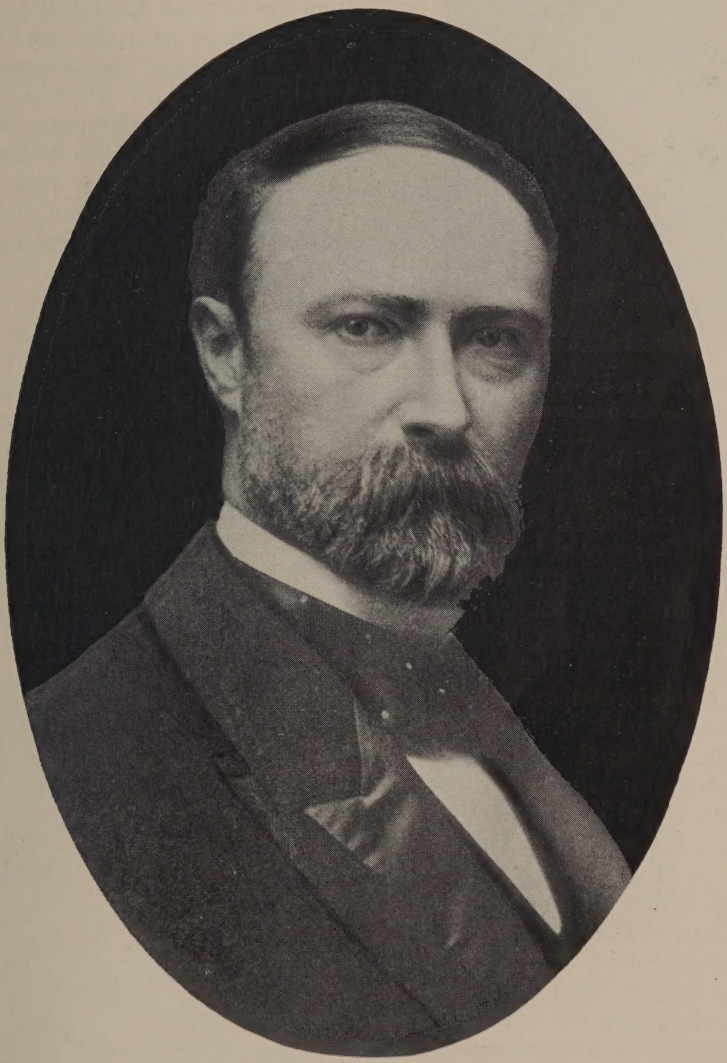
There are various ways nowadays to secure a seat in the upper branch of Congress. One is to purchase it in open market. Notwithstanding the popular impression, this method is less common than the excited public imagination supposes, although it is by no means unknown; another is by sheer force of intellect, high attainments, training and special fitness, under an imperative mandate from the people. This is the way John T. Morgan of Alabama, John W. Daniel of Virginia, and most of the Southern senators have been elected, and the way the late George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, won their togas. The most common way of all is that of political manipulation, a knowledge of practical politics, ability to make a stump speech, to make alliances with other candidates and office-holders, to secure the support or neutrality of railroads and other powerful interests, to submit to the orders of the bosses and to pull wires with the wire pullers, as was recently wit-



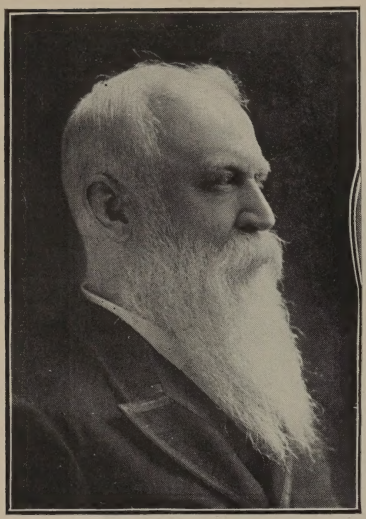
HON. FRANCIS MARION COCKRELL,
U. S. Senator from Missouri.

nessed in the by-play enacted in New York over the successorship to Senator Depew's seat.

Depew is a picturesque figure. Ninety per cent of the visitors to the gallery desire to see him, for the broad smile on his face is never more in evidence than when he is on the floor of the Senate. Needless to say he is listened to with interest whenever he talks, and usually he gives notice to the Senate when he is going to do so. One day, however, in order to be there when the senator who was then speaking should yield the floor, Senator Depew stood in the lobby, looking through the glass doors into the Senate floor, and ate a sandwich while a page held the plate. It was the most democratic meal that he had eaten in many a day.

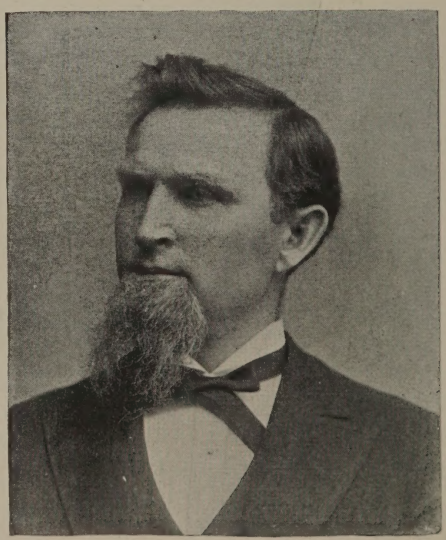


HON. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.
U. S. Senator from Indiana.



HON. WILLIAM M. STEWART,
U. S. Senator from Nevada.

Mr. Depew has failed to make a mark in the Senate. He is regarded by many as a political nonentity, a representative of the Vanderbilt railroad interests, and altogether a shadowy semblance of the brilliant and aggressive Chauncey M. Depew, who in 1888 was a candidate for President of the United States, or who, in 1892, at the Minneapolis Convention, was a powerful factor in the defeat of James G. Blaine and the nomination of Benjamin Harrison. In the senatorship contest which closed in the early part of January, last, Governor Odell made the mistake of picking out a candidate of doubtful popularity, but conceded ability, former Governor Frank S. Black, who stands charged with having openly boasted that he had "taken the starch out of Civil Service," while Chief Executive of the Empire State, Senator Platt, whose political end seemed to have come a year ago, caught Odell napping, and promptly rushed to the support of Depew. No very long study of the situation was then required to show the Governor that, as between the two candidates, Depew was the "popular choice." It remained for Odell, therefore, to use strenuous measures, force the election of Black, who could win in a square fight, or play the role of "harmonizer" and permit Mr. Platt and certain powerful interests to have their way. To the astonishment of the public and the disgust of his principal lieutenants, Senator Brackett and "Lou" Payn, Odell permitted "the will of the party to have its way" and Depew to win without a battle, before the Legislature had even met. This is midway between the infamous and the ideal way. Nothing remained for the Legislature to do in the matter, but to ratify the wishes of the bosses. Naturally Depew is more than ever a believer in the present method of electing United States senators. Election by popular vote he described in the Senate three years ago as attended by very great evils, and held up to the admiring gaze of his colleagues the system which has enabled a director in sixty great corporations to ignore the Legislature of the greatest state in the Union and to award the credit for his re-election

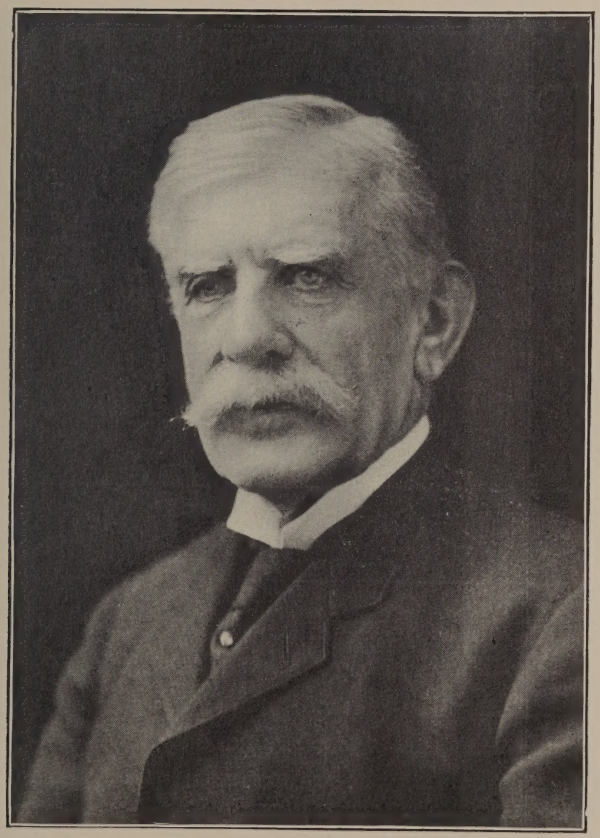


HON. THOMAS H. CARTER,
U. S. Senator from Montana.

to Governor Odell. Other instances are too near and common to require mention.

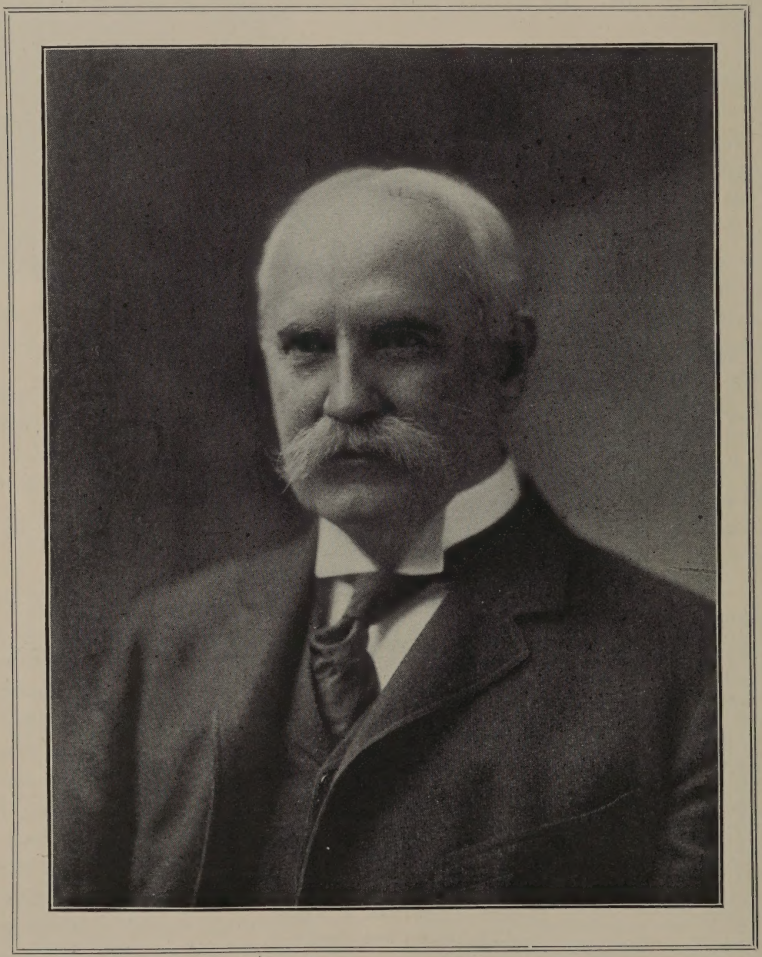
From out the senatorial wrangles going on at present in the various states the public might draw any number of conclusions in endorsement of the policy of popular election of the United States senators by the people. To such a pass has boss rule come in most, if not nearly all, of the states, that the people have no voice at all in the election of senators. The Shoguns of politics, as in the case of Odell and Platt, name the "people's choice," while the voters are not expected to express their preferences.

To those who will visit Washington this winter, the date of March fourth overshadows all else, for it means to most people the inauguration of the President of the United States and nothing more. While its spectacular features and the importance of the office appeal especially to the public, yet to persons familiar with governmental affairs more importance is attached to other changes that occur at the same time, though they are in a measure eclipsed by the great popular event. The fourth of March likewise denotes the passing of the Fifty-eight Congress. The death of a Congress at any time is an interesting feature, with its midnight sessions during its



HON. THOMAS R. BARD,
U. S. Senator from California.

dying days, to pass as much legislation as time will permit, but the change in the personnel is to the observer the real interesting feature. Many members of this Congress will voluntarily retire to take up their own private affairs or to assist in the administration of Government in other ways, but the majority who retire do so because they have been displaced by more fortunate men. Not only to the follower of legislation but to the visitor, the Senate is the more interesting body. The House, except on rare occasions, pays as much attention to a man's speech as would the waves of the sea, while the Senate listens with the most profound interest. The framers of the Constitution, however, not only distinguished the Senate from the House by the mode of election and the length of the term of service, but they made the Senate a continuous body. On every other fourth of March the House dies, that is all members of that body, including the Speaker, cease to be members of Congress. Not so the Senate, however, for the term of a senator is six years, and they are so divided that the terms of one



HON. NELSON W. ALDRICH.
U. S. Senator from Rhode Island.

third of them expire with each Congress. The Senate as now composed will lose some of its picturesque figures when this Congress comes to an end. Five of the New England senators, all veterans, complete their terms in March, and all but one are re-elected to serve their state for six years more. Hale, Lodge, Aldrich and Proctor are the men who have been thus honored, while Hawley, on account of ill-health, retires from public life. Any one of the men mentioned would be a serious loss to the Senate. Hale of Maine is the Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, a leader on the floor of the Senate, and on the fourth of March will complete thirty-four years' service in public life, ten in the House and twenty-four in the Senate, where he came on the fourth of March, 1881, to succeed Hannibal Hamlin. Lodge of Massachusetts, the personal friend of the President and the spokesman of the administration, also has come back without opposition. He is the Chairman of the Committee on the Philippine Islands, and has played a great part in the framing of legislation for those islands.

Aldrich of Rhode Island, sometimes called the "manager of the Senate," because of the adroit way he manipulates his bills, is another figure of national importance. His position as the Chairman of the Committee on Finance, enables him to amend the tariff measures that originate in the House and in a measure to shape the tariff as the manufacturers of New England desire. Catholics will not soon forget the fair and patriotic stand which Senator Aldrich has taken in connection with Catholic Indian missions. So long as men can be induced to *think* there is hope for the race. Aldrich has been a thought compeller in Congress. He has brushed the mold of prejudice and the cobwebs of bigotry from many a narrow brain and by so doing rendered truth, honor, decency and justice invaluable service, and is entitled to our profoundest gratitude. Aldrich is an intense Republican partisan in politics, but nevertheless, the highest type of the American lawmaker, earnest, sincere, and able.

The last of the four New England senators, already mentioned, to be honored by a re-election is Proctor of Vermont. Beginning with the next Congress, he will become the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, leaving his present position as the head of Agriculture and Forestry. The duties of his new position will not be at all difficult to him as he was for two years Secretary of War under Harrison's administration, and now has as colleagues two who have also held the same position—Senators Elkins of West Virginia and Alger of Michigan. Senator Proctor is also a shrewd business man, his fortune running into the millions, for he controls the marble quarries of the world, even, it is said, those of Cararra, Italy.

The one who passes from public life is Senator Hawley of Connecticut, who is now in his seventy-ninth year. No services that were rendered to the Union were more valuable than his, for he was enlisted as a captain and mustered out as a brevet major-general. After serving as Governor of Connecticut and six years in the House of Representatives, he came to the Senate on March fourth, 1881, and has been a member of that body ever since. For the last few years, Senator Hawley's health has been impaired and he has attended to his duties with difficulty.

Former Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley of Connecticut, a thoroughly discredited politician, will take Hawley's seat. The other candidates for the place included "Sam" Fessenden, and Representative E. J. Hill. The angle of vision of Fessenden had been rudely exposed by the charge that he pocketed an ex-

orbitant fee of $150,000 that otherwise would have gone to the State Treasury. Bulkeley had been accused by Rev. Dr. Newman Smith of having practised all the baser devices for victory known to politicians and with having gloried in the fact. From what I know of Bulkeley, there is scarcely any doubt that his views on public morals and civic debauchery are an indefensible disgrace. When asked not very long ago if he held it "right and lawful for a candidate for office to buy a vote which is for sale," Bulkeley is quoted by clergymen and various organizations throughout Connecticut with the reply:

"I think it is right for a candidate to secure the man's vote, if he is without principle and ignorant, by any means you can use."

Representative Hill has just been elected to Congress for his sixth term. He is an active and shrewd campaigner; his private character is unassailable, and he is especially well versed in questions of national finance. While less influential than Senator O. H. Platt, or General Hawley, whom he wished to succeed, Hill is stronger than any other member of the Connecticut delegation in Congress. His future is full of promise.

Knox of Pennsylvania, formerly the Attorney-General and now finishing the remaining months of the term of the late Senator Quay, has been chosen for a new term.

Already with one term to his credit, Kean of New Jersey has been nominated to succeed himself. He is by no means a talker, but his forte is in the committee room when threshing out legislation.

With his sensible and sound views, his knowledge of parlimentary law and public questions, and his high sense of justice, Winthrop Murray Crane, Massachusetts' former Governor, is an impressive figure in the Senate. Crane and Senator Knox have formed a great liking for each other. They lunch together in the Senate restaurant every day, and when the Senate adjourns ride home together in Senator Crane's carriage. Crane has the pride of conscious honesty sustained by decent manhood, and no doubt will uphold the best traditions of the Senate.

Bate of Tennessee, Daniel of Virginia, Money of Mississippi, and Taliaferro of Florida, all Democrats from the South, are sure of new terms to succeed themselves. Daniel is one of the noted lawyers that the Senate possesses and is one of the best orators on the Democratic side of the Senate. Bate has already eighteen years of service to his credit and has become a familiar figure. Beveridge of Indiana with his youthful manner, Burrows of Michigan, Clapp of Minnesota, Clark of Wyoming, Dick of Ohio, Foster of Washington, McCumber of North Dakota, and Scott of West Virginia are either re-elected or are assured of their new terms.

Of the men who fall from political life, at least for the present, Bard of California is perhaps as little known as any. He has but a part of a term to his credit and his passing is much of his own choice. His preference lies with his family and his immense interests at his home where he is regarded as one of the finest business men of that section. Bard was elected as a compromise candidate in 1900, when there was a deadlock in the legislature at Sacramento over filling the vacancy left by the death of Senator Stephen M. White. He was born in Pennsylvania. During the Civil War he was captured by the Confederates and sentenced to be hanged as a spy. He was subsequently rescued by a squad of Union cavalry and given a position under Colonel Thomas A. Scott, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Later he was sent to California to take charge of lands owned by Mr. Scott and soon became a rich man. Among other enterprises he has been en-

gaged in wharving and warehousing, mining, sheep grazing and real estate.

A son of Massachusetts,—Frank P. Flint—will get Bard's seat. Alexander Knight, another product of the old Bay State, tried hard to land the prize, but failed after a brilliant and exciting campaign. Henry I. Oxnard, the beet sugar man and Ulysses S. Grant, were also in the race. Flint was born in Salem. Both he and Knight are lawyers. When Flint decided to become a candidate for the Senate, he resigned his position as general counsel for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and promised not to accept any employment with that or any other corporation, or individual having any business directly or indirectly with the United States Government.

Flint's election may be credited to the Harriman railroad interests, Senator Perkins, and to geographical conditions. He is a resident of Los Angeles. Perkins comes from San Francisco. The northern counties of California already are represented by the Governor, one of the commissioners of the Panama Canal and a member of the President's Cabinet; and the southern counties consider themselves entitled to representation in the higher political offices. Oxnard was charged with being a carpet-bagger having been in turn a citizen of New York, Nebraska, Louisiana and Washington. Knight came from the wrong part of the state, while Grant's experience as a senatorial candidate four years ago was not of such a character as to indicate that the worst would happen.

The result of the last election brought but one regret to the Senate as a body, and that was the assured defeat of Senator Cockrell of Missouri. Next to Senator Allison of Iowa, he is the oldest of the senators in point of service, and the oldest Democrat. He came to the Senate in 1875 and his career has been a long and useful one. Not troubled about his dress, he looks like the popular cartoons of Uncle Sam. He is broad-minded, generous, able and sincere, and his loss will be keenly felt by his colleagues. His last encounter of note was with Carrie Nation whom he knew in former days and to whom he had granted an interview. No sooner had he entered the Marble Room than he was set upon and received a severe tongue lashing for neglecting his duties. No reply was asked, or possible, and a hasty retreat to the Senate Chamber was the proper and wise thing under the circumstances. Senator Cockrell was born in Missouri seventy-one years ago. He is a lawyer by profession. He fought in the Confederate Army and was elected to the Senate to succeed Carl Schurz. Senator Cockrell was re-elected four times. In recognition of his splendid record in the Senate, President Roosevelt recently tendered him the choice of a Panama Canal, or an Inter-State Commerce Commissionership; and Mr. Elihu Root, than whom no better judge of public men exists, not long ago expressed the hope that the Republicans of Missouri would put aside partisanship and re-elect Senator Cockrell for another term. While in the Senate, Mr. Cockrell served on the committees on appropriations, military affairs, rates, geological survey, engrossed bills, and Pacific Islands and Porto Rico. He is recognized as one of the best-informed men in the Senate and, is an authority on all questions relating to finance.

Senator Cockrell's successor in all probability will be Mr. Thomas K. Niedringhaus, general manager of an enameling and stamping company and a politician of great wealth. Niedringhaus has a fair record as a business man, but his lack of breadth is shown in the fact that he lent himself as chairman of the Republican State Committee to the partisan fight against Circuit Attorney

Joseph W. Folk, Democratic candidate for governor of Missouri, when "Roosevelt and Folk" was the slogan of the land.

The factional struggle that has raged so fiercely in Wisconsin will temporarily at least retire Quarles of that state, whose successor has not yet been chosen. His ability as a lawyer is readily conceded in his native state, but his one term in the Senate has not enabled him to come to the front in any marked manner. Quarles' arch-enemy, Governor La Follette, controls the Legislature and is bent upon retiring the senator. The latter has been chief of the anti-La Follette forces in Wisconsin, which won a signal victory at the last election. Up to the present writing the La Follette men have not agreed upon a candidate. Representative John J. Esch and Isaac N. Stevenson entered the race soon after the election and each claims strong support. It is thought that should certain legislation affecting railroads be enacted in good time, Governor La Follette might not be averse to holding down Quarles' seat, but it is doubtful if an understanding be arrived at in ample time to bring about an election prior to March fourth. Grounds of graver consequence than mere factional bitterness exist among the Republicans of Wisconsin,—tens of thousands of whom question the party right of La Follette to the political advantage he now enjoys. Many believe that the pugnacious Governor usurped the right to take his oath of office through the effect of an imperfect piece of legislation, declared to be the law of the state by a divided decision of the Supreme Court, regardless of the fact that in the convention which nominated him, La Follette did not receive the votes of a lawful majority of the representatives of the Republican party. That La Follette ran over 105,000 votes behind Roosevelt is so expressive of the Republic sentiment in Wisconsin as to lead many to believe that the Governor will let "well enough alone."

One of the most picturesque figures that the Senate possesses will be seen no more on the floor of the Senate after this Congress closes. It is Stewart of Nevada, whose large frame and flowing beard of snow-like whiteness make him most like the well-known figure of Father Time. No more varied career than his is enjoyed by any one of the upper branch of Congress. On the discovery of gold in California, Stewart left Yale and fought his way up until, on the admission of Nevada as a state, in 1864, he was chosen as a senator. He served in that capacity until 1875. In the National Convention of the Republican party in 1876, Stewart was one of the western silver men who walked out of the convention. He took up the practice of law, and in 1887 he again came to the Senate to succeed the late James G. Fair. Since that time he has been continually in that body and retires of his own free-will to again take up the practice of law in his seventy-eight year and attempt to retrieve a fortune nearly spent. Until the last few years a speech on silver and "the crime of '73," could be expected from Stewart at any time. It finally became so well-known what he would say when he arose, that it was the signal for a general retirement of the senators to the cloak room, while the correspondents in the press gallery would wearily gather their papers and say to one another as they departed, "The song of the dying swan."

One of the important changes that will occur is in the change of the presiding officer of the Senate. Vice-President-Elect Fairbanks will have a chance to wield the gavel after having been presided over for eight years. He will succeed Frye of Maine, who has been the president *pro tempore* of the Senate

since 1895, having been paid the extraordinary compliment of being elected for two years to that office by the Democrats when they controlled the Senate. For the past four years, as well as three years of President McKinley's administration, Mr. Frye has been the Acting Vice-President, and during that time has never had an appeal taken from his ruling by the Senate. Mr. Fairbanks' task is no easy one and it will be some time before he will be able to treat the place in an offhand manner.

Probably one of the best of the newcomers is Representative James A. Hemenway of Indiana, who will succeed Senator Fairbanks. Mr. Hemenway, has been in touch with public affairs since 1890, when he was elected prosecuting attorney of the second judicial circuit of Indiana. When Representative Cannon was made speaker, Hemenway was jumped over the heads of other congressmen in line of precedence to the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations. A diligent, painstaking worker in the committee room, Hemenway knows how our laws relating to commerce, the revenues, trusts and the administration of affairs in general have worked and how they can be improved. He served in the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Congresses with distinction, his influence being felt in all matters of general legislation.

Membership in the House of Representatives gives a man the most valuable kind of a training for a seat in the Senate. He becomes familiar with parliamentary procedure, all sorts of questions that come before Congress, the workings of the Government in all its branches, and is immeasurably better qualified for the place than if taken direct from private life. This has been illustrated in the cases of Senators Bailey of Texas, Burrows of Michigan, Dolliver of Iowa, Long of Kansas, and last but not least, Carmack of Tennessee, all of whom went from the House to the Senate in recent years.

Senator Joseph Ralph Burton of Kansas is now dodging the possibility of a second trial and conviction that may relegate him to private life and perchance to state prison. Burton was the most unpopular senator that ever came to Washington. The President had cause to mistrust him; his colleagues avoided him as much as possible; the correspondents loathed him, and during the past few years he was a veritable Ishmæl with his hand raised against every man and every man's hand raised against him. Burton was one of a class of senators who supplement their incomes by practising before the departments. Sometimes their clients are violators of the laws made by Congress. This puts the senators in a peculiar position. President Roosevelt is trying to break up this industry through the federal courts. Senator Burton was indicted for and convicted of taking money to prevent a fraud order against a swindling investment company.

The United States Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, recently granted Burton a new trial on a technicality. Pending a second trial of the case, Kansas will be represented in the upper branch of Congress by only one senator.

The youngest member of the next Senate will be Elmer J. Burkett of Nebraska, who will succeed Senator Charles H. Dietrich. He was born in Iowa on December 1, 1867 and is four years younger than Senator Bailey of Texas, until now the youngest senator. Mr. Burkett was a member of the State Legislature in 1896, and of the Ffty-sixth, Fifty-seventh and the Fifty-eighth Congresses. He will be a great improvement upon Dietrich, who was recently indicted for making money out of the lease of a building to

the Government. The cases of Dietrich and Burton reveal two evils in our system of politics, and incidentally may account for the fact that great as Kansas has been in the industrial and productive world, loyal as its citizens have been to the Republican party since its organization, and rich in able and brilliant men, it has never been represented in a presidential cabinet or even among the higher appointments. Well might the poet and philosopher inquire; "What is the matter with Kansas?"

Dietrich was born in Illinois in 1853. Twenty-eight years later he moved to Nebraska, where he organized the German National Bank of which he became president in 1887. He was elected Governor of Nebraska in 1900 and United States senator, March 28, 1901, to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Hayward. Dietrich failed to cut much of a figure in the Senate, notwithstanding the fact that he was favored with some excellent committee assignments, including coast defences, Philippines, and public lands. It is not at all likely that Dietrich will ever represent his state in the National Legislature again. The election of Burkett proves that Nebraska can produce able and high-minded men to serve and represent her people.

Ball of Delaware, one of the compromise senators from that state, promises to pass from public life with this Congress, for not only is the legislature of that state again in a deadlock but the present senator does not figure in the contest. J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, nicknamed "Gassman Addicks," is anxious to succeed Ball. Addicks recently announced the beginning of his biennial fight for a seat in the Senate, from Delaware, and in consequence there is a lively scramble for Federal patronage between the Union and the regular Republicans. Addicks places great reliance for success upon political patronage and frequently points to the part it played in the demonetization of silver. The Addicks faction, numbering twenty-two out of the thirty-one Republican legislators, has demanded two-thirds of the offices, which demand has been met with a refusal, the minority faction of the party insisting that it must get more offices than one-third, otherwise there will be no organization of the Delaware Legislature and consequently no election of senator.

For years Addicks has been attempting to buy his way into the national Legislature, but so strong has been the sentiment of the decent people of the state against his election, that he has been unable to carry out his design. Since his last fight for a senatorial toga, Addicks has strengthened himself with the administration at Washington, and during the recent campaign he basked in its smiles, but he still lacks the favor of the self-respecting people of Delaware. At the present writing the chances favor the election of Colonel Henry A. Dupont, the regular Republican candidate, who has the support of Senator Ball and the entire anti-Addicks element throughout the state.

If ever the methods employed to transplant Louis E. McComas from the bench of the District of Columbia to a seat in the United States Senate are investigated by a Folk or a Jerome, the facts elicted will make a thrilling tale with a proper moral. No system of inner ring politics dissected with infinite skill by the persistent Lincoln Steffens, the indefatigable Ida M.Tarbell, or other historians of the crooked ways of politics and frenzied finance that have so thoroughly poisoned the life, and threatened the peace and perpetuity of this Republic, can furnish a richer field for exploration than this chapter of Maryland politics. The retirement of McComas will occasion no regret either

in the Senate or elsewhere. He hopes to be fortunate enough to get back on the bench which he left to take a seat in the Senate six years ago. McComas is so thoroughly disliked, however, by the newspaper correspondents, and so unpopular with the President, Representative Mudd, and the leaders of the Republican party in Maryland, that his chances of being appointed to any federal office are the reverse of promising. McComas created no new epoch, he added nothing of importance to the world's knowledge, he has never been known as the champion of any popular cause, but he made more enemies in Washington and in Maryland during his term as senator than any public man I know of except Burton of Kansas.

Isidor Raynor, who has been chosen to succeed McComas, is a brilliant lawyer, an eloquent speaker, a hard-headed, cheerful and obliging democratic politician, who scented a democratic victory when Congressman Wachter quarrelled with Senator McComas and the republican machine of Baltimore, and hustled for the senator's seat. Raynor's most notable speech in recent years was his summing up in the case of Admiral Schley before the Naval Court of Inquiry at Washington, a few years ago. He is said to be disliked by Senator Gorman and to reciprocate the feeling. His success in wresting the seat from Governor John Walter Smith, Bernard Carter, former Attorney-General John P. Poe, and other democratic aspirants, ran counter to the Gorman sentiment, to which more than anything else, Maryland Democrats owe their ability to choose for the first time in many years, two United States senators.

With the exception of Aldrich of Rhode Island and Crane of Massachusetts, few, if any, of the new accessions to the Senate, have been hailed with more delight than Thomas H. Carter of Montana, the successor of Paris Gibson, who has seventy-five years of honorable life behind him. Carter is no stranger to national politics. He represented Montana in the House several years ago, and subsequently served one term in the Senate. He is a shrewd, pushing lawyer and a sincere champion of Irish and of Catholic interests.

Gibson, who came to the Senate in 1901, will vacate his seat with but little regret, for his extensive land interests in Montana demand a great deal of attention.

To a dweller in the District of Columbia, particularly the newspaper correspondent, there are few great senators. Washington people are valets to these heroes. They get to know them with their rouge and paint off. The sight is not always pretty, but it is instructive. Not many years ago the position of a United States senator was looked upon as so dignified and exalted that it protected the incumbent from reproach. During his first term, a senator was expected to be seen but not heard on the floor of the Senate. He was merely a unit in the majority or the minority. His oratorical vent was choked up by the older senators. He drew his first pay of four hundred and sixteen dollars and found that his resolution to save three hundred and sixteen dollars might as well not have been made. In recent years, however, all that has been changed and the Senate seems to be falling in the estimation of the people. A man is no longer considered great and honorable merely because he is a United States senator. His position simply gives him an opportunity to prove himself as such and in some instances there is so much of the ridiculous in the uneducated millionaire senator that one's vision of his shortcomings is blurred by the tears that laughter brings.

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

Author of "The Ruler of the Kingdom," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!"

"Nonie McCabe is lost!"

Six hours before this discovery, Nonie McCabe had been of small importance: a mere midget in the press of humanity that filled the great six-story tenement house; a round-faced toddler, whose faltering feet had barely learned their way from the apartments, so-called, that were her home, to the seething street, where men and women, intent on larger cares, failed to observe a tiny child exulting in new-found freedom, delighting in her wonderful escape from wonderful eyes, setting out upon unaccustomed, strange, bewildering paths.

"Nonie McCabe is lost!"

The words were passed from lip to lip; they traveled from house to house; they were the concern of all. The very ones who may have stumbled over her diminutive form and put it aside unseeingly, the very ones who had not known or cared to know whether there was a McCabe or babe of any other name young enough to lose itself, those who had no children to go astray, and others who had many, roused at this alarm, and went out into the highways and the byways, enlisting and claiming the interest of all whom they encountered.

In vain. No one had seen a little child with curly fair hair and big blue eyes and checked gingham apron—not one. The little child was lost.

Since anticipation is so much worse than its actuality, fear of what might have happened to her weighed upon the spirits of even the most hopeful. Nowhere does the pulse of friendship beat more strongly than in the bosom of the poor; sympathy is the silver thread that binds the heart of want to the heart of suffering. With the mother they dreaded the darkness of the city's streets; the perils to life and limb into which the little child might be venturing even at that moment; they were angry at their own helplessness. "Have you heard?" "Is there news?" "Did you ask?" No need to complete those sentences. All had heard; all had asked; there was no news. The police had been notified, and were even then on the lookout for a baby answering to Nonie McCabe's description. In fact, for a midget who had pursued her four-and-twenty months of life so serenely, unknown of the world and by the world unknown, Nonie McCabe became the moving figure in an incipient drama, conspicuous by her absence from the centre of the stage.

Although it was nearly midnight none thought of sleep except the children. Two or three of the men-folk had volunteered to help in the search and had not yet returned; some of the women stood at the door with the mother, who could not restrain her vociferous sorrow. A fine rain had begun—a not unpleasant rain, although there seemed a hint of frost in the cool September air. It was slowly settling into that soft, steady downpour which insinuates its way into the clothing with such quiet effectiveness, and it but added to the unfortunate mother's misery. She sat upon the doorstep weeping—those silent tears the epilogue to a noisy outburst that had served to exhaust her.

"Who's them do be comin' down the street now?" asked Mrs. Reilly, shading

her eyes with her hand—not because she could see any more clearly, but because the movement was habitual. "There's two—"

"On'y Dan Farrell and Tom Baker," answered another, somewhat testily, as she turned to look at the figures, slowly taking substance out of the darkness. "They'd know nothin' about the child. 'Tisn't Dan Farrell id bother his head over any one livin' but himself."

"Farrell!" sobbed Mrs. McCabe, from her position on the doorstep. "It's ill-luck to have aught to do with them Farrells. I might 'a' known somethin' id happen my little angel with Mollie Farrell that wild about her. Nothin' like that never happened afore—to none of my childher—an' it's all of Mollie Farrell. Oh, God help us, but to think of that poor little baby alone in this black night, ne'er a wan to heed her or look to her—"

She broke down again, sobbing bitterly. Her voice shrill with pain, floated into the dimly-lighted hall, where, on the lowest step of a flight of stairs, was seated a girl's figure, a slight figure, clad in a worn green dress, with a mop of dark hair hiding her face from view. Her body was bent almost to her knees, and her hands were clasped across them. They had tightened nervously at Mrs. McCabe's words—nor did they relax when Mrs. Reilly's milder tones reached her.

"Tut, woman! 'Tis the grief in you wrongs the girl. Mollie Farrell wouldn't hurt a fly the Lord made. And you know you'd 'a' lost Nonie last year on'y for the same Mollie Farrell— Ayeh! Dan Farrell! Did you see any sign of my man up yonder?"

The approaching figures had reached the door and stopped. He whom she addressed seemed inclined to enter the house, but his companion held his arm and urged him on, engaging his whole attention, so that he did not answer the woman's question. She muttered under her breath at him. The crouching form upon the stairs shot up to an erect posture, as the disputing voices of the two young men came to her ears, and a pair of elfish eyes gleamed from under that shock of hair. The next moment she was on her feet, with a name on her lips.

"Dan!"

She darted out of the hallway, startling the women. Dan Farrell had yielded to his companion's persistence, but she ran quickly after them. "Dan, Dan!" she called again. Her brother turned, almost mechanically. There was something more than the usual entreaty in those young tones—an undercurrent of pain. And Dan heard it. But his friend tugged at his arm.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "How long will the fellers wait, do you think?"

The girl stretched out one hand, imploringly, pushing back the mop of hair from her eyes with the other.

"Say, Dan, mom got home early an' she made a bit of soda-cake, an' there's tea on the fire. Will you come up an' have some, Dan? You can come, too, Tom Baker, 'cause mom's asleep by this time, sure—"

"What do men want with tea and soda-cake?" asked Tom Baker, his laugh the loud and lordly one of a boy of twenty. "Little girl, run home!"

"Go on," said Dan Farrell, spurred to command by the scorn in his friend's voice. "Whatcher doin' down here, anyhow? It's twelve o'clock."

"'Tisn't!" cried his sister, indignantly.

"Well, it's near it. Go upstairs. I don't want no one runnin' after me."

The girl stood staring at their receding figures, her hand still outstretched, the other pushing back her hair. Intense disappointment was her chief expression. Slowly, then, her arm dropped to her side, and she came back

to the doorway from which she had just issued. Mrs. McCabe ostentatiously turned her head away. No one spoke, and no one would have spoken save that Mrs. Reilly, in the compassion of her heart, did not like to let the girl feel that all were unfriendly.

"You're too young to be worryin' yet, child," she said. "Wait till you have to. Wait till it's your man you're afther, with every cent of his week's pay in his pocket. Then you can fret," went on this cheerful comforter, in tones meant to carry with them, the utmost consolation. "Lord, dear! A baby an' a drunken man are always lucky, as I was just this blessed minute tellin' Mis' McCabe here. Don't bother, but go to bed as he told you."

Without vouchsafing so much as a single glance by way of reply, Mollie passed inside. Accustomed to rebuffs from Dan, whom she worshiped, she could bear them patiently—yet she was proud enough to resent any remark, no matter how sympathetic, from one she considered an outsider. And her heart was sore because of another thing: the lost baby had been her care almost since its birth. Mrs. McCabe was wont to say that she had never known a moment's thought for Nonie because of Mollie Farrel. So that the girl—a child, really—felt that in some way she had neglected her duty. She was worried and anxious as the mother dare be, and this, allied to the bitter comments she had overheard, made her suffer still more deeply.

Mollie Farrell could never find words to express either her sorrow or her joy—not even afterwards, when she learned the value of words. But she felt all that she could not utter. In this life that "begins with a scream, and ends with a moan," deep comprehension is sometimes given to dumb souls—those souls that can but bow the head in mute thankfulness or silent resignation.

When she reached the top floor—and to do this there were four long and weary flights to climb—her first movement was toward the bedroom. She stood listening, anxious to assure herself that her mother still slept. Satisfied on this point, she stealthily added coal, bit by bit, to the fire, placing each black lump with careful fingers on the embers beneath. She did not want her mother to awaken and scold her for such extravagance. Then she moved the teapot nearer the heat—all this done hoping against hope that Dan would repent of his folly and return.

Seating herself at the table then, she pulled a threadbare sock over one hand, while with unskilled fingers she tried to darn it—in and out, as she had seen her mother do in the few spare moments that were hers after the long day's toil. The task was distasteful, but the mother had thrown them from her in anger that very evening, declaring that not another penny would she spend on Dan until he earned it. And so those thin red fingers worked the coarse needle in and out of the holes, making unsightly little bunches—sufficient to fill the gaps, but leaving everything to be desired in the way of neatness.

It is a scene the like of which any one can see at midnight in New York City's great East Side—this poor room in which Mollie Farrell sat now, with its poor furnishing, its bareness, its ineffectual striving after cleanliness, its dim light helping to accentuate the poverty of the whole. A touching scene. And whether the story of Mollie Farrell will interest the reader, I cannot venture to predict. It will, if he cares for truth; it will if he wishes to know the life of one real little daughter of the people, who lifted her head from the Slough of Despond—which here is aimlessness—and opened those eyes through which her great soul

shone, upon the world that had been and the world she created for herself.

Gradually the stitches grew slower and still more slow, the dark head drooped until it rested on her bosom. She shook herself impatiently, and continued the uninteresting task, rising once to replenish the fire as before. The hours wore on. They were not peaceful hours. Outside the rain had ceased, and the moon was shining. The street was filled with discordant noises; with cat-calls and the loud mouthing of a harmonica; the swift patter of feet; the scoldings of a wakeful wife greeting her liege lord; the sound of opening windows and many voices in expostulation, as the liege lord objected strenuously to his wife's welcome; derisive words of advice. But even these ceased at last, and silence reigned. The sock fell from the little girl's hand, hung on her knee a moment, fell then to the floor. Only a child in years, she slept as healthy children do—heavily, profoundly, without dreams or forebodings. The coal burned up red, exhausted its vitality, died away to gray ashes. Mollie moved and muttered a little as the room grew chilly.

And the moonlight, the tender moonlight, streamed in through the window on the rough floor. It crept around until it touched her hair, and then her face, and her hands, and her whole figure, enveloping her like a benediction. Her breath was soft and regular as an infant's. The worried gravity—its habitual expression—had left her face.

Nothing disturbed her. She did not hear heavy footsteps on the stairs outside, nor the joyous scream with which Mrs. McCabe welcomed back her lost offspring; nor did the loud-voiced explanations of the finding of the little one trouble, for an instant, the quiet of her repose. But a pleasant dream stooped down to her out of the Shadowland of slumbers. She thought that she was holding the little Nonie in her arms. . . . The little hands were about her neck. . . . The little lips were kissing her. . . . She smiled—and the smile lighted up that dark face to a gentle peace that was almost beautiful.

And so the last hour of Mollie Farrell's childhood passed away.

At the end of it there came the patter of feet up those oil-clothed stairs once more, with a pause at the top, and the sound of heavy breathing. Cautiously, fearfully, some one moved along the hall, bent to the keyhole, listened. All was silent as the grave. Then a voice called tremblingly:

"Mollie!"

No answer from those sleeping lips. He turned the knob, shaking it violently, and this time she who had waited for him often, under similar circumstances, sat bolt upright.

"Mollie, Mollie!" he called again, even more urgently, a quiver of fear in his voice, and his labored breathing reached her. Swiftly she ran across the room and slipped back the bolt.

Her brother staggered in.

But what a spectacle! His head bare, his clothes tossed, his eyes wild with terror, his cheek covered with blood from a wound on his forehead, from which a tiny stream of red was still flowing.

Mollie Farrell was in training in a hard, hard school. She did not cry out at the dreadful sight of him, but shut the door, double-bolting it this time. The water in the kettle was still warm, and taking down the tin basin that hung over the kitchen sink she poured some into it.

"Be quiet, Dan," she said. "You'll wake mother."

For the lad had thrown himself face downward on the rickety sofa. He was shaking with fear or horror or both, his breath coming in deep sobs.

"What is it?" she whispered. She was growing afraid of his silence.

"Oh, Mollie, I've killed him! I've killed him! I've killed Tom Baker!"

The girl reeled. Her mental vision took in the calamity, and she stared at him with widely-opened eyes, unable to speak or to move. Then a passionate hope struck her. This was the raving of a disturbed mind; his imagination was running away with him.

"Wash your face," she commanded, imperatively. "Here—this minute."

He obeyed that imperious tone, being in no condition to protest. But his teeth chattered, and his hands shook, and his eyes were starting out of his ghastly countenance. He tried to remove the stains from cheek and forehead, and took the towel she handed to him, flinging it away a moment later, as the realization of what had happened was borne home to him again.

"I've done it, I tell you! I've killed Tom Baker!" He shrieked the words at the top of his lungs. "He threw a glass at me—and when I felt it crash— Oh, I went mad, I must 'ave been mad!" He shuddered. "Mollie, my God! Mollie, he's dead. He's dead, an' I've killed him!"

Roused by the noise, Mrs. Farrell appeared in the doorway of the bedroom, hastily throwing a skirt over her night apparel. And just then, for the third time that eventful night, there came other feet along the hall. Heavy and slow they came, every step a knell of doom to the guilty, trembling boy. Mollie gripped her brother's hand in an agony of fear. The mother, with a scream at the terror in both their faces, sprang toward her son, throwing herself on her knees, putting up both her arms, encircling him. And, in solemn tone, came the awful injunction:

"Open this door! Open, in the name of the law!"

CHAPTER II.

AN UNPROMISING HEROINE.

Mollie had run after the younger of the two policemen; one of them was already down the stairs, his hand on Dan's arm. She clutched at the blue sleeve, and her fingers were like a vise. The man could not see her face, but he pitied the fear in her voice.

"What will they do to Dan?" she asked. "What will they do to him?"

He hesitated.

"I can't say—no one can say—unless the other fellow dies."

She went back again. Mrs. Farrell was tearing at her hair, beating her breast, shrieking at the top of her lungs. The neighbors in the adjoining apartments—Nonie McCabe's mother included—were with her, trying to comfort her. There was a haze over Mollie's eyes. She fell into a chair and crouched in it, her body drawn up, her arms locked about her knees, her chin settled forward, her black hair tumbling over her burning, mist-filled, blacker orbs.

"What will they do to Dan?"

She said never a word—uttered never a cry—but the sentence pounded its way into her brain—thump, thump! thump, thump! What—will—they do—to—Dan? How it frightened her. How her her heart throbbed in unison with the beating of her nerves. What—will—they—do—to—Dan!

One by one the women withdrew. Mrs. Farrell had grown calmer. She was lying on the sofa, sobbing, sobbing—but tired now. Mollie could not stir until the last one had gone. Then she moved from her cramped position, and stole softly across the room to her mother's side. She could not speak—she would not know what to say; she could not caress her; children of the people are not demonstrative. So she sat down again, pressing her body close to the sofa, and

stared into her mother's face, straining after words in the silence, straining after a single expression that would convey her sympathetic presence to the elder woman.

But nothing came.

Instead, she set her teeth into her under lip to keep back that shuddering question: What—will—they—do—to—Dan! That sentence hurt her—she must not say it aloud. What would her mother do if ever she said those words? What would her mother do?

So Mrs. Farrell lay prostrate, sobbing and moaning, until, toward the dawn, she fell into a troubled sleep, and the girl crouched lower and lower; after a little, when she felt that the other would be unconscious of it, she rested her head against her dress, taking comfort from the touch. So day broke and found them there. The mother sleeping, with white worn face and drooping mouth; the daughter crouching, her big black eyes fixed unseeingly upon vacancy.

The news spread like wildfire. In a little while every one in the neighborhood had heard of the tragedy which had taken place the previous night. Nor were the facts exaggerated. Tom Baker was indeed lying at death's door, his assailant a prisoner. The occupants of the tall tenement whose topmost story sheltered the Farrells swelled with importance that long Sunday every time the occurrence was mentioned. They were surprised to see only two paragraphs about it in the papers. But that was because it had happened so late—Monday would probably find a whole page given to it—maybe with Dan Farrell's photograph and Tom Baker's. Maybe, too, there'd be a picture of the block itself! No wonder they felt important.

Even those who had the slightest speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Farrell felt it a pressing duty to call on her and condole with her—only incidentally, of course, consumed with curiosity to see how she bore up under "her trouble." There was a sort of melancholy pride in the greeting she gave to each newcomer. She was the centre of attraction. "His poor mother!" said her friends, leaving her. "His poor mother!" said those who did not know her. "God help his poor mother!" was the salutation that met her ears. For a woman who had excited nothing but trivial interest in all her long and toilsome life, there was a pitiful pleasure in thus occupying such a position. Besides that, the homely comfort they tried to give was causing a reaction, and before the afternoon had ended she was fully convinced that young Baker would not die, and that Dan's release was merely the matter of a few days.

Mollie could not define the feeling of disgust that crept over her. She loved her mother dearly—but if only those people would stay outside, and leave them to bear their grief in solitude! She stole off into the bedroom, her eyes tearless and shining. Nor did she go to Mass that day—for the curious stares of those who knew her would cause her to sink to earth with shame. Some one told her that Nonie McCabe was at home. What was Nonie McCabe to her now? That was such a trifle—the finding of Nonie McCabe.

What—will—they—do—to—Dan?

Her poor little brain was tortured with visions. That miserable bedroom became, over and over again, a stage on which were enacted Dan's trial and Dan's execution. She pictured Tom Baker's death-bed; she saw his face, white and rigid in its last sleep—and then Dan, her brother Dan!

Her fevered brain could bear no more. She covered her eyes with her hands and pressed her elbows close to her thin breast to stifle the moans that would draw unwelcomed attention upon her.

And into this loneliness and seclusion toddled a pair of little feet, and loving baby hands drew those hands down, and a loving baby voice whispered in her ear:

"Nonie's *so* lonesome without her Mollie," she said. "Poor Nonie got losted without her Mollie. Don't cry no more, Mollie—Nonie's come back. Nonie'll never get losted again."

* * * *

Troubles come and joys; troubles go as well as joys. And none who suffer, no matter how deep the pain, and none who rejoice, no matter how overwhelming the delight, can disturb the ordinary course of human events, can evade the call of necessity. Monday morning dawned. Tom Baker's condition remained unchanged, and the mother of the boy who had struck him was informed that he could not live, that his hours, perhaps his very minutes, were numbered. Down, with a crash, fell the false hopes that had buoyed her up; she faced the inevitable, she realized that her son, her Dan, her darling, was to bear forever upon his forehead the brand of Cain.

The fact that she could not take a single day to nurse her sorrow was but a proof of how close are the cares and duties of life to its greatest tragedies. Daily need called loudly. She was the breadwinner, even she. So she started out upon the weary round of the week again, bearing upon her shoulders a newer and a heavier burden. Her eyes were swollen, her lips were set in a piteous curve, for hers was not a repressed nature, and she could not keep back her grief. She did not know how to wear a mask. Very few women like her ever do. Their hearts are in their simple, honest faces, and in the spontaneous giving of their outstretched hands. Dan had been her idol. She had pardoned his faults and tolerated his carelessness with true mother-leniency, than which there is no greater saving God's. His disgrace was more bitter than his death would have been, but even at that, fear for his future swallowed up all other thoughts, so that what was faded into insignificance before what might be. Two of her neighbors were at the door—and she stopped.

"It's a sthrange, bitter world," she said, making no allusion to her sorrow, knowing they would understand. "A quare world—God help us that have to live in it an' give us strength to do our best."

They sighed in sympathy, looking after her as she passed on, walking slowly, as if each step were painful. Her slight figure seemed shrunken and old. Their faces expressed the deepest concern.

"Poor woman, poor woman, it's mighty hard on her," said Mrs. McCabe, fully recovered from her own sorrow now that Nonie had been restored to her.

"So 'tis," said Mrs. Reilly. "But he was a bad boy always—not worth his salt. An' Farrell himself was a miserable head to her, Lord 'a' mercy on him."

"She's had her own share o' throuble, God help us."

"She's had that same. 'Taint over yet."

"On'y beginnin', seems like."

"Thrue, indeed."

The sallow-faced child who had followed her mother down-stairs, moved nearer to them. With the last glimpse of that mother's form, which she gazed after until it was entirely lost to sight, seemed to pass, too, all hope for Dan. She felt alone and useless. She could do nothing, though her poor little heart ached so to be of service to the one she loved. Seen now in the light of day, Mollie Farrell was unprepossessing—almost forbidding. She was fifteen years old, but no one would imagine so, since in build and in appearance she looked like a child of twelve. That mop of black hair hung habitually down into

those elfish eyes, giving her a wild expression. A miserable little creature enough—poor food, poor air, poor surroundings, combining to make her repulsive. Mrs. McCabe's unfriendly glance traveled over her from top to toe.

"It's workin' a big girl like you ought to be," she said. "An' not have that mother o' yours slavin' her fingers to the bone for the two of ye."

The answer Mollie flung back at her was not the retort courteous. Being in a particularly savage and restless mood, not much was needed to provoke her. Besides that, she and Mrs. McCabe were natural enemies, with but one ground of neutrality, the little Nonie. She threw all sophism to the winds and faced her.

"'Tisn't a great lot of work *you* ever do!' she said, with trenchant sarcasm. "And no one would have to look at you twice to find it out, either."

Mrs. McCabe flushed. A careless woman was she, with a brood of unkempt youngsters, whose condition seldom varied—excepting only Nonie's, Mollie's particular charge. "As dirty as Timmie McCabe" had passed into proverb. "The clean little McCabe" they called the baby, by way of contrast. She turned on the girl now with a very red face.

"G'long, ye thrawneen!" she said. "Ye'll come to a bad end, yet—it's in you. As bad an end as your murdherin' brother."

"Tut!" cried Mrs. Reilly. "Don't be predictin' things like that to an orphan, woman! 'Tis not the child's fau't that she has a bad brother, an' it ain't nice to be throwin' it up to her. But you *could* try to do more," with a disapproving shake of her head.

Mollie's answer was a laugh—more insulting than any words. Mrs. Reilly turned away.

"It's a good licking you want," asseverated Mrs. McCabe.

"Well," said Mollie, tossing her black mane. "Lots of people are good at layin' down laws—"

"What's this, now, what's this!" cried a voice that startled the three. A tall figure loomed up beside the girl, and a hand was placed on her shoulder. "A little thing like you saucing any one older than her? Shame!"

"It's a good specimen she is, docther," said Mrs. McCabe, bobbing and smiling as the young man raised his hat. "But it's on'y what wan may expect. Look at her now, man dear, look at her."

She was squirming like an eel in the grasp of the sinewy hand that held her. John Rollinson, who had a remarkably stern face for one so young in years, glanced down at her,—and that searching glance seemed to exasperate her beyond endurance. She ceased struggling and threw her head back, turning on the two women.

"I never said nothing to you! You're plaguing me to death, both of you! You're jest dyin' to tell him what happened to Dan, ain't you?" She bit the words off savagely, and John Rollinson's grasp tightened. She looked up at him with a red gleam in her eyes, then. "Dan's killed Tom Baker," she said, harshly. "Yes, and been took for it. And he'll get the chair, see if he don't."

Poor Mollie! She had put into words at last her terrible fear of what they would do to Dan!

"Good God!" said John Rollinson.

"Indeed, yes, docther!" said Mrs. McCabe. "It'll break his poor mother's heart—"

With a sudden twist of her body, Mollie threw herself against the young man, and her mouth came in contact with his thumb. A quick, sharp bite, a hasty exclamation of pain, and she was speeding up the stairs, laughing shrilly as she ran. But the laugh was a sad one in its seeming triumph.

"Would you mind that, Mis' McCabe!"

cried Mrs. Reilly, in an awestruck tone. "She drew the blood on him! I'm afeared, sir, there's a black dhrop somewhere in them Farrells—"

Rollinson took out his handkerchief and wrapped a corner of it about his thumb.

"It's my own fault," he said, coolly. "I had no right to detain her against her will. What was that she said? Her brother, what?"

Whereupon, for she had been longing to hear this question, Mrs. McCabe entered upon a lengthy and garbled account of the tragic occurrence. At heart Dan Farrell was not a bad boy—this John Rollinson in his two years' acquaintance with these particular people, had discovered. Impulsive, good-tempered, kind enough in his own way to his little and only sister, who gave him, in return, a fidelity and worship that had helped to spoil him. His round, freckled face, his humorous blue eyes, and his wide mouth always parted in a grin, were safe indexes to his happy-go-lucky disposition. No one who knew him could dream him capable of committing, with intent, the deed of which he was accused.

John Rollinson listened gravely, patiently, as both women volubly raced with each other in their anxiety to get at the telling points.

"Tom Baker never amounted to much, anyway," he said, in a thoughtful manner, when Mrs. McCabe finished.

"No, he did not," agreed she at once, scenting which way the young man's sympathies tended.

"'Twas what they had in them done it," said Mrs. Reilly. "Tom said Dan hadn't paid—"

"One word led to another," chimed in Mrs. McCabe.

"An' out went Dan's fist and caught him undher the ear—"

"An' down he went, smashin' the back of his head on the flure—"

"An' he ain't expected to live till mornin'—"

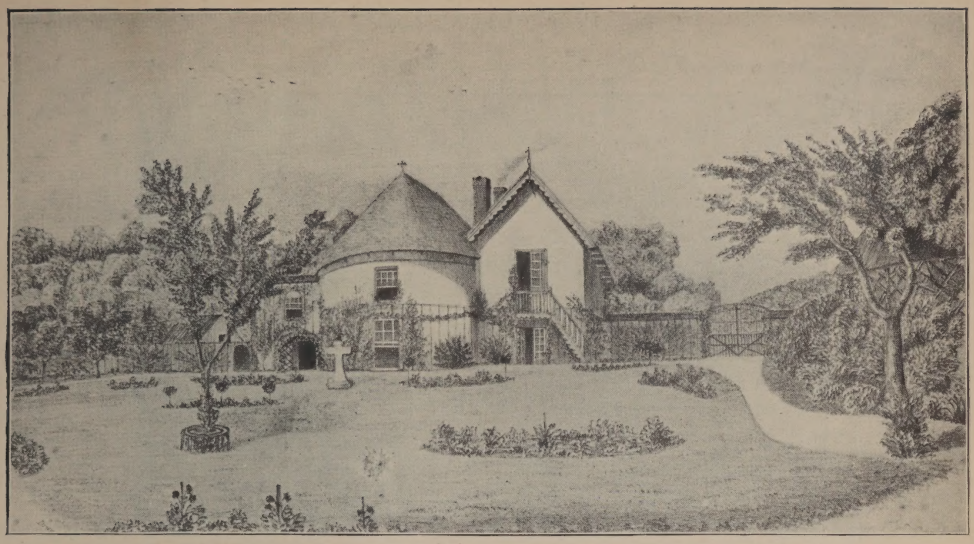
"Now, then, he done it dacint," capped Mrs. McCabe. "'Twas but the blow of a fist, docther, an' no dirty dago thricks about him, at all, at all."

"He was always ready with his fists, was Dan," said Mrs. Reilly.

"Humph! A little too ready!" said Rollinson. "He'll find that out to his cost if the fellow dies."

And without any further comment on the situation he went about his business.

To be continued.



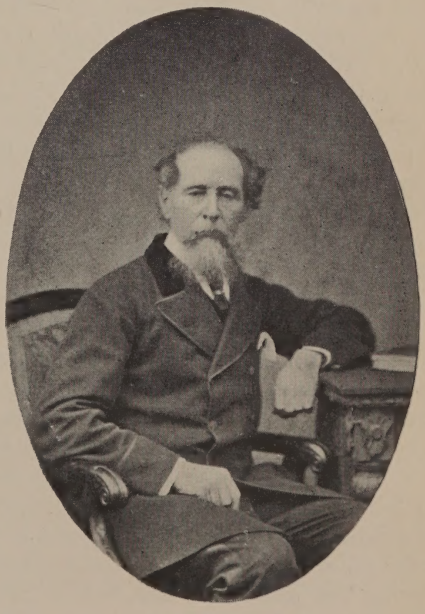
SHILLINGFORD CROSS COTTAGE, DEVON.
My Father's residence from 1835 to 1844. It was here that I became acquainted with Charles Dickens and his parents.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

It would be next to impossible for any one whom God has spared for upwards of fourscore years, whose life has been spent in the world, and not in a Trappist monastery or in a hermit's cell, not to have met with many whom his fellow creatures have justly regarded as celebrities. Moreover, in most of such meetings an impression is made which often remains indelible as long as life itself shall last. Looking back upon my past career I cannot call to mind any whose names are worthy of being recorded in this essay who have influenced me for evil, but on the other hand I have been singularly fortunate, or rather I ought to say eminently privileged by God to meet with many who were like guiding stars for me, to point the way both by precept and example and thus to help me to persevere in carrying out my vocation, so that thus in a very insignificant manner no doubt I should do something for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Finding at the outset that it would be necessary to adopt a method so that I might preserve some order, and thus pre-



CHARLES DICKENS.

TORR ABBEY HOUSE, TORQUAY.
I was received into the Church and baptized here, August 15, 1843.

vent my wayward memory from running hither and thither, during more than threescore years and ten, the allotted days of an ordinary life, according to Holy Scripture, I decided to divide my career into seven epochs: 1st. The years of childhood until maturity: 2nd. From the time of leaving the parental roof to settle down in London, and my conversion to the Catholic Faith there: 3rd. From my conversion until leaving the world to become a religious: 4th. From that period until my ordination as a priest: 5th. The years of my residence in Scotland: 6th. During my long residence in Ireland: 7th. After my return to England, and up to the time of my being removed to Manitoba in Canada.

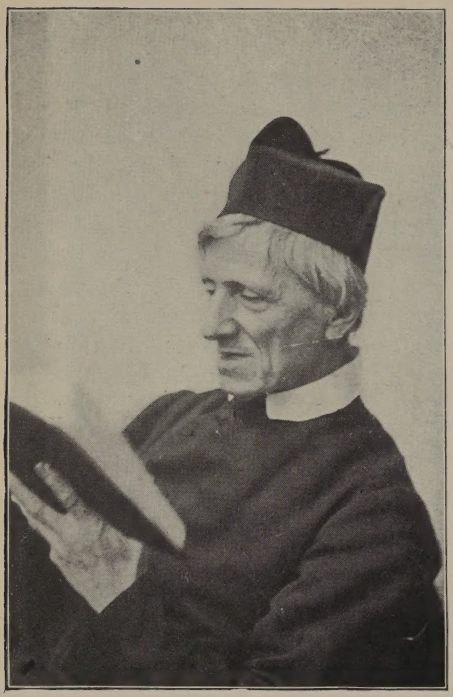
During the first epoch in my life I did not, of course, meet with many who could be numbered as celebrities, though there was at least one, the mention of whose name would probably claim a livelier interest than the majority of those to whom I shall have to refer later on. My father was a professional man in the city of Exeter, where we all of us resided during the winter months, but he rented a house and large garden in the village of Shillingford, which was about three miles from the city. This house was called Shillingford Cross Cottage, because in the front of the house on the lawn was the base of the old village cross, which had been restored by the proprietor, a retired surgeon from London. During the summer months we used to drive out into the country at four o'clock after business hours, and return to Exeter about ten o'clock the following morning. About midway between the two houses in the suburban district of Alphington, dwelt the Dickens' family, consisting of the father and mother and young brother of Charles Dickens, the eminent novelist. Being on very friendly terms with them we used to call on them often and invite them to spend the evening with us. Charles Dickens himself did not, of course, reside with his relatives, but he invariably paid them two prolonged visits every year, and on these occasions he also was our guest. He was exceedingly fond of his little brother whom he called Boz, and at one of his visits homewards he was nursing this young brother on his knee when he said to him: "Boz, I am going to write a book and I shall call it 'Sketches by

Boz,' so that everyone will think that it was written by you. As soon as it is printed I shall send you a copy." His father ridiculed the idea and told him he had better stick to business. Very soon afterwards, however, a beautifully-bound copy of the first edition of these "Sketches" was received by the young Boz, and I often saw and handled it. I had a pet dog, a tan terrier, whom I had dubbed Boz. One of the peculiarities of this dog was that whenever any visitors came to see us at the cottage he used to run wildly about in the excess of his delight. Being fond of flowers, I had on the lawn some beds of bulbs and other plants, of which I was quite proud, but the dog being no respecter of tulips or hyacinths would dash in and out amongst them and break them without remorse. I would then run after the mischief-maker and threaten him with being locked up in the stable if he would not be quiet. The young Dickens, when he thus heard me threatening my dog, Boz, thought I meant to lock him up in the stable, and ran crying to ask his father and mother to take him home. I remember how amused Charles Dickens was when he heard this story.

The novelist was an ardent admirer of my mother and he manifested this sentiment so unmistakably that my mother, who was by no means deficient in shrewdness, saw that he was drawing her out, so to speak, and one day, when we were all taking tea together, she said to him in the hearing of us all: "Charles, I begin to be afraid that thee art going to put me into one of thy books. Now I beg that thee won't think of anything of the sort, for nothing would give me greater annoyance." He at once told her that he actually had entertained such an intention, but that at her request he would renounce the idea forever. Before taking leave of this excellent and talented man I must mention that a few years later, when I went to live in London, I called on Mr. and Mrs. Dickens who then resided at Devonshire House, near Regent's Park, and was invited to come and take breakfast with them any morning that I wished, at ten o'clock, an invitation which I gladly accepted. I invariably received a warm and hospitable welcome.

I may mention that the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, put up at my father's house on two separate occasions, when he had been invited to

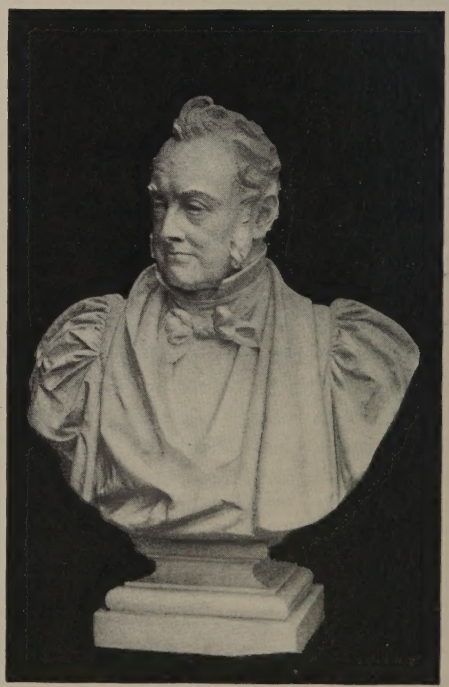
DAN MACLISE.



DR. NEWMAN.

address a public meeting in Exeter on the subject of temperance, and to administer the pledge, for my poor father, though no admirer of the Catholic priesthood, was an enthusiastic teetotaler.

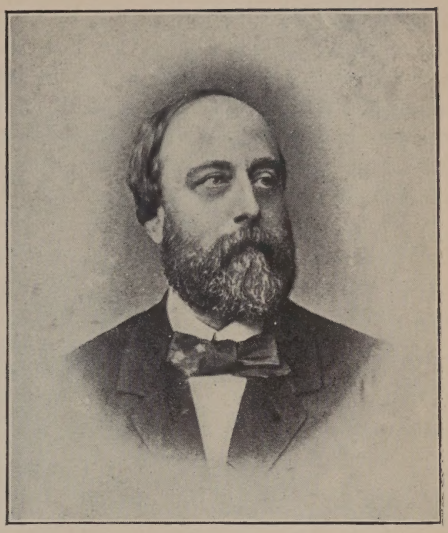
Soon after I became of age I went to live in London, the great over-grown metropolis of England, and it was during my residence there that my sphere, not merely of acquaintanceship but even of the closer bonds of friendship, was enlarged. I became intimate with a family, the eldest son of which was afterwards a member of Parliament. He was first cousin to Frederick Lucas. According to a well-known custom amongst business men he often invited me to his house, to breakfast. I remember meeting several celebrated artists on some of these occasions (the host being a patron of art), such as the two Landseers and their sister, all of them well-known painters, and the equally eminent artist, Dan Maclise of Cork. I shall never forget the facility with which the last-named of this group used to sketch off striking figures on odd scraps of paper, after the conclusion of our merry morning meal. Some cousins of mine lived in St. John's Wood, a suburb of London much frequented by actors, artists, sculptors, and great singers, and I often spent my evenings at their house. Mr. Francis Prideaux held an important appointment in the East India Company's service, for he was a noted linguist, and could make himself master of a new language or dialect after a few weeks' study. Thus, when he was quite a boy, he learnt the Gælic language by getting up a little earlier than the other members of the family, and holding conversations with an Irish servant as she cleaned the grates or dusted the furniture. Two doors distant from them lived the famous tragedienne, Madame Grisi, with whom they were very inti-



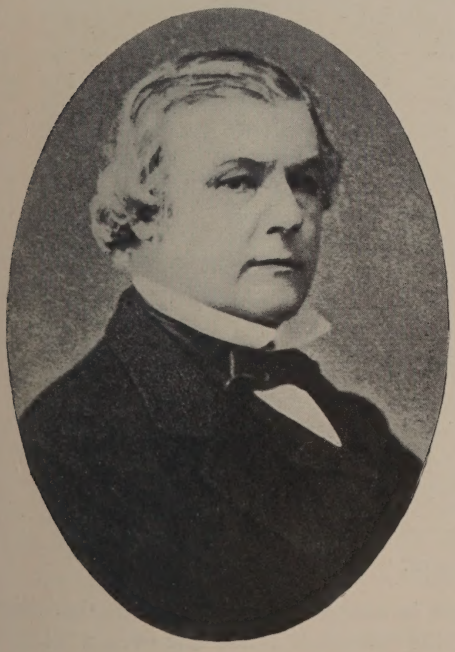
DR. WARD.

mate. On those nights when she and Signor Mario were not engaged at the opera, Mrs. Prideaux would put on her bonnet and run into their neighbor's house, and bring them to have a thoroughly enjoyable musical evening. On one occasion, Madame Grisi gave me tickets for the pit at the Italian Opera House, which admitted me there for a whole week.

But there were other friends besides these whose influence over me was of a very different description. The cousins whom I have just spoken of were not by any means the only relatives whom I could claim in London. In the history of my conversion I have spoken at length of an excellent family, a Dr. and Mrs. Fox and their children, who were model Catholics and at whose house I met many who were eminent as priests, either secular or religious, and a considerable number of whom were converts from the followers of Dr. Pusey. Dr. Fox was a cousin of my father, and was the son of another Dr. Fox who was physician to George III, and the first Catholic of that branch of the family. I may safely say that I never met with a holier couple than the two with whom I there became acquainted. Two of the bishops of the London district (for the Catholic hierarchy had not yet been restored in England) died in his arms, and his house was such a place of call and, I may add, a home for members of the Catholic clergy, that it went by the name of the Priests' House. Although I lived at the other side of London, for they resided in the heart of the city, near the procathedral of that day, St. Mary's, Moorfields, and I at the West End, I soon began to spend every Sunday with them, and thus I became acquainted with numerous excellent priests whose influence made lasting impressions upon me, more especially as I had never met any such ecclesiastics before. Thus I became intimate with many whom I should otherwise never have known. The first



COMTE DE CHAMBORD. HENRI V.



JAMES HOPE SCOTT, ABBOTSFORD.

Whose first wife was the grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott.

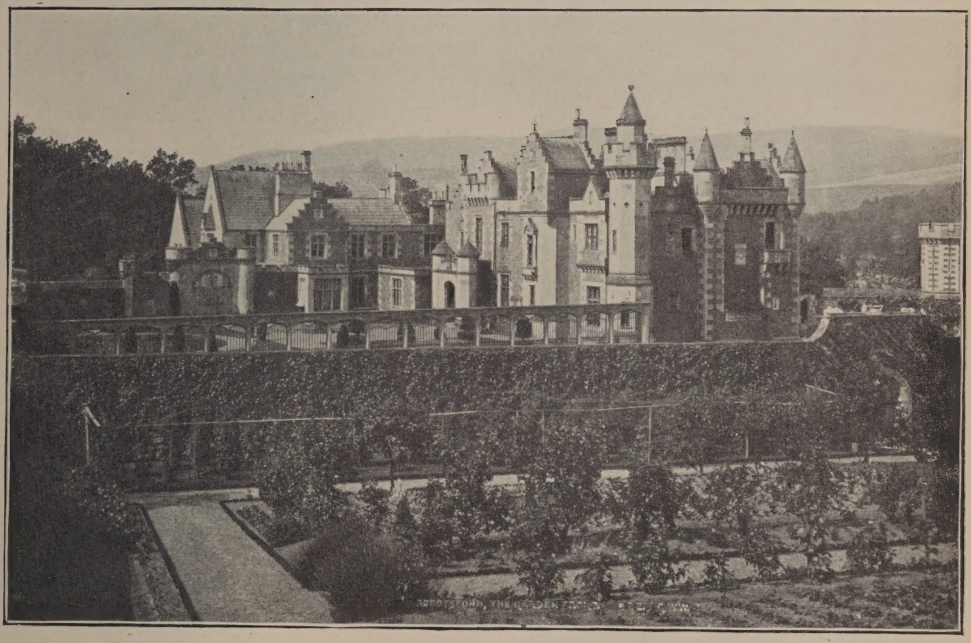
of these was the bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Griffiths, a very holy old man. He prophesied that I should become a Catholic before I dreamt of such an event being amongst the possibilities, and when my cousins wrote to him in Rome a few months later on to tell him that I had made up my mind to take that important step, he procured a beautiful rosary for me and had it blessed and indulgenced for me by Pope Gregory XVI, and then sent it to me. I still possess and make use of those precious beads. As I received it more than six months before I became a Catholic, in fact before I was baptized, my friends often twitted me with that fact, and declared that it was of no service to me, because as they asserted I was not even a Christian, but I was always ready to reply that the Holy Father being infallible knew what he was about, and that therefore

FATHER FABER.

the indulgences lay dormant until I was able to avail myself of the privilege of gaining them.

Among the most frequent visitors at the home of my cousins was the Very Rev. Dr. Cox, the President of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green, near London. He invited me to spend a week at the college, and I there made the acquaintance of Dr. Ward and his amiable wife, as I have already mentioned in the "History of My Conversion." Dr. Ward was the learned author of the "Ideal of a Christian Church," and other works. I also became acquainted at that time, and at subsequent visits to my cousins, with Canon Oakeley and Mr. Allies, who being a married man like Dr. Ward and having, like him, resigned a valuable living in the Anglican Church, was also reduced to the greatest poverty, and I know that for some time, until he obtained an appointment on the Catholic Education Board, he had to support himself and his family by the sale of jewelery (one piece after another) belonging to his wife. Besides these I must not omit Father Faber of whom I shall speak presently, Father Bridgett, and the Hon. and Rev. Father Plunkett, Redemptorists, Canon Hall and Father Doyle (Father Thomas of St. George's, Southwark) and Mgr. Gilbert.

Though my acquaintance with Father Faber commenced at that time, it by no means ended then. When I was at last a novice at Ashbourne in Derbyshire we had a Father Trudeau on a visit to us, and he proposed that we should visit a place called Cotton Hall which had been an ecclesiastical college before Oscot was erected, but was then occupied by a colony of converted Ritualists who changed the name of the house into St. Wilfrid's, called themselves the Brothers of the Will of God, and were under the leadership of Father Faber. At that time I was very unsettled, and was so unhappy



ABBOTSFORD.

The Seat of Sir Walter Scott. Where I said my first Mass, August 15, 1853.

under the privations and discomforts I had to contend with, that I was very near losing my vocation, and I availed myself of the opportunity of consulting Father Faber. He asked me if I had read the life of St. Rose of Lima, which he had lately published. On my replying in the negative he made me a present of the book and begged me to write to him when I should have read it. When I had finished doing so I wrote to tell him that all my temptations had vanished and that

CARDINAL CULLEN

I was determined to imitate that first flower of the Indies, and put up with the trials that assailed me. I always felt that under God and my Immaculate Mother I owed my perseverance in the religious state to this holy man and wise director. Some years afterwards I called to see him at the Oratory, Brompton, not long before his lamented death, and I also received the following letter from him in answer to a letter which I had written to him, asking permission to insert some of his beautiful hymns in a prayerbook which I was publishing for use in our missions:

"LONDON, Nov. 10, 1861.

My dear Rev. Father:

You are most welcome to the use you have made of my hymns, or any further use you may ever wish to make of them. It can only be a great pleasure to me that anything of mine should be honored by the use of your excellent and respected Congregation, or that I should have even this diminutive share in your apostolic labors.

Will you please thank Dr. Warren for me very warmly for his great kindness in sending me that superb copy of your 'Manual.'

Begging a remembrance in your prayers, believe me, dear Rev. Father,

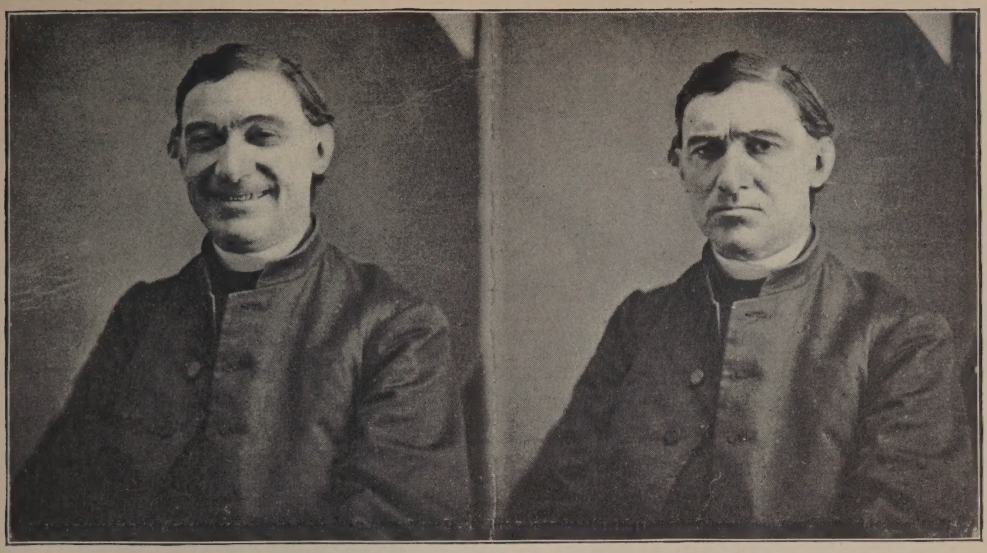
Faithfully yours in Jesus and Mary,

F. W. FABER.

The Rev. Father Lawrence Fox, O. M. I.,
House of Retreat, Inchicore, Dublin."

It was melancholy indeed to see him as I did at our last interview. He had grown enormously stout, a symptom of the disease from which he was then suffering and of which he died soon afterwards. He was unable to rise from his chair without assistance, but his mind was as clear as ever. I could not but call to my remembrance that a similar description was given of the state of the Angelical Doctor, in the life of the great theologian, St. Thomas of Aquin. When I called at the Oratory to enquire for Father Faber, the brother porter told me it would be impossible for me to see him, but that he would take my message to him, and when he delivered it Father Faber insisted on my being brought to his room, and I felt then, as I do still, that a greater honor could not have been conferred upon me than that of being admitted into the presence, at such a time, of one whom I had reason to regard as a dying saint.

As a supplement to what I have above stated with regard to Father Faber I must add that he was not the only Oratorian whose friendship I was privileged to enjoy about that time. Thus I knew



FATHER TOM BURKE.

"It is better to LAUGH at Mr. Froude than to FROWN on Him."

[*Father Tom Burke's last lecture against Froude.*]

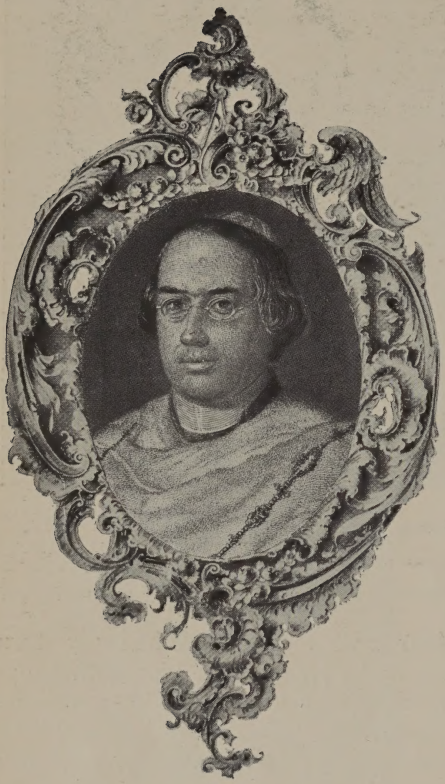
Father Dalgairns well, and also Father St. John, and one who was more eminent than any of them, Cardinal Newman. I went to listen to some of the lectures that were given by the last mentioned in the Old Oratory in King William Street, near Trafalgar Square. He used to read these lectures, but he had a habit of resting one hand on his manuscript, and after a little while of removing the little desk or pulpit to his other side, and changing also the hand that rested thereon, and although no doubt he was for the most part reading what was written on the manuscript, he appeared to be looking on his audience whilst addressing them. I called upon him at the Oratory at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, after he had left the house in London, and the last time I had the honor of seeing him was after he had been raised to the cardinalate. He had gone to spend a week with his dear friend and devoted pupil, the Duke of Norfolk. He held on that occasion two formal receptions, one day being devoted to the laity, and the other to members of the clergy, both secular and regular. When my turn came, and I knelt before him, both I myself and others near me could see that he recognized me after an interval of about twenty years. His Eminence put both his hands upon my head, which he pressed most lovingly, and, after I had kissed his ring, on my rising from my knees he smiled affectionately on me. That this was evident to those near me was proved by a remark made to me a few minutes later by a priest who had just received his benediction. He said to me, "I did not know that you were so well acquainted with the Cardinal, as his reception of you proved so clearly to us all." I here introduce a copy of an autograph letter in my possession which was written to a friend of mine who was a convert of Father Newman's, soon after his own reception into the Church.

"BIRMINGHAM, April 13, 1883.

Dear Miss Mitchell:

I have much pleasure in hearing from you, and am glad of the occasion of writing to you in answer.

It does not require many words to give my blessing as I gladly do to the pious un-



CARDINAL WISEMAN.

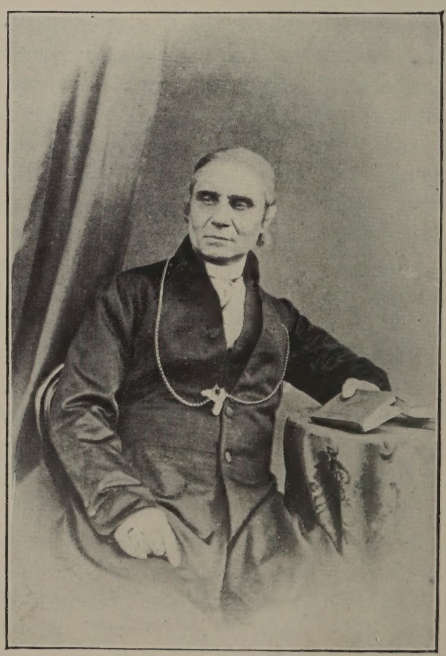
dertaking in which Father Fox takes so special an interest.

Believe me to be, dear Miss Mitchell,
Sincerely yours,
JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

To Miss Mitchell,
35 St. George's Road,
Abbey Road, West Hampstead,
London, N.W."

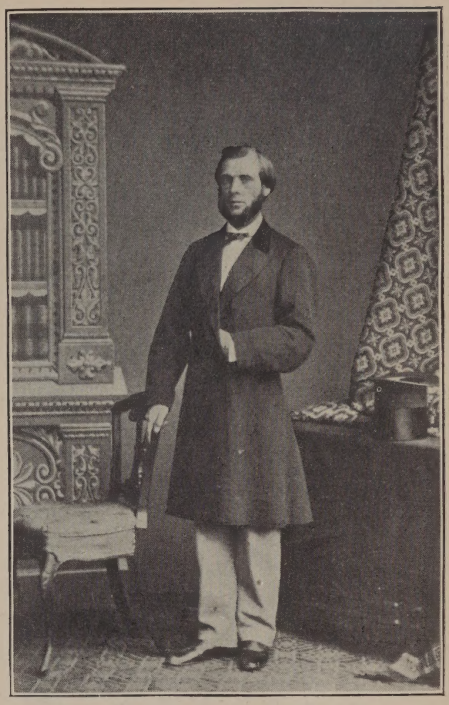
When I was visiting Autun, in the South of France, to take part in a retreat which was preached to the superiors of all our houses in France, Corsica, England, Ireland and Scotland, I became acquainted with a venerable nun,—an invalid member of the Visitation Order there,—who sent me word that she would be glad if I would call to see her. She also was a convert of the great Oratorian, and she was delighted to avail herself of the opportunity of conversing with one who had had the privilege of knowing the good and learned man who was the instrument in the hands of God both of her conversion and her choice of the religious state. She asked one of the other nuns to show me the cell of their holy founder, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and the steps by which she had to mount to this secluded cell whenever their holy Mother de Chantal visited that venerable convent.

When I lost all my worldly friends and those who could have promoted my success as a professional man, by my becoming a Catholic, I had to leave London. I went back to my native county Devonshire, where I established myself in that beautiful watering place, Torquay. I remained there for five years and during that time, though far removed from those with whom I had come in contact hitherto, I was not without enlarging the circle of those whose friendship or acquaintance was a privilege for any young man.



RT. REV. DR GILLIS, BISHOP OF EDINBURGH

COUNT DE FLAVIGNY.



A. M. SULLIVAN, M P.

There was no Catholic church in Torquay at that time, but the old refectory of the monks at Torr Abbey, the property and residence of an ancient Catholic family, the Carys, was fitted up as a public chapel where Mass was said daily by the chaplain, who also had charge of any members of the church who were either residents of or visitors at Torquay. The Rev. Mr. MacDonnell, who baptized me and received me into the church, was the first regularly-appointed pastor of the place. Before his time it had been served by one priest after another, and most of them belonged to that excellent and suffering class, the members of the exiled clergy from France. Not one of these knew the English language, so, twice a year, a Jesuit priest from Ugbrook, Lord Clifford's place, a few miles distant, came to hear the confessions of those who wished to receive the sacraments.

One of these holy confessors of the Faith, the Abbé Signol, lived in lodgings in the town, about a mile from the Abbey, and in going to his home every morning after saying Mass he had to pass by a shop in the windows of which he saw some cheese. Determining to purchase, he hunted in his dictionary for the English word for *fromage*. He discovered that it was cheese, but imagined that the ch was pronounced hard as if with a k, so on the following morning he entered the shop, and seeing a young lady behind the counter, he lifted his hat and bowing politely to her he said, "My dear Meese, will you give me a keese." This alarming salutation alarmed the young lady so much that she ran into the parlor behind the shop and cried out, "Father, there's an old man outside who has insulted me and has asked me to give him a kiss." Her father did not seek

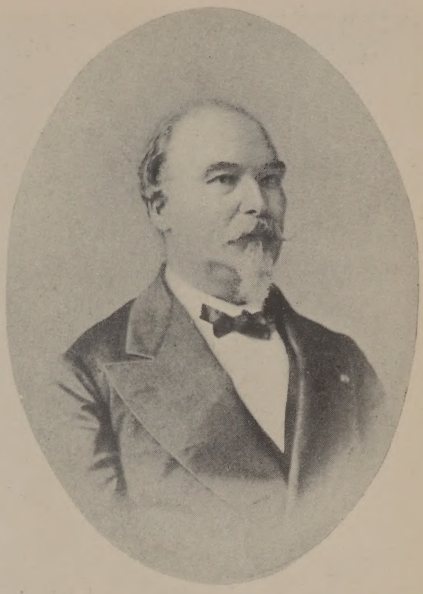
MOST REV. DR, McGETTIGAN D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

for any explanation, but catching up a walking stick he reached the shop, and there belabored the good old priest most savagely. The following morning when taking breakfast with the family at the Abbey, after Mass, as usual, he related what had happened to him, and Mr. Cary offered to walk with him to his lodgings. The family who owned the shop were tenants of Mr. Cary, and they felt highly honored at their landlord's entering into their humble place of business, but they were equally amazed to find him leading thither the rude old man whom they had treated so barbarously on the previous day. After Mr. Cary had explained matters they all became great friends, and shook hands as a token of reconciliation. The upshot of this apparently lamentable mistake took place just before I went to live in Torquay. An English-speaking priest having been appointed to the place, the whole family applied to him for instruction and, as a result of the edification they had received from the injured Abbé, they were all received into the Church. I need only add that as long as the French priest remained at Torquay they supplied him not only with all the cheese he wanted, but with all other groceries he required, free of charge.

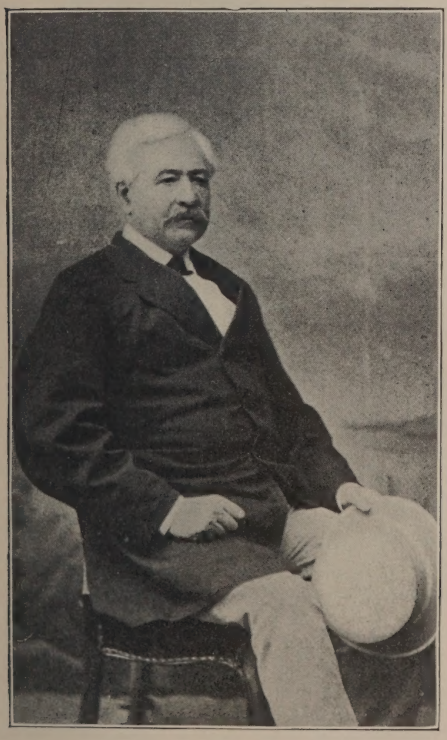
About two years after I went to live in Torquay a most distinguished visitor came to the town in the person of the Comte de Chambord, the Duc de Bordeaux, whom the Legitimists always called Henri Cinq. He was accompanied by Mons. Barraud, his secretary and former tutor. Two young French gentlemen who were boarding with the pastor of the place in order to learn the English language, and who were great friends of mine, asked me to accompany them that we might pay our respects to this descendant of St. Louis. He received us graciously, and through his secretary explained to me that he was greatly interested in the geology of the neighborhood and was making a collection of the marbles, madre-pores and other fossils to be found there. I at once volunteered to obtain all I could for him, and he thanked me warmly for my offer. There is a celebrated cavern in the neighborhood of Torquay which is called Kent's Hole. It is of large extent and is much admired for its formations of stalagmite and stalactite, in its different halls as well as in the passages from one to the other. But the chief attraction consists of the enormous quantity of fossilized bones and many relics of prehistoric times, such as flint knives and arrowheads. A celebrated geologist and explorer, named Pengelly, who lived in Torquay and was a friend of mine had conducted a party, of which I was one, through the caves, and I immediately ap-

plied to him to help me in making up a collection for the Comte de Chambord. He gave me some valuable specimens and put me in the way of procuring many others. I thus gathered together a large boxful and sent them to the London address of his royal highness. Within a few days I received a letter of thanks from him through his secretary, Mons. Barraud.

While living in Torquay, I became acquainted with a prominent member of the Episcopal ranks in the Anglican hierarchy of that time, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, who built there a beautiful marine residence which he called Bishopstowe. His amiable wife, Mrs. Philpotts, who was an invalid, lived there almost entirely as the mild air of the place agreed better with her than that of the episcopal palace at Exeter.



VICOMTE O'NEILL DE TYRONE, 1872.

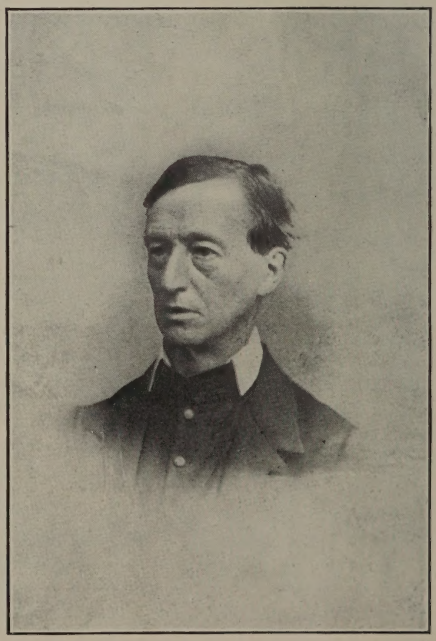


VICOMTE DE LESSEPS.

As soon as the house near Torquay was finished and furnished the good Bishop issued cards of invitation for an At Home. I was one of those who accompanied the large crowd that responded to this invitation, although it was well known then that I was a Catholic. The Bishop was a High Churchman and people said, whether truly or not, that he would have been a pronounced Ritualist but for prudential and political motives. The income of the occupants of the see of Exeter is one of the lowest of those sitting on the bench of bishops, and thus it is often regarded as a step to some other richer diocese, such as Durham, Winchester, London, and above all, Canterbury. Thus there were many who accused Dr. Philpotts of not openly encouraging the Ritualists for fear that he should not obtain promotion, for he was a pronounced politician and had many enemies. The church in Torquay, St. John's, which he favored with his presence whenever he was in the neighborhood, was served by a very advanced

V. REV. FATHER IGNATIUS SPENCER, C.P.

Puseyite, and many of his congregation professed the same opinions as himself. One of these, a wealthy young bachelor, bought four magnificent vases and used to have them supplied with the rarest natural flowers every Sunday. The vases were large, but the shelf on which they stood was rather narrow, which rendered them unsafe, so for the sake of security he had a string fastened around each and tied them thus to the reredos behind them. One Sunday the Bishop determined to make his public profession in opposition to the principles of the vicar of the parish, so after seating himself on his throne for a few moments he arose and solemnly mounted the steps of the predella. When he reached the communion table, which did duty for an altar, he pushed the vases on one side and then on the other, hoping that there would be a crash when they reached the stone floor, but being securely fastened they hung in mid-air, the flowers and the water falling to the ground. The Bishop having made his act of faith returned to his seat of dignity. The poor vicar had to bear the brunt of this catastrophe and went by the name of "flower-pot S.—" I am happy to be able to state that he received the reward of his adherence to principle a few years afterwards, and renouncing the vicarage, his only support, he was received into the Church, and maintained himself and his family as a private tutor in a nobleman's household. But to return to the At Home at Bishopstowe. There was a medical man, a Dr. S.— who was a member of the congregation at St. John's. He arrived soon after I did, and to my amazement as well as that of the large company assembled for the reception, he walked straight up to where the Bishop and Mrs. Philpotts were seated, and after bowing to the lady he threw himself on his knees and said in a voice audible to all who



FATHER DALGAIRNS.

were present, "Your blessing, my Lord." The poor Bishop took no notice of a salutation which he probably heard for the first time in his life, but on the doctor's repeating it for the third time he cried out, "Well, may God bless you; only get up from your knees, and don't make a fool of yourself." The good doctor, having attained his object, stood up, and after bowing to the Bishop and his lady left the room and retired to his carriage and to his patients.

CARDINAL MANNING.

While I lived in Torquay the good Vicar-Apostolic of the western district of England, Bishop Baggs, who had confirmed me, died, and was succeeded by

MDLLE. TIETJENS.

the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ullathorne, who administered this charge until the restoration of the hierarchy by Pope Pius IX when he was made Bishop of Birmingham. I here subjoin a copy of an autograph letter which I received from this holy man who wrote a book in favor of the pious belief in Our Lady of La Salette, and another—still better known and appreciated—on the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin:

" 7 King Square,
Bristol,
Dec. 2nd, 1846.

Dear Mr. Fox:

From the hands of the Rev. Mr. Daly I received your beautiful little work, dedicated to my venerable predecessor (which makes it the more beautiful) together with your very kind letter.* I have not yet heard from the Rev. Mr. Power (the resident priest at Torquay), who is, I understand, not a very active correspondent. Will you kindly remind him of his promise to write, for I should be very happy to hear from him. You will greatly add to my episcopal consolations when I am able to visit Torquay. I love to know my flock by their faces and to call them by their names. Should you, my dear sir, be at any time in this direction it would give me much pleasure to see you.

Believe me, dear sir,
Your obliged and devoted servant,
J. B. ULLATHORNE.

To L. Charles Prideaux Fox, Esq.
Torquay, Devonshire."

*The book here referred to by the Bishop was one that I had lately published, and was entitled, "A Wreath out of the Roses of Loretto."

Before taking leave of Dr. Ullathorne I wish to relate an incident which occurred not long after his translation to Birmingham. Among the more celebrated converts who were received into the Church about this time was Miss Gladstone, the sister of the well known statesman of that name. Like many others of these excellent converts she was eccentric and probably did more harm than good by her peculiarities. She used to dress according to the color of the day, thus, on the feasts of the martyrs, after consulting her directory, she would wear red ribbons in her bonnet and around her neck, with red stockings and gloves, on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin and those of confessors and virgins who were not martyrs her trappings were all in white, on those days when the celebrant at the altar would be wearing purple, green or black vestments her trappings varied accordingly. On one occasion when she was spending a few days in Birmingham, stopping at a hotel not far from the cathedral, she consulted her directory as usual, and finding that the color of the day was marked purple or violet her adornments were all of that color. When she reached the cathedral the priest came out from the sacristy with black vestments to say a requiem Mass. Finding that this Mass would be succeeded by others she returned to the hotel and changed her rib-

bons etc., for black. Soon after her reentrance into the cathedral the Mass for the dead was finished, and another priest mounted the steps of the altar, as he was going to say a votive Mass of the Blessed Virgin he wore white vestments. Fearing that she might lose Mass altogether if she once more changed her trappings, Miss Gladstone had to submit to necessity, and remained in her sombre colors. After breakfast at the hotel she called to pay her respects to the Bishop, but took care to remind him of the shortcomings of his priests, and told him that she feared that they did not study their rubrics. After explaining to what she referred the Bishop gently smiled upon her, explained the mistake into which she had fallen by her rubrical zeal, and before dismissing her he advised her to give up her anxiety to dress according to the color of the day and to be satisfied to act like other people,—an advice which she implicitly obeyed from that time.

There were some who believed that these fads of his sister actually interfered with the conversion of Mr. Gladstone himself. Mr. Hope Scott of Abbotsford once told me that there were four gentlemen, of whom he was one,—the other three being his brother-in-law, Lord Henry Kerr, Mr. Baddely, another prominent barrister, and Mr. Gladstone, who arranged with Dr. Newman to call upon him, on a certain day, to discuss the important affair of becoming Catholics, but that when the hour fixed by Dr. Newman for the interview arrived Mr. Gladstone alone failed to keep the engagement. The remaining three persons were faithful to their appointment, and soon afterwards all of them were received into the Church. If this were true, as I have no doubt it was, it would seem that he thus tampered with the proffered grace of God and that it was never at his disposal at any subsequent occasion.

I now come to the time when responding to the grace of vocation I left the world and became a novice in the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The novitiate not being ready for the reception of those few who were prepared to enter into it I spent a few months in visiting some of my Catholic friends and acquaintances. The first to claim my attention was the president of Oscot College, who was at that time the coadjutor to Bishop Walsh of Birmingham. A dear friend of mine, Father Bernard Smith accompanied me. He was a professor in the college, was one of the earliest of the Oxford converts, and died only lately, aged nearly one hundred years. When we arrived at the college we found that Dr. Wiseman was ill in bed with an attack of influenza, so I sent up my card with a message that I merely wanted his blessing as I was about to leave the world and become an Oblate of Mary Immaculate. But his Lordship insisted on my being brought up to his bedroom. On entering his chamber I received a vociferous reception from a beautiful little dog which leaped off the bed to express its indignation at my intrusion. Some one lifted the dog again to the bed and Dr. Wiseman clasped it in his arms, but whenever I approached nearer to the Bishop it would struggle to release itself in its longing to tear me into pieces. I may here remark that during his entire life, Dr. Wiseman was fond of pets, more especially of orphan children. When he was Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, not long before his death, and could scarcely breathe in the foggy, smoky air of London, His Eminence accepted the invitation of a devoted Catholic lady, and was in the habit of driving to her home every evening for the sake of the purer air in the country. It was noticed that after he was seated in the carriage his servant would bring out a little child, and sometimes two little children, with a nurse, and they

were all received into the carriage with the Archbishop. The forked tongue of scandal soon took notice of this and there were some cruelly calumnious remarks on the subject in more than one of the bigoted anti-Catholic papers. One of the Canons of the archdiocese publicly explained the mystery, and stated that these were but a few of the poor little orphans who were rescued from the dangers of proselytizers, or from the cold and repulsive treatment of the workhouse, and that when they were in delicate health he would often take them into the country for change of air.

The proximate cause of the illness and death of the good and learned Cardinal took place in the following manner. He was preaching in one of the smaller and older of the Catholic churches in London, in which there was no pulpit, and he was standing on the top step of the predella and leaning back against the altar when a very large and heavy crucifix suspended over the tabernacle suddenly fell down upon his shoulder. He had to remain in this dangerous position until two or three strong men in the congregation came to his relief. He was seriously injured and a doctor was immediately summoned and accompanied him to his residence. Though he was able to resume his heavy duties for some months afterwards His Eminence never completely recovered from this unfortunate accident.

Shortly before this I received a letter from my old friend, Dr. Griffiths, the first Catholic Bishop I ever saw, the one who prophesied that I should become a Catholic yet, though at the time I undoubtedly abominated the sight of a priest. I herewith give a copy of it:

"London, Nov. 10, 1861.

My dear Sir:

Accept my best thanks for your kind present of the "Wreath out of the Roses of Loretto," and for the obliging note which accompanied it. I am delighted to see the graces of Poetry, which are so often perverted to the most unworthy purposes dedicated to the praises of Our Blessed Lady. I shall read it with much pleasure, and willingly embrace opportunities of recommending it to the perusal of others.

Believe me, my dear sir, with every kind wish and grateful acknowledgment,

Yours very faithfully in Christ,

Thomas Griffiths.

To L. C. Prideaux Fox, Esq.,
Torquay."

I have already spoken of having met with some celebrated painters, such as the Landseers and Maclise, but I must not forget that from time to time I also became intimately acquainted with all our most prominent architects, including the two Pugins, Wardell, Scholes, the two Hansoms, and Ashlin, the son-in-law and partner of Pugin. With regard to Charles Hansom, who was a talented man in many respects other than in the exercise of his profession, he was dining on a certain day with a few friends when one of them taunted him with being unable to invent a vehicle which would supersede the old-fashioned hacks and cabs in universal use in London. Mr. Hansom got a sheet of paper, and without any delay he sketched out his idea of a safe and convenient mode of passing through the crowded streets of the great metropolis. His friends watched him while he was at work and unanimously applauded the sketch which he had drawn. They dubbed it by the name of its inventor and it was then and there called a "Hansom Car." One of those present advised him to take out a patent for it, which he said he would do on the morrow. However, there was one dishonest man in the company by whom he was forestalled, for on reaching his own house that evening, and being, like Mr. Hansom, a clever draughtsman, as all great architects are, he sketched out a car like the drawing he had seen and early the following morning he took it to the office and took out a patent for it in his own name, thus robbing the talented inventor of all the

remuneration which he deserved to reap from it. It brought an immense but ill-gotten fortune to the one who had perpetrated the fraud, whereas Mr. Charles Hansom was never one penny the richer. I may conclude my notice of this eminent architect by stating that to my certain knowledge he was a good, practical Catholic. Whenever a bishop or priest consulted him about drawing plans for a projected church he would always offer up a Holy Communion to obtain light and grace before he would commence a sketch for what he was commissioned to erect. In this respect he but imitated the example of the most eminent painters of Catholic and mediæval times.

I have already spoken of a memorable walk which we took from our temporary novitiate at Ashbourne to St. Wilfrid's, when I had the happiness of receiving encouragement in my missionary career from the holy Father Faber, but I recall another walk which we took to Alton Towers, the palatial residence of the good Earl John of Shrewsbury. I had made his acquaintance and that of his wife, Lady Shrewsbury, while I lived in Torquay, whither they resorted every winter for the health of their two nephews, both of whom died young, by which the succession of a Catholic to the premier earldom of England was lost. The title was granted by the House of Lords to Earl Talbot, two of whose children became Catholics,—the Marchioness of Lothian and the Hon. and Rev. Monsignor Talbot of Warwick Street Church, London. We were received at Alton Towers very graciously and then proceeded to Alton where a fine church and public hall had been erected and were supported by the Earl, and from there we proceeded to Cheadle where a magnificent church had been built by him at a cost of 100,000 pounds and was endowed in perpetuity. The Countess had given her most precious jewels for the tabernacle, the door of which was of solid gold studded with costly gems. The uncle of two of our Fathers had charge of the mission and the Earl left him a handsome legacy on which he retired. I believe he is still living in Ireland.

Having no house of our own for a novitiate we were greatly knocked about and had to trust to the charity of different bishops. Thus when the lease of four months at Ashbourne had expired and the good old Bishop of Baserley, Dr. Briggs,—who had built a large Gothic house near Wetherby in Yorkshire and had established there some Franciscan Brothers from the archdiocese of Tuam in Ireland, as teachers,—offered us the half of the house, we were glad to accept his offer and removed thither at Christmas time in the year 1848. This place went by the name of "The Monastery," but it turned out a failure, for although the teachers were good and efficient they did not succeed in inducing any pupils to come to them. Many amusing stories were told of this venerable bishop. Those which I shall relate I know to be true for the Bishop himself admitted as much to me. But I must first bear testimony to his wonderful charity and humility. When the famine in Ireland desolated that unfortunate country he sold his house, his horses and carriage, in York, in order that he might give the more abundantly to the famishing and fever-stricken people there. He was a thorough Englishman himself but an ardent admirer of Ireland and the faithful children of St. Patrick. He always traveled in a third-class carriage when going anywhere by train, and when some one remonstrated with him on this way of acting as being derogatory to his dignity as a Bishop his eyes filled with tears, and in a broken voice he muttered, "What, would you have me going about in a first-class carriage and the poor people in Ireland are dying of starvation!" He used

to visit Ireland as often as he could, to take with him all that he could give or collect for the relief of the suffering. On one of these occasions he had to go to Limerick. An election was about to take place for a member of Parliament and Mr. Monsell of Tervoe, afterwards Lord Emly, an eminent convert, was expected at the depot there. As he was the popular candidate half the population of Limerick was waiting at the station, as it was understood that he was to arrive by that train. But he failed to make his appearance. The expectant people were walking up and down looking for him but when they passed by the third-class carriage in which Dr. Briggs was seated, waiting to give up his ticket, they saw only an old man who had a big muffler around his neck, by which he concealed his purple stock and Roman collar, and this made some one cry out, "Come on, that's not he; Monsell would not travel like a beggar or a cattle drover."

On one of his periodical visits to the Monastery the Superior of the Franciscans told him that they wanted more help for their large farm, but that donkeys would do, and be nearly as useful as horses in reclaiming the land. So the Bishop wrote to a wealthy Catholic in his diocese, Mr. Middleton of Stockheld, and asked him to give him a couple of a famous brand of donkeys, for his farm. The great horse races at Doncaster were about to take place, and as Mr. Middleton wrote to say that he would send him one then, and the other a little later on, the Bishop's servant, Mike, who was a well-known character in York and used to carry the episcopal vestments on his shoulder through the streets whenever Dr. Briggs was going to officiate anywhere outside his own private chapel, was at the station to receive Mr. Middleton's donkey. It happened to be the evening of the day on which the famous Doncaster races had come off and all the sporting world was present to see the horse that had won the cup. There was but one horse box connected with the cars and everyone was clustered around the door of the box waiting for it to be opened. But the winner of the cup was not there, and the donkey smelling the air of liberty, thrust forth his long nose and saluted the crowd with a portentous bray, at the same time exhibiting an enormous placard which hung around his neck. On the placard were painted the words, "The Rt. Rev. Bishop Briggs, Micklegate Bar, York." Mike pushed the disappointed crowd of sportsmen right and left and shouting, "Come, you fellows, make room for your betters," led the donkey triumphantly through the streets as far as the convent garden, where he would be tended and fed until his journey could be prolonged to the Monastery.

(To be Continued.)

TENNYSON'S COUNTERFEIT OF A SAINT.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

When Tennyson was asked why he did not write the death of Sir Launcelot in his Idyls of the King, he replied that, to sing such a theme fittingly, he must become a Catholic. He answered wisely. He realized that a motif, so Catholic as the penance and death of Launcelot, demanded the appreciative instinct of a Catholic artist. And though it is a pity that Tennyson did not sing the passing of the great knight of the Round Table, it were a greater pity if he had sung it, and failed of its high ethical and religious meaning.

English literature has had many such failures. Catholic motifs have been egregiously misinterpreted; and Catholic writers, as in Dante's case, have obtained, at the most but a one-sided appreciation. Tennyson himself, though he has made dainty portraits of Agnes and Galahad and others

> "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,"

has given a brilliant example of misunderstanding and misrepresenting the life and character of a time-honored saint. His poem on St. Simeon Stylites is not a mere negative failure; it does not merely give an inadequate picture of its subject: it positively belies the life-motive of the old Saint of Antioch and is false to Christendom's knowledge and ideal of the Stylite. The poem, it may be said, is not one of the poet's masterpieces. It is not, however, without the imprint of its maker's genius. Moreover, it helped to bring him honor.* And though, in point of length, it is one of the poet's minor pieces, yet it may be adduced to show his temper, since the old adage still holds true that straws show which way the current flows. Again, it may be objected that it is one of the earlier poems of Tennyson, and may not truly represent his later mind concerning his subject. To this we say that the poem was as great a favorite of the author in his later years as in the days he wrote it. Indeed it seems to have been one of his special pieces for readings. "St. Simeon Stylites is one of the poems A. T. (Tennyson) would read with grotesque grimaces, especially such passages as 'coughs, aches, stitches,' laughing aloud at times."*

The poem, therefore, though the creation of Tennyson's youth, retained the approval of his maturity, and is an indication of his lifelong opinion about the Stylite. I do not say that Tennyson would intentionally belittle a Catholic subject: he has uttered gentlemanly words to the contrary, befitting his kind and noble nature. And it would be childish to infer that Tennyson held the saint in disgust because he called a little pet monkey after the Stylite.† All I mean to say is that Tennyson in his poem shows how grossly he misinterpreted his subject. His failure or fault does not consist in any formal condemnation of the Stylite's penitential life, but in the impression that the poem creates and leaves in the reader's mind. For the power of a piece of literature does not always reside in the logical air of a well-disputed thesis; its persuasive force is often found in the impression that it gives to the heart of the reader.

*"Carlyle said that it was 'Ulysses' which first convinced him that 'Tennyson was a true poet.' I remember hearing that Bishop Thirlwall made the same statement respecting 'St. Simeon Stylites.'"—*Aubrey de Vere, in Tennyson's Memoir, I, 505.*

*Edward Fitzgerald, Memoir I, 193.

†"Tennyson used to jest with his mother about her monkey, a clever little black thing that was generally seen in the garden, perched on the top of a pole. He naturally christened it St. Simeon Stylites."—*Dr. Ker. Memoir I, 263.*

And the impression that comes from this poem is false to its subject and offensive to the reasonable admirers of the saint. For the reader is made to feel that St. Simeon, though a man of long and rigorous penances, is an egotistic, self-conceited, deluded fanatic, and consequently despicable to men of any sanity. Spedding, an intimate friend of the poet, wrote when the poem first appeared, "The St. Simeon Stylites represents the pride of asceticism in its basest."* Roden Noel, one of Tennyson's friends of later life, said, "Stylites is not intended to be a flattering, though it is certainly a veracious portrait of the sanctimonious, self-depreciating, yet self-worshipping ascetic."† These are two impressions from the poem.

Such impressions should not have been, if Tennyson had caught into his lines the true spirit of the saint, or even if he had toned his poem with some of the many tender incidents of the saint's life, not drawing altogether on the severer penances of the Stylite. For, though Simeon, according to his inner impulses and the sanction of his superiors led an austere life and inflicted on himself severities that are repugnant to the natural man, he was not the victim of eccentric whims, neither was he, as Gibbon dared to say, attempting "pious suicide." Witness his long years in a monastery, where he found prudent directors to counsel and direct his ascetic fervor. Witness his humility, when, healing the sick that came to him, he warned them to give the thanksgiving to God and not to him. He did not speak Tennyson's words:

"Good people, you do ill to kneel to me.
It may be I have wrought some miracles
And cured some halt and maim'd; but
what of that?"

And witness the heart of the man, when, to comfort his mother who came but could not see him, he said,

"Good mother, pardon me for the present.
So shall we, being worthy, be together with
Christ Jesus in the ages to come."*

Still the biographical notes that the poem does contain are, in point of fact, true; but as they represent not the saint, but a counterfeit of him, they ring as false coin. A few citations will show the incidents that Tennyson chose, and how he made them characterize the Stylite. One of the penances of Simeon's early life is thus told:

"While I lived
In the white convent down the valley there,
For many weeks about my loins I wore
The rope that haled the bucket from the
well,
Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose;
And spoke not of it to a single soul.
Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,
Betrayed my secret penance, so that all
My brethren marvell'd greatly."

Again the poet tells the life of Simeon on the various pillars, until,

"Last of all, I grew,
Twice ten long weary, weary years to this,
That numbers forty cubits from the soil."

And finally a third bit of the saint's biography is contained in these lines;

"Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God,
Among you there, and let him presently
Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,
And climbing up into my airy home,
Deliver me the blessed sacrament,
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost,
I prophesy that I shall die to-night."

There is one other incident that may be found in any worthy biography of St. Simeon, and it is one that Tennyson should not have omitted. It is that spirit of prompt obedience which the Stylite showed, when, being ordered by a council of monks to come down from the pillar and change his severe manner of life, he immediately prepared to obey. The relation of this act would have rescued Tennyson's readers from the suspicion that Simeon was a deluded fanatic, and that his austere penance was born of eccentricity. That incident would have appealed to an artist possessed of the Catho-

*Edinburgh Review, 1843.
†Littell's, March 28, 1885.

*Acta Sanc, I, 281.

lic instinct; for it shows that the Stylite had a fundamental principle of sanctity—self-denial, and obedience to the voice of authority.

We could forgive Tennyson this omission, if his picture of the character and motive of the saint were true even in its general outlines. But the poem is a travesty of its subject. The monologue befits a pharisee not a saint. It is egotism so blatant that it might blot from the Martyrology the name of the most penitential saint that ever lived. And if Simeon had spoken Tennyson's speech he would not have had the centuries of religious reverence that he has obtained.

There can be no self-glorification in the life of a true ascetic, nay of a true Christian. He knows that the penitent words of the publican in a hidden corner of the church are more meritorious than the conceited speech of the pharisee in the middle of the temple; that the lowly heart behind the widow's mite makes truer treasure than the ostentatious glitter of a proud man's gift. And if occasion obliges a religious man, like Simeon, to show his penance to the eyes of the world, he would have scant merit for his painful labors, if he uttered words so egotistic as those that Tennyson forces on the tongue of the Stylite;

"Show me the man hath suffered more than I.
. . . . . Mortify
Your flesh, like me, with scourges and with thorns."

The despicableness of the misinterpreted saint is all the more striking because Tennyson has brought to the poem his usual power and felicity of expression; and he is not wanting in brilliant descriptions of the sufferings that the saint endured. Thus while others

"House in the shade of comfortable roofs,"

the Stylite tells how his hours are passed;

"I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Saints;
Or in the night, after a little sleep,
I wake, the chill stars sparkle; I am wet
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost."

And of his interior sufferings, his annoyance from evil spirits, he says;

"I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes,
I, whose bald brows in silent hours become
Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now
From my high nest of penance here proclaim
That Pontius and Iscariot by my side
Showed like fair seraphs,
. . . Devils pluck'd my sleeve;
Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me,
They flapp'd my light out as I read; I saw
Their faces grow between me and my book;
With colt-like whinny and with hoggish whine
They burst my prayer."

In these passages, and throughout the poem, he shows his power of expression; but his false coloring, the tone and spirit of his work, make the poem painful reading. It were easy for the poet to have misjudged the life-motive of his subject, if, as we may surmise, he took his inspiration from Gibbon's ironic description of the Stylite. But his critics, and they his friendliest, too, bid us lay our complaint at Tennyson's door; his intention was to ridicule asceticism, or, at least, ascetics of Simeon's kind. Stephen Gwynn says that "the poem marks strongly enough Tennyson's dislike to all the extravagances of asceticism." Stopford Brooke, analysing the character of Pellam in *Balin and Balan* judges that "Tennyson's hatred of asceticism, of the monkery, of the gloom and the curse of it, is here accentuated. It has risen far beyond that which he felt when he wrote *Simeon Stylites.*" And in another passage Mr. Brooke says that "the Stylites' steady, underlying vanity and boastfulness and his contempt of the flesh-ridden people" are pictured, yet the poet "does not make us dislike or despise the saint." Surely the critic knows that vanity and boastfulness are worth nothing but dislike. Vanity is so remote from us, you know, at least, "gro-

tesque vanity." So Andrew Lang says, "The grotesque vanity of the anchorite is so remote from us, that we can scarcely judge of the truth of the picture, though the East has still her parallels to St. Simeon."* And then Peter Bayne, feeding on a long citation from Gibbon on the "Syrian Anchoret," finds strength for a lengthy laudation of Tennyson's sarcastic poem, and waxes wroth in ironical speech on the absurdities of religious maniacs.

These critics and their admired poet would have read, somewhat truly, at least, the meaning of that penitential life, if they believed in the words of Tennyson's *Arthur;*

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of . . . .
For so the whole round earth is everyway
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

And a simple catechism could have taught Tennyson sufficient theology about the power of penances and their part, not only in personal perfection, but also in vicarious atonement. The Christian religion is founded on vicarious atonement, on the Life that lived from Bethlehem to Calvary. And the history of Christianity, even in England alone, should have afforded the poet countless lives of sacrifice for self and neighbor. Only on the judgment day shall we know the mysterious power that prayer and penance, howsoever small, exercised unto salvation. Faith now tells us their high worth, "binding the whole round earth by gold chains about the feet of God." Even so little a prayer as the Sign of the Cross, as Cardinal Newman's poem of that name teaches, brings not only personal blessings, but

"On far heathen ground
Some lonely saint feels the fresh odor, though
Its source he cannot know."

So, doubtless, did the sufferings of Simeon, and his prayers, bring manifold graces to the worldly-minded of Antioch. His example alone was a powerful reproach to their love of lustful pleasures.* Many a conversion from the pagan ranks to the little Christian flock may have been effected by his prayers: and a conversion of this kind is the motif of Mr. Condé Pallen's *Feast of Thalarchus,* a Catholic interpretation of the Stylite's life.

Self-glorification, therefore, and grotesque vanity are not the character-marks of the old saint. Neither does his life teach us that religion is fierce and unlovely; though Tennyson's poem prompted J. Cuming Walters to say, "In the *St. Simeon Stylites* we learn that true religion is not fierce, and does not bid us lead unlovely lives." But Simeon, so austere in his penitential ways, must have been as sanctity is always, a child at heart, gentle, compassionate, lowly in his own eyes, and all-confident in God:

"For I, O Lord, am as a little child,
And thou the eager mother of the child,
Who first instils in him desire to walk,
And leads him by the hand that he may walk,
Then kisses him, rewarding him, because
He walked, who neither had desire to walk,
Save through the inspiration of her love,
Nor yet had walked save by her guiding hand,
And still withal of his own motion walked."†

These are true words to attribute to the saint; and Tennyson might have uttered them, if he had been possessed of the Catholic instinct, when he looked at the Stylite. But Tennyson, in this little poem, has done what Milton and Gibbon and the other makers of English literature have done; they looked at Catholic epochs and Catholic ideals through Protestant eyes, and they made English literature, as Newman says, what it "will ever have been, Protestant."

*These quotations may be found in the authors' chapters on Tennyson.

*"Venus was their national goddess." Acta Sanct. I. 277.

†Simeon, in Mr. Pallen's Feast of Thalarchus.

THAT DREADFUL NIGHT.

BY MARGARET CHADWICK.

I must begin by confessing that I am a very nervous woman—as the Scripture has it a woman full of fears—for unless this is clearly understood my story will convey but little to the reader, especially the lofty, superior male reader, ever ready with his half-pitying, half-contemptuous comments on the weakness of my sex. I am brave enough at any rate to *acknowledge* my lack of courage, and will freely state that I am afraid of mice, entertain a deep-rooted aversion to spiders, tremble at the scratching of a rat, grow sick and nerveless in the dark, and hopelessly collapse at the merest mention of ghost or burglar. So that I don't think it's quite fair of Dick to chaff me so about this defect of mine, especially when he has a much more serious one, a self-will which wants to carry all before it, and which, as every woman will admit, is simply the most aggravating quality when one's own will happens to be set in the very opposite direction.

In this case the trouble was about a house that Dick (did I forget to mention that Dick is my husband) wanted me to see—a house, that he though of buying, several miles away from the city and at some distance from any other dwelling. And this because he had heard that it was a well-finished house and was cheap and likely to turn out a bargain at some future time, when probably I should have succumbed to the horrors it had engendered and left the way open for Mrs. Richard Reynolds number two.

He said (Dick said of course) that the children needed fresh air, and looked pasty, but this necessity he had been enduring calmly enough until the advent of an officious and fussy lawyer, Mr. Miles, who set my dear husband's imagination aflame one unlucky night when I in the simple goodness of my heart had asked him, Mr. Miles, to dinner.

Now it seems to me that I have been talking rather flippantly thus far, but if so it is with a view to shaking off the attack of the horrors generally entailed upon me by the recollection of the night I am going to describe—as a would-be brave boy whistles his loudest passing the church-yard of a dark night. I have often been complimented on my telling of a ghost story, and have witnessed with pardonable pride the blanched cheek and moistened eye of some dear and valued friend whom I had selected as a good subject for experiment. But though my experiences were quite creepy enough upon the night aforesaid ghosts had no part in them, and faint hope have I indeed of shaking the steady nerves of readers well inured to weird tales of terror.

It was just this way. My slightly obstinate husband, my two little children supposed to be in need of country air, and my nervous self, had been for some time living expensively and somewhat constrictedly in a city flat, far away (Dick was right enough there) from trees and pure air and all the dear delights of Nature. We were always planning, optimistically, summer trips which never materialized, and doing our little best meanwhile to make up for lack of better things by sundry ridiculously extravagant and exceedingly wearisome all day expeditions in boats and cars. These expeditions began cheerfully in early mornings and ended in utter collapse of mind and body towards sunset, at which peaceful hour we victims to parental feeling might often have been seen wearily dragging or car-

rying our tired offspring homewards, out of temper and decidedly out of pocket.

It may be easily imagined then with what interest Dick and I had listened to Miles' interesting account of this beautiful country residence, just a few miles from town, surrounded by a good bit of land—including a flower and vegetable garden as well as a couple of fine big fields,—an ideal playground for our little people.

Dick looked radiant, but my enthusiasm began to cool after I extorted from Mr. Miles, who could not tell a lie, lawyer as he was, the damning fact that this paragon house was what he called, ahem! "somewhat remote," namely a good mile on either hand from its nearest neighbor, but—and at this I saw in Dick's eye that he had leaped to decision—the certainty of the street railroad being continued to the very door was assured, inside a year, he was not afraid to say.

"And I may tell you in all friendship," Mr. Miles went on patting the table with an aggravating hand, "that this is an opportunity you will not have the chance of refusing every day, my dear Richard. But!" the hands flew up in depreciation, "if Madame does not like the idea there is no more to be said, the lady should have the casting vote."

To which sentiment Dick listened in opposing silence, and only waited till Mr. Miles had gone smiling away to reopen the subject, and convince me against my will as is his way.

"Why does this Mr. Jessup he speaks of sell the house if it is in every way desirable?" I asked in answer to Dick's expressed conviction that this house was the one and only house for us, and that he regarded our hearing of it as providential.

"As if I had not asked Miles that the very first thing," scornfully.

"Jessup built this house, and thoroughly well too, lived in it comfortably and happily for years and only leaves it to reside with his daughter-in-law and little grandchild, as well as to be under the care of a specialist for some complaint he has."

"Now you have been long talking of the desirability of the country," my husband went on.

I certainly had not used the word desirability. I detest long, high-sounding words, but I let that pass, and listened.

"And here is a splendid chance of our getting, and for a mere song, such a house as we could never aspire to in the city, in the common course of events, such a house as you could be proud of, and just because you fancy it may be what you call lonely, you prefer this, this cage,—there is no other name for it."

I kept on listening, and Dick continued with a mistaken idea that he was convincing me.

"Lonely! well I suppose it might be for a solitary woman, or even a couple of women, but with the children, such a perfect, capable nurse as Sarah, and above all with Cousin Elinor, who, you will remember, only waits for us to go to the country to join forces with us,—not to speak of the extra protection of a coachman, for we shall very easily manage keeping some sort of a trap out there,—why I think that plea falls to the ground at once."

I drew pictures, with Dick's pencil, all over a sheet of paper, which—come to think of it—had been carefully placed on the table with a view to putting down facts concerning the new house, a way of Dick's at times very aggravating because I never find any difficulty in remembering anything I want to remember.

Dick glanced at my pencil impatiently, sighed gently, and went on tentatively.

"So I hope you'll go out and see it, Marion, and the sooner the better. It won't commit you to anything, you know.

Elinor would go with you I am sure, and then if you both like it, or see your way to live out there, I shall try to get a day and look it over myself. I don't want to waste the time if you've made up your mind beforehand, you know."

Now I don't mind adopting a suggestion of my husband's now and then; in fact, strictly speaking I think one ought to, but still I do like thinking for myself, and there was something in dear Dick's manner so smacking of a settled determination that, instantly, uprose my own particular little demon of contradiction, and—I don't mind avowing it—I did what I considered the most annoying thing under the circumstances, said *nothing*, thus leaving my lord and master entirely at a loss.

But, honestly, it wasn't all contradiction. Far from it. All the dismal experiences of friends stranded in superior suburban residences which they had one and all entered into so hopefully and lingered on in so despairingly came crowding into my mind, and "kind a turned" me against Dick's latest fad. It was only after a firm resolve to talk it over with Elinor, the day following, that I could get myself to sleep.

Dick said absolutely no more about the matter, and if I had judged by his silence I might have considered the question closed. But knowing his little ways I could see that he had set his heart upon this suburban residence, and already saw himself in imagination smoking his evening cigar in majestic seclusion on the ornate veranda overlooking his spacious grounds, instead of the ridiculously narrow and somewhat rickety balcony which we at present had a right to call our own, with its rather circumscribed view of adjacent domestic interiors and highly confidential articles of clothing hung out upon kindred balconies about.

I am almost sure that before I went off to sleep that same evening, I decided to go to see the house—that is to go of my own free will and when I chose,—and I preferred going without Dick's knowledge and surprising him with my account of it some evening at dinner.

Before I had seen Elinor next day Dick got letters which obliged him to go on the day following to a place where his firm had a branch, and he told me at luncheon that he would start in the morning, remain all night, and be home for late breakfast on the day after, as was his custom on such occasions.

Nothing could have been better. I at once decided on inspecting the new house during Dick's absence, and sitting down at once wrote to Elinor asking her if she would drive out with me on the following afternoon to look at a charming house in the country, which Dick thought of buying. She answered at once regretting that she would be unable to go out with me as she had a luncheon engagement, but suggesting that I should drive out with Sarah and the children and that she would follow with all speed and come back with us.

So far so good. I accepted her suggestion as to the children, who were all ready and looking forward to their expedition, when, as fate would have it, who should suddenly appear but a long-invited country cousin bringing her children to spend the day while she tore madly about the city with an endless shopping list in her hand.

I had almost made up my mind to send off a line to Elinor and give up what seemed my well-timed project, when nurse stepping into the breach begged of me to leave all the children to her, promising them a thoroughly good time all round while I drove out and met Miss Elinor as agreed upon.

Reflecting that Elinor had not only gone on to the luncheon by this time, but might even have accomplished her intention of slipping away early, I determined

on setting out alone, in spite of a latent uneasiness added to my usual extreme distaste for solitary expeditions. My only crumb of comfort was the hope that as I had started a little later than the hour I had named, Elinor might even have reached the house before me and would be waiting at the door to receive me.

Alas! how little I dreamt as I got into my cab and drove off countrywards that I was on my way to passing the most terrible night of my hitherto peaceful life.

My way lay for some time along familiar streets, and rather to my surprise I found myself actually enjoying the peace and quiet of a little solitude. Dearest of children's voices jar occasionally upon the overstrung nerves of a tired mother, and I felt that I could give myself up to the luxury of rest. The remembrance of their satisfied happy faces about the nursery play table left me nothing to worry about on the score of what might have been their disappointment.

Presently the endless brick and mortar began to show gaps here and there, and patches of intervening sky, glimpses of distant pools and bits of woodland added to a distinct freshening of the air proclaimed the beginning of the country, or that imitation of the real thing suggested by the suburbs.

On we rolled pleasantly, leaving little by little every trace of not only town but of human habitation behind, until I began to suspect that my cabby had lost his way, as might easily happen, and would go wandering on for hours.

I was just upon the point of calling to him to inquire if he were quite sure of his road, when I shrank back appalled by the appearance of two threatening-looking tramps, who, slouching along in the aimless way peculiar to their tribe, came quite close to the cab window, and stared into my face, sending cold chills down my spine and inspiring in me a sudden distaste to this lonesome neighborhood and its horrible frequenters. All the frightful tales of the doings of these gentry in lonely districts hovered about me, like a flock of ill-omened birds, as we went on and on, and my nerves were in such a flutter that by the time my driver suddenly pulled up with a jerk at the gate of the house I had conceived a fear even of the honest cabby, and was determined to get rid of him at once, and await Elinor safe within four walls at any rate.

I tremblingly took out my purse—rather expecting to have it snatched out of my hand—told him not to wait, as I was to meet my friends—I thought the plural number sounded better—and hastily opening the gate looked towards the house with a vain hope that I might see Elinor's face at the window. But there was no Elinor. The house, handsome and imposing, the pretty grounds about—all were silent as the grave. It seemed in its spic-and-span newness and rows of gleaming plate windows an uncanny fairy mansion sprung up at touch of enchanter's wand in this eerie spot.

The cab-man was meanwhile thoughtfully regarding me as he settled his lap robe about him, and presently called to me to ask if "I was quite sure my friends were comin' as it was kind of lonely and was a great place around here for the kind of gents we seen down on the road yonder."

To which I answered confidently that I expected them every moment, and would be quite safe in the house meanwhile. This seemed to set his mind at rest, and he drove leisurely off, leaving me absolutely alone. Alone! I only realized the word's significance as the sound of the retreating wheels died away in the distance. Then I sat down on the lowest step of the house and reviewed the situation.

Supposing—all the blood in my body

took a mad race to my head and back again—supposing Elinor did not come? There were always things that might happen, trifling misunderstandings—as to the direction for instance—which might lead and often did lead to terrible results. Should she *not* come, how was I to get home? The distance would have counted for little. I should have thought nothing of walking several miles in an ordinarily frequented place, but to walk calmly along a tramp-infested road, much of it lying through the woods, would have been to court disaster. But on the other hand—to stay! I turned with a sick horror to look up at this already hated house, and as I did so a twig falling from a tree lent me sufficient energy to stumble nervously up the steps, and to put into the key-hole the key which Dick had left so ostentatiously on my desk only this morning. It turned easily, and the heavy door swinging on its oiled hinges disclosed a handsome hall boasting an artistic overmantel and red-tiled fireplace—long coveted splendors that were but as dust and ashes to me in this hour of anxious dread.

I closed the hall door, which shut with a spring, and timidly pushing open a side door near by found myself in a large, well-shaped room containing a few isolated pieces of furniture, a sofa placed across the corner near the bow window, a little table, and a common kitchen chair.

I suppose any other woman but myself would at least have begun the inspection of the house she had come so far to see, but so overcome was I by the terrible conviction that Elinor had in some unaccountable way failed me, and that I was caught like a mouse in a trap for one awful night at least, that I could only stand tensely at the window, my eyes straining towards the road, while I tried to pray for deliverance from my dreadful situation. And meanwhile the afternoon relentlessly waned, and as I looked at my watch I saw that it was close to half-past four and the sun beginning to go down behind some dark poplars in a distant field. Lower it sank, gleaming out a dull, dark, threatening red, then a lurid purple, then behind me heavy shadows gathered and shrouded the room and shut me in to an awful silence and darkness.

What a strange weird thing to have happened to me I thought shudderingly. And what would Dick think, off there in Milford, if he could see his poor little coward wife crouching pitifully against the window in this terrible house, shivering with cold and horror miles away from every one. He of course could not possibly imagine my situation for a moment, but there was a chance that Elinor would go over to my house to explain her non-appearance, and, discovering my absence, would come at once in search of me. I think it was this faint hope that prevented my utter collapse.

"She may come, she may come," I repeated over and over to myself, and at length utterly worn out I groped my way to the sofa and sat down, burying my face in my hands to shut out the unbearable darkness. I think I must have fallen into a deep sleep from very exhaustion. Whether or not I can never be sure, but it seemed to me as if I had been awakened by a sound, far-off and faint and yet distinct enough for my sorely tried nerves. I sat up all on the alert, all my senses concentrated into the one of hearing. It seemed to me that some one was coming stealthily along the gravel path in front of the house, while at the same time a creaking of the stairs far above in the house itself announced another nearer danger from that quarter. Some one—it was not imagination—was coming down the stairs of this presumably empty house! Who?

There is no use trying to describe my feelings. I was conscious of one, a frantic wish to hide myself. There was nowhere to go, nothing else to do. I slipped

hastily behind the sofa, and crouching on the floor in a huddled heap listened breathlessly to the continued sounds which steadily approached this very room where I lay. Years might have elapsed, counting by my mental agony, when I saw distinctly a gleam of light beneath the closed door, which presently opening disclosed a young man, pale and haggard and unkempt-looking. He looked about the room, set on the table a candle he carried, and appeared to listen to the cautious steps outside. They mounted the stairs, and the turning of the door handle was heard. The young man going into the hall, carefully opened the door and came back followed by a tall old gentleman who, without any attempt at a greeting, advanced to the table and stood silently looking at the younger man.

"Well now that I am here," he said at last, in a troubled voice, "what is it? What new extortion? I have put myself out no little in coming here to-night, and don't want to be kept waiting. What is it you want?"

"Ridiculous question," the young man answered with an attempt at swagger. "Money, of course. I see all those accounts of Kate's entertainments in the society papers, don't I? I can read as well as another about her dresses and jewels and all that, while I am simply hunted from one place to another."

"Just because—"

"Just because you never let me have money enough to live right, nor Kate either. Both of you kept your purse strings so tight where I was concerned. But it's all Kate, Kate."

"It's a wonder you dare to speak of her," the old man said angrily, "she whose life you have made so miserable, and has yet with her child been to me all that you—"

The contemptuous pause told the whole sad story.

"There's no use going over that old lecture," the young man said sharply, biting savagely at his nails, "I'm just sick of it."

"You know my bargain, you promised to make it worth my while to keep out of the way and by —— you don't. I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll disgrace you and your peerless Kate. I'll drag her off with me and the child, too. I'll give the society papers an interesting little bit of family history when I get safely out of the country, I promise you. So now I want money and a lot of it, and you know the alternative."

"There is always another alternative," the old man said, fiercely. "Come near Kate; give her the slightest annoyance, and I'll give you up, if I have to drag you to the police station myself. I made the marriage for her, God help me! thinking it might save you, and I only sacrificed the dear, good girl I had promised her father to protect. But I'll protect her now, late as it is. Better all should come out—I have been coming to that conclusion for some time—than to endure this secret misery any longer. Oh! to think that I was once proud of you, my only son," the old man groaned, while his son listened, sullenly staring at the ground.

"Now my only hope is that I may never see you or hear of you again."

"Not much chance of that," the son shouted, advancing close to his father and shaking his fist in his face. "I see through your game. Starve me in life and when you do die leave everything to Kate, so tied up that I can't touch a cent. I've thought of all that till I'm just half mad, and I've made up my mind to settle it all to-night. You are going to sign a check to-night that'll keep me in clover whatever happens, and it's going to be cashed I can tell you before you can stop payment or anything of that kind. I've got a respectable friend in the city that'll see to that for me. It's got to be done. You've made me desperate and that means

danger. I tell you, and I mean it, that you'll never get out of this room alive unless you do exactly what I ask you."

"You dare to threaten me?" the old man asked in a passion terrible to see. "You! I might have expected it, miserable coward, decoying your father to a midnight meeting like this to dare to speak to him in this way. Do you suppose that I, a man at any rate, old as I am, am afraid of a poor broken-down creature like you?"

In a moment there was a wild rush and a struggle, a terrible swaying to and fro, and then a crash. The young man had thrown his father heavily to the ground, and seizing a heavy stick, which the old man had laid upon the table in entering, raised it and was just about to bring it down upon his father's helpless head when God gave me strength, and I cried out in a voice that sounded terrible and unnatural beyond belief.

"Murderer! How dare you? How dare you?"

The young man positively leaped into the air at my words, uttered a wild cry, and fled from the room, overturning the table and the candle as he did so—leaving the room once more in impenetrable darkness.

With a vague, half-conscious feeling that something ought to be done for the prostrate man, I made an effort to rise, but a strange nervous shuddering seized hold of me, a wave of icy coldness seemed to sweep over me, and I must have fallen back on the floor unconscious, for I remember nothing more.

. . . . . .

At home meanwhile all was peace and quiet, the children snugly asleep, and all my little household confident that I had gone home with Cousin Elinor after our expedition.

My husband got home about nine the next morning, as he had expected, and was somewhat aggrieved and a little surprised to find no welcoming wife, but proceeded to eat his breakfast as is the wont of man even when perturbed. While thus occupied the door-bell rang and Cousin Elinor appeared on her way home from market, a good deal out of temper and anxious to have it out with me. She looked in astonishment at my empty chair.

"Isn't Marion down yet?" she asked.

"Marion? What are you talking about, Elinor?" Dick said, leaping to his feet. "Do you mean to say Marion isn't with you? Didn't go home with you last night?"

Elinor, Dick says, rushed to the hall, instead of answering, and to the telephone where she shouted frantically for the fastest cab on the stand to be sent at once.

"Dick," she then said, wheeling round and seizing Dick with a grip of which he says he bears the marks to this day. "Something has happened to Marion. Who went with her yesterday?"

"Why you were supposed to have met her, nurse tells me. She left here alone thinking you were going."

"And of course I did go, but my fool of a cabman lost his way, and I was driving about till seven o'clock looking for the wretched place."

"And then?"

"And then I came home, sure that nurse and the children were still with Marion, and had all gone home long before."

Elinor says she was afraid Dick was going to die on the spot, he looked so fearful while she was trying to explain things. Then they set out and drove in deadly tense silence, broken by an occasional groan from Dick as he probably realized that it was his fault I had gone at all. Indeed he frankly admitted this at first in the fullness of his penitential heart, but is rather inclined to reason contradictorily about it in a serener state

of things. For of course things turned out all right.

They stopped at the gate and my Dick tore up the walk like a panther. The door being sprung he gave it such a frantic blow as to finally send it crashing in, and Elinor panted after him, arriving in time to hear him calling "Marion! Marion!" from the top of the first stairs. She, turning to the drawing-room, very nearly fell on the prostrate form of the old man, who was lying where he had fallen on the night before. At this sight she had so screamed as to convince Dick of her having found my dead body, so that it was quite a relief to him to recognize in the silent form the owner of the house, Mr. Jessup, who had probably died suddenly while out there on business and alone.

Leaving the poor man where he was they renewed their search for me, though with scarce a hope of success, and they were, Dick says, just on the point of giving it up as far as the house was concerned, and going further afield in their quest, when Elinor happened by the merest chance to glance behind the sofa. Of all places who would ever have thought of such a hiding place, but there she discovered me, white and cold, and to all appearances as dead as they in their ignorance supposed Mr. Jessup to be. For he wasn't dead any more than I was. A doctor, hastily summoned, declared him to be suffering from concussion of the brain, a severe case, but not hopeless. He recovered, though the events of that night it is to be feared left a truly incurable wound in his heart.

I lay wandering for days and days, driving my faithful nurses wild, but finally came back to consciousness, and horror, when I was able to recall my terrible experience. But that, as is the natural, merciful law, gradually faded away, and I became able to rejoice that I, poor, nervous I, had gone through that night of agony in order to save a noble and useful life.

Some time after Mr. Jessup was called to the death-bed of his erring son, who, making a pitiful attempt at repentance, gladdened his poor old father's heart by the statement that his one happy moment since that sad night had been that in which he heard that his father was alive and well, and that with all his sins he was free "at least from—." His father had laid his hand upon the poor dying lips, to shut out the mention of the awful word, and had blessed him and forgiven him, and thus his only son had died and set his wife and child free.

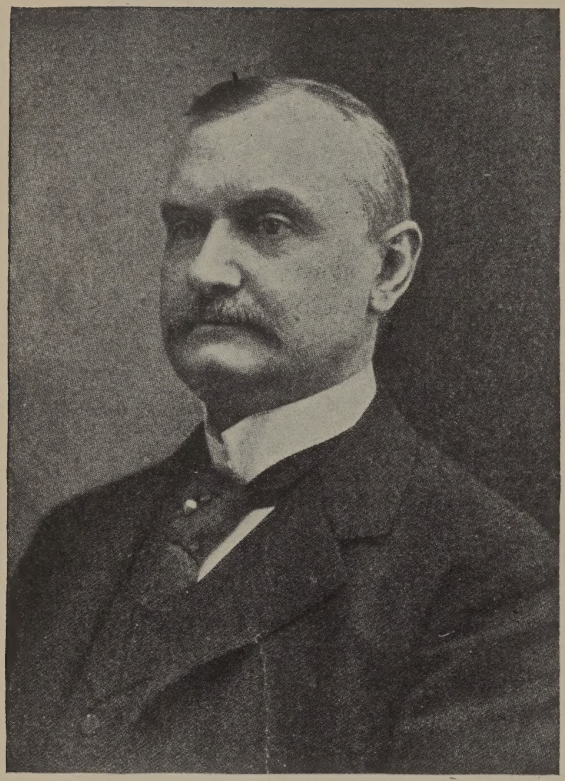
I need scarcely tell you that we didn't go to that house, but Mr. Jessup, who is a very rich man with but one small grandchild to inherit his wealth, insisted on my accepting the loveliest little nest you ever saw, in the country, in a way, but quite close to town, and well-protected by several other houses delightfully near, but not too near,—which, now that it is all past and done with seems worth that night, though I am not quite sure.

MOST REV. HENRY MOELLER, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The conferring of the pallium upon the Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D.D., who succeeded the late Archbishop Elder as Archbishop of Cincinnati, was an event of the month that gave deep gratification to the prelate's many friends in all parts of the country.

Most Rev. Henry Moeller was born in Cincinnati, Dec. 11, 1849. After finishing his studies at St. Joseph's school he attended St. Xavier's College, from which he was graduated with highest honors. He went to Rome in 1869, and was one of the first students to enter the American College, when Dr. Chatard, now bishop of Vincennes, Ind., was the president. At the close of his seven years of study he was ordained to the priesthood by



THOMAS F. RYAN.

Mgr. Lenti in the Church of St. John Lateran. On his return to Cincinnati he was given charge of St. Patrick's Church, Bellefontaine, O., but a few months later was made one of the faculty of Mount St. Mary's Seminary.

In 1879 he became chancellor to Bishop Chatard in Indianapolis, but a year later Archbishop Elder called Dr. Moeller to be his chancellor and secretary. For twenty years he occupied this position, being the closest companion to his superior. On August 27, 1900, Dr. Moeller was consecrated Bishop of Columbus, and on April 27, 1903, he received the bull appointing him coadjutor.

Prominent among American financiers is Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, Vice-President of the Morton Trust Company. That he is also a force in the political life of the country was shown by the influence he exerted over the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis, when, as a southern man, a delegate from Virginia, he was instrumental in securing the assent of the southern delegates to the situation brought about by the famous Parker telegram. He was also the chief influence in the choice of Henry G. Davis, an old friend, as the Democratic candidate for the nomination for Vice-President.

Mr. Ryan's activity in public life in no way lessens his interest in charitable and philanthropic work, and he is a generous patron of all movements having for their object the relief of the poor or afflicted.

The Good Samaritan Hospital at Suffren is the gift of Mrs. Ryan, who bought the old Messimer mansion and transformed it into a thoroughly-equipped hospital with a staff of noted surgeons and physicians.

The hospital is intended to provide for accident cases at this railroad centre and the manufactories now locating in this part of Rockland county.

Medical cases requiring hospital attention are received also. The Sisters in charge are Sisters of Charity from St. Joseph's hospital, Patterson, N. J. The mansion was thoroughly remodelled for its new purpose.

His Holiness, Pius X, gives many a proof of his interest in the work of the press. One day, recently, he took a stylographic pen from the hand of a journalist, and pronounced a blessing over it. Returning the pen, His Holiness said to its pleased owner: "In the world of to-day, no one has a nobler mission than the journalist. I bless your symbol of office. My predecessors con-

secrated the swords and shields of Christian warriors. I choose rather to beg blessings upon the Christian journalist's pen."

Such acts as this make the present Pontiff beloved by all men who come in contact with him, and artists as well as journalists pay tribute to his graciousness and his power to sway hearts to his will. The Freeman's Journal, describing recent events at St. Peter's, gives this interesting account of the appearance of Maria Canessa at the Canonization ceremony:

"Still more magnificent, if possible, was the function on Sunday, when the Blessed Gerard Majella, a humble lay brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, sprung from the ranks of the people, and the Blessed Alexander Sauli, a great Bishop, born of noble stock, and a member of the Congregation of Barnabites, were solemnly canonized by the Sovereign Pontiff. There

MODELLING OF THE BUST OF POPE PIUS X. IN THE VATICAN.
The prelate on the left is Monsignor Bressan, Private Secretary of His Holiness.

was one interesting person in that immense crowd who found herself the object of a distinction of which she certainly never dreamed before. She sat in perhaps the best place in the whole Church, where she could see the throne and the altar and hear the voice of the Pope as he read the decree which raised the Blessed Alexander Sauli to the ranks of the saints. Maria Canessa was a peasant girl of Corsica, who lay on a bed of pain from the age of 7 until long after she reached woman's estate —she was a hopeless cripple and doomed to pass her days in suffering, when one day her confessor told her that a striking miracle was required to complete the process of canonization of the Blessed Alexander, who had once been Bishop of the diocese in which she lived. He urged her to make a novena in his honor, and on the last day of it she found herself instantaneously and completely cured. The miracle completed the evidence necessary for the canonization of last Sunday, and Maria Canessa was privileged to be one of those who assisted at it. Next day the Holy Father received her in private audience and with fatherly kindness, exhorted her to show herself worthy of the great favor which heaven had wrought for her.

MRS. KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

The *Dublin Freeman,* commenting on the literary fame of Cork, says: "In that delightful book, 'The Reliques of Father Prout,' the great Cork artist, Maclise, contributes the frontispiece, which represents some thirty of the most famous men of letters of the day sitting round the hospitable table of Fraser, the publisher. It is very interesting to note that in the group there are five Cork men — Grofton, Crocker, Frank Mahoney (Father Prout), Sergeant Murphy and poor Richard MaGinn. In our own time laurels have been won by two Cork ladies, Mrs. Thurston and the late Mrs. Hungerford."

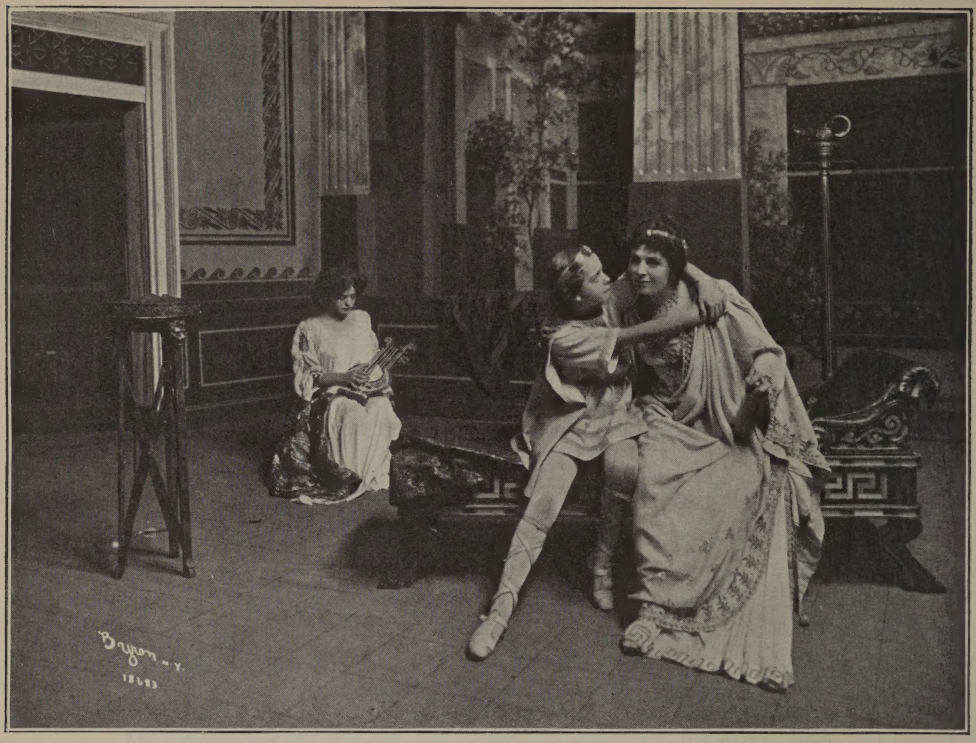
Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston is a Catholic. She is the daughter of the late Alderman Paul Madden, of Cork, Ireland, and a cousin of the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa. Her father was an ardent home ruler, and in the Land League days sacrificed much time and money and imperilled his liberty. He was a devout Catholic, and very charitable.

LABOR UNBOUND—A PROPHECY.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

Be thy hopes lofty as thy heart was low,
O Lady; for the shackles of despair,
The dragon Greed—unmindful of all prayer—
Forged for thy binding in the cave of woe,
Are riven asunder; free thou art to go
Henceforth upon thy ministries of care,
To soothe the fallen, to raise the faint, to bear
Their burdens, and thy tender gifts bestow.

Fear never more shall hold thee; for the brand
Of truth and justice that hath made thee free
Shall blaze forever in thy righteous cause,—
The sword high Honor wields; while heart and hand
He pledges to thy rule on bended knee;
Thine are his dreams, and his shall be thy laws.



Dagmar DeVere. Viola Allen.

"THE WINTER'S TALE." Second Scene, First Act.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Viola Allen has done the play some service by her production of Shakspeare's play, *A Winter's Tale.* It is at present the most distinguished dramatic affair in New York. The great poet never dreamed anything more lovely than the setting which this capable and enterprising woman has given his poetic drama. Its presentation at this moment, however, reminds theatrical managers sadly of the winter's tale of woe for all concerned in the business. It has been a winter's tale indeed. Failures have so multiplied that the boldest have shrunk from further enterprise. Thirty first-class companies gave up the ghost after enduring a frost so bitter that the Arctic regions alone could have surpassed it. So superior a play as *Taps,* with Mr. Herbert Kelcey at the prow, the beacon light as it were, dropped dead just outside the metropolis. The explanation of an ancient actor for these disasters was "election year." The tradition holds that the year of a Presidential election is mostly bad and always uncertain. No prudent manager or star will venture much of a cargo on the dramatic sea in that year. This may be a satisfactory partial explanation, but universal disaster usually has more complex causes.

The Iroquois fire happened a long time ago, and the strange fact that no one suffered punishment for that awful disaster has helped to wipe it from the public memory. None the less its impres-

sion will not soon fade. Most theatres are inevitably fire-traps. Their three-story construction, the large crowd in a small space, the inflammable material, the fatal nature of panic, are elements which fire-proofing can never remove. The Iroquois fire brought home that fact to millions, and they have stayed away. An echo of the tragedy sounded a few weeks ago when the courts decided a suit brought by Klaw and Erlanger, members of the Syndicate, against the magazine called *Life,* for charging them with responsibility for the terrible loss of life in the Iroquois disaster. The offence of *Life* was the publication of a cartoon with the legend: Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger present Bluebeard at the Iroquois. The cartoon displayed Death as Bluebeard holding in his bony hands a key. He stood beside the grand portal of a theatre, whose doors were securely locked by an enormous padlock. Smoke poured from the theatre, and a woman had partly forced her body through the barred door in the frantic effort to escape incineration. The cartoon was the work of a genius, and even the nerves of a Syndicate must have shriveled before its horror. The court denied Klaw and Erlanger the right to one hundred thousand dollars damage. They were really entitled to ten times that amount, for it is doubtful if that immense sum would cover the injury of a single cartoon.

While disaster has overtaken all sorts of plays on the road, the bucolic drama in particular has suffered. The great success of such plays as *Way Down East* and *The County Chairman* led managers to believe that the people longed for more of the same kind. The hack playwrights were set to work, and turned out a score of dismal failures. The most noticeable here in New York was a play

Frank Vernon. Boyd Putnam. James Young. Viola Allen. C. Leslie Allen.

"THE WINTER'S TALE."

called *Home Folks,* and the most eminent, another called *Common Sense Brackett.* The first deserved to fail. It was made according to the inevitable recipe, and proved to be the kind that "mother used to make." Pleasant enough, indeed, harmless, but not entertaining, just what one would expect. It died without regret. The other had for its chief exponent a clever comedian, Richard Golden, whose ability to portray the musical melange after the style of Sullivan's *Pinafore* or Daly's *Geisha,* a form of amusement which ought to be sulpher-and-molasses to the metropolites, but is not. In the failure of most other things to please, this mixture is a last resort. When a genius of the George Ade cast uses it as a medium for his wit and satire, it seems to be worth while; but on most other occasions the effect is indescribable. On two occa-

Bourke Sullivan. Edward Martindell. Thomas Leary.

"THE SHO-GUN."

Maine folks in the drollest and yet most feeling fashion everyone admits. The play had plenty of incident, humorous characters, a vein of true emotion; but the recipe spoiled it, there was not an idea in it worth illustrating by incident, and the audience felt that they had seen it all before a score of times. It will be some years before the bucolic drama attracts the dollar-chasing manager.

His refuge from worry and disaster is sions Mr. Ade did the stage proud by means of the musical melange, otherwise known as the comic opera. One was the production of *The Shogun,* a keen and highly laughable satire on American finance. The theme is the invasion of Corea by the American promoter, looking for other worlds to conquer after flooding the earth with his Goo-goo chewing gum. He wants a title, a field for his enterprises, and a wife. He appears be-

fore the court of Corea with a band and seven pages carrying the seven wonders of America. Two of these wonders are the hot-water bag and the fountain pen. The remarkable feature of the bag is that when you want to use it the hot water is always turned off. The direction for filling the fountain-pen is to fill a bath-tub with ink and get into it along with the pen. "What is a Trust?" inquires the court Philosopher, when the promoter proposes to make a trust out of Corea. "A Trust," says the American unctuously, "is a large body of money entirely surrounded by water."

"Early to bed and early to rise," says the Philosopher, editing ancient proverbs, "and you'll never meet prominent people." A young lady pays him much attention, because being a widower he is the only man whom a Corean maid may flirt with. "I am glad," says the cynic, "to be even a last resort." The young lady upsets his sarcasm with the remark: "every man is for a woman a last resort, but he doesn't know it." The promoter engages the Philosopher as his lawyer at a fee of one thousand dollars a minute, he organizes companies of all kinds and officers them with the nobles, and when the Shogun, fighting for his country on the frontier, returns home he finds his kingdom in the hands of the foreigner. The executioners refuse to remove the foreigner's head, because he is the walking delegate of their union; the Philosopher gets out an injunction from the gods against the Shogun; finally the fallen monarch exchanges his crown for a place in one of the promoter's companies. The satire is not only keen and true, but its very extravagance is satirical in this sense: that the actual behavior of the modern money power is more extreme than the laughable absolutism of William Henry Spangler, the creation of Mr. Ade. In no comic opera since *Pinafore* has the satire been so vigorous, so apt, and so true, as in *The Shogun*. Mr. Ade's wit is supplemented by charming music, and the generous manager has staged the satire in a very effective way, as is usual with Henry Savage. This manager is at present the most beneficient force shaping the American stage.

No one would be much surprised if young Arnold Daly worked himself into a similar position. He has become within the last two years a recognized leader in New York, by his success in doing what the average manager always maintains can never be done; finding an audience for an unconventional play. The managers do not waste any money on such dreams. Arnold Daly is an actor of unusual ability, inasmuch as he can select a play of vital strength, stage it at low cost, and interest enough people to pay the expenses. For some time he has devoted himself to the witty and satirical plays of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the Irishman in London who has done all sorts of clever things in the past ten years. From an out-of-the-way theatre and accidental management, Arnold Daly has passed into the hands of the Liebler Company and is playing at the Garrick, *You Never Can Tell*. Whether this change will benefit the plays, yet remains to be seen. Whatever glory, money, and success may be in it has been more than earned by the ability of Mr. Daly. I believe he is a Catholic, but have not been able to verify the statement. Last year he played *Candida* and *The Man of Destiny*, two plays in which Miss Dorothy Donnelly, a clever Catholic girl, won the praise of the critics and took a step forward in the art of acting.

The present play with the title of *You Never Can Tell* is about as odd, complex, and inexplicable an affair as ever worried and confounded a manager. Nothing that is said or done by the actors gives any inkling of the outcome

of the plot. It is doubtful if there is a plot. There is a story of a kind, but you never can tell. The climax of the first act is the baldest satire on the ordinary first act tableau. A dentist puts his patient in a chair, makes his preparations, gives the last instructions, wagers that he will extract the tooth without pain, administers the gas, brandishes his forceps, and the curtain falls. The play reveals by the mere force of continuation symptoms of a plot, which vanish as you examine them. It runs towards pathos at times, but always fetches up short before any feeling. You never can tell from what has gone before what is about to follow. The characters are consistent, apparently normal, like the waiter who educated his son for the bar and had to support him until he was thirty-eight; yet their evolution takes on the most variable and even contradictory aspects. The humor and wit are the invariable quantities. The characterization is so keen that the best actors get all they can do to miss no point and present motives clearly. It is really a dramatic achievement.

The honors of the season are to be evenly divided, it would seem, among three women. The *Leah Kleschna* of Mrs. Fiske increases in popular favor, Mrs. Leslie Carter has made a profound impression in her tragedy of *Adrea,* and Viola Allen's presentation of Shakspearean plays, notably *A Winter's Tale,* has covered her with honor. The men do not appear fortunate this season. Robert Mantell gave Shakspeare a turn in his grave with a company of poor quality; Francis Wilson tried a farce and failed to please; an English actor named Terry impressed his audience only by his awful accent; Robert Haines had no success with his wife's play of Spanish life; and so on down a long list. The Belasco play in which Mrs. Leslie Carter appeared was gotten up in the lavish fashion affected by the successful enemy of the Syndicate. The New York public expect the impossible now from this manager and his leading star, and consequently the latter makes a most tremendous effort to meet the expectation. *Adrea* is a tragedy of a sombre tone, but so brilliantly staged that the darkness hardly invades the feelings of the audience. It is becoming quite clear that the Belasco ambition is to develop an American Bernhardt in a Sardou environment. *Adrea* is an old-fashioned Sardou play; theatric, spectacular, splendid, overdone, but full of power.

Its appearance is opportune, as *The Sorceress* has retired from public view. Mrs. Campbell slipped and hurt her knee so badly that the tour had to be abandoned for this season. This was the announcement given out by the Frohman press agent. The surmise, however, is that the play slipped and broke its kneecap, and that the lovely Mrs. Campbell had nervous prostration over the non-attendance of the public. Thus is the great and holy Ximenes, the light of learning in old Spain, avenged upon the decrepit Sardou, who held him up to ridicule and infamy by his lying portrait in this anti-Catholic and ferocious drama. Fortunately for the public the drama was poor stuff. Twice now has the French dramatist betrayed his patrons to failure. Sir Henry Irving lost on *Dante,* and Mrs. Campbell on *The Sorceress. Adrea* therefore appears at the right moment, and the public can acclaim the American Bernhardt. Sumptuous production is David Belasco's forte. He does not on that account neglect the essentials of a good story and fine acting. The story of the play concerns a blind princess who lived in the good old barbarian days of the year thirty of our era. Her lover was a lively gentleman named Phæso. He jilted her for her wicked sister, and the two jokingly and cruelly took ad-

vantage of her blindness to marry her to a clown, whom she took for Phæso. Distracted by horror and grief she was about to destroy herself, when the revelry of the wedding of Phæso and Julia rouses her spirit. At her earnest prayer the gods restore her sight, she mounts the throne in consequence, and wreaks a frightful vengeance upon her sister and her false lover, slaying him with her own hand.

Yet her love remains, and in the epilogue she resigns her power to the little son of Julia and Phæso, and retires into her blindness again. The triumph of the play was undoubted. Its splendor was supported by the frightful passion of the story. The acting of Mrs. Carter and her company was superb. Tyrone Power dominated the stage as usual with his strange and powerful voice and his impressive acting. There is something weird in the personality of Mrs. Carter, almost repulsive in its suggestion of tigerish ferocity; yet pathos is not lacking, though diminished by the suggestion of cruelty, of abnormal selfishness in every character which she elects to play.

This suggestion is never found in the work of Viola Allen. The last production of *A Winter's Tale* was made by Mary Anderson many years ago. It has never been surpassed, and never will be within a century, for Our Mary had a personality far beyond the depths of the most beautiful of plays. Yet Viola Allen should rank second in achievement. Nothing nobler has been seen in New York these twenty years than her interpretation of the most interesting but least vital of Shakspeare's plays. The breadth and the dignity of it seemed all the more convincing and impressive by the contrast with the fussy teapots whistling and sputtering on the dramatic hob of New York. Within a hundred yards, for example, comic opera reeled off its ridiculous gags and lyrics. Yet on the stage was revealed the fair land of pagan Sicilia, a noble interior, a loggia looking out upon the blue sky and the infinite sparkling sea. The nobles of the court moved about with stately costume and elaborate etiquette, every pose artistic, in keeping with the dignified diction. Repose, beauty, dignity! The very opposites of our dramatic life, indeed of our national life. It was more like a dream than a play.

Human passion invaded the peaceful scene. The jealousy of Leontes the king, against his guest, King Polixenes of Bohemia, introduced turmoil and crime. He persuaded his confidant, Camillo, to poison the Bohemian monarch, but the nobleman preferred rather to fly with the threatened prince than to slay him. Then Leontes turned his anger upon the good Queen Hermione, accused her of crime, cast her into prison, flung her new-born child on a desert shore to die, and tried her publicly before his angry court. Although he condemned her, the oracle of Apollo, to which the pious woman appealed, rejected his decision, declared the queen innocent and himself a jealous tyrant. When he impiously insulted the decree of the god, the vengeance of Apollo descended upon him, his son and heir died, and Queen Hermione fell, apparently dead, before his throne. He was desolate, his throne destined for a stranger, his friends lost, himself the victim of the gods. The scenes of the queen's chamber, of her prison, of the lonely shore upon which her infant was exposed to death, were very beautiful, but were surpassed by the judgment-hall in the palace where the jealous king placed her to be tried. Augustine Daly could not have beaten the careful detail of the trial, the reproduction of the ancient religious spirit, the reverence for the decree of the oracle, the respect and awe with which the document was un-

sealed and read, the horror evoked by the impiety of the maddened king. This first half of the play in scenery, acting, and details was a lesson to the managers and actors of the country, as well as to the general public. It was surprising, too, that so many actors could be found able to read the Shakspearean lines so well. The Camillo of Mr. Frank Vernon was a marvel of traditional grace in action and utterance.

In the second half of the play Miss Allen took the part of the little Perdita, now the supposed daughter of a wealthy shepherd, and aged about seventeen. As the critics say, she looked the part. Nothing so good as the sporting of the rude peasantry, nothing so exquisite as the portrayal of innocent sprightfulness has ever been seen in this city as in the scene where King Polixenes of Bohemia discovers his son's love for the shepherd's daughter. It is not often that stage lovers demand so little from the imagination of spectators as Miss Allen and Prince Florizel. They were just what they represented, youthful, lovely, graceful, and foolish. There did not seem to be acting in their portrayal of the lovers. James Young as the Prince left a deep impression on the audience. As everyone knows, the main features of this play are the trial of Hermione, the wooing of Perdita by the Prince, and the famous statue scene, in which Hermione returns to life and love and glory after a seclusion of sixteen years. Modern science has made the illusion of the statue easy and strikingly beautiful. The light used can give to the ordinary white dress, white hair, and whitened face, the character of marble. Standing in that light, Miss Allen was a perfect statue. In a way, that final scene typified the entire play. The dignity, beauty, and splendor of this Shakspearean drama were summed up in the classic glory of the statue.

Too much praise cannot be given Viola Allen for her Shakspearean enterprise, and also for her high ideals of life and living, her serene and unmoved determination to do and to be the best for her profession. Men like Savage and Fiske, women like Viola Allen and Mrs. Fiske, of clean lives and noble aspirations, of high talent and in touch with opportunity, are the forces that will yet give us the true drama, the national drama, reflecting the virtue and the glory of a people even in amusing them, giving back to the multitude part of what the drama receives in fine pictures of real and exalted life. The mere entertainers, who have invaded the stage as if it were a vegetable market, in the good times coming will be confined to the circus arena and the hurdy-gurdy syndicates, for which their greed and their vulgarity have fitted them to perfection.

MY VALENTINE.

BY CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

Brown birds are tilting on the leafless bough,
  Deep in the woodland drear.
Again earth wears her livery of snow;
Again the whispering pines are bended low
  With frost-gems sparkling clear.

Earth's cheerless desolation grows apace,
  Yet in this heart of mine
'Tis summer still, for in yon hearth-fire light
No wintry winds can dull the vision bright
  Of you, my Valentine.

See! While your dear face dances in the flame,
  With laughing eyes of blue,
And lips apart; with waving locks that lift
With every gust of wind, a little gift
  I fondly offer you.

"Pearls are for tears." A pearl, then, white and clear
  With roses sweet I send.
'Tis but the emblem of a sorrow small,
That stung your heart when heedless words did fall
  From lips of mine, my friend.

I've weighed all griefs and trials, dear, with this
  And found them lighter far.
I've measured all my hours of loss and pain,
And cried, "How small the paltry good or gain
  While shines the single star

Of that first tear." But you did swift forgive
  And smile, sweet Valentine.
Since have I loved you, darling, fondlier still,
'Tho by my hearth the place you ne'er may fill,
  Dear truant friend of mine.

ST. VALENTINE TO THE RESCUE.

BY MARY WEST.

Time out of mind there had always been grudge and feud between the O'Mores and the Finnegans; as great in degree if not in kind as that which once vexed the noble households of Montague and Capulet. Accounts differ as to its origin, which is lost in the mists of antiquity. The seat of its primitive disturbance too is located pretty generally everywhere from the security of a mountain fastness to the instability of an Irish bog. Yet somewhere in the Emerald Isle, once upon a time said ancient strife had place. Some say that it concerned the hearts of men in connection with that innocent beverage known as "mountain dew" dispensed by the dainty hand of one, Kate Carney, whose ways were so "bewitchingly simple" and whose glance so fatal—according to the poet. Others pronounce it due to the more potent cup of tea combined with the tongues of women; while still others declare that this feud and its direful consequences were the direct result of a children's quarrel in keeping with a limited supply of goats' milk.

As these diverse statements agree only as to one particular, I should say—should not you? that there is but one inference to be drawn, namely, the affair had something to do with a beverage—if not with Kate Carney. However, it teaches us the beauty of temperance in every direction—even in that harmless one alluded to by the poet,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

But with rumor, ancient history and poets I have naught to do. My theme concerns only the modern representatives of the strongholds of O'More and Finnegan respectively, who came finally to settle in the wilds of America—strangely enough, next door neighbors.

McCarthy O'More prospered—made the wilderness to blossom as the rose—turned at last from the tedious cultivation of soil to the more skilful manipulation of stocks.

He then came East, and with his wife and one child, a daughter, lived on the snug fortune which he had acquired.

He left behind him in the West, his neighbor, Michael Finnegan, who had also prospered, but not in a material sense. He had reared a large family and managed to provide them with the necessities of life, but the good man's ambition never went beyond his own door.

The two households, holding in letter and spirit to the ancient grudge aforesaid, never tried to assimilate. The husbands differed early over the boundary line of their land; the wives warmly espoused the quarrel and for aught I know precipitated it.

Michael Finnegan had married a comely Irish lass—the playmate of his youth. McCarthy O'More took a mate from his adopted land. The two brides had nothing in common.

About four years after Mr. O'More had purchased for himself a fine estate in the suburbs of one of our well-known cities, his daughter, Madge, came flying, in a state of the greatest excitement, into the room where her mother sat sewing.

"Mamma! your wildest conjectures would never guess what has happened! —They've come!—the twins, a late arrival on the scene I fancy, and a turbulent bulldog that snapped at my heels—besides an insufferable young man who accosted me and—actually the little red shawl, with—oh, I'm breathless!"

The young lady threw her gloves upon an adjacent couch and sent her muff fol-

lowing, while she paused in her narrative.

Mrs. O'More, a fragile, refined-looking lady, thrust her needle through her work, and folded her hands, to bend a serious gaze upon her pretty daughter.

"Madge, if the day ever comes when I shall see you more orderly and less excitable, you don't know how it will please me. Now, what are you saying! —who has twins—and a turbulent bulldog?—how you rattle on, child!"

"You always take me up so very quickly, mamma, but guess—just guess who has come!"

Her mother shook her head and resumed her work.

"The Finnegans! did you ever know such impudence?—the whole tribe, bag and baggage! Valentine spoke to me!"

Mrs. O'More left her needle suspended in the air, in complete surprise it seemed, and stared at her daughter.

"There, mamma! talk about excitement, you are excited yourself! They have rented the little old brown house down the street, vacant so long. Valentine has a shingle out—actually a doctor! Kitty Bawn knows all about them because—"

"I am not excited, child," the mother broke in, and she now suddenly seemed to change her mind about her sewing which she folded neatly and laid aside, "only—it is strange. Still we do not possess the monoply of the earth or even of the neighborhood. I hope that you were polite to the Finnegan boy?"

"Yes, mamma—that is for a moment I pretended I did not know him—one should not encourage presumption—then I gave him a stiff nod and passed on. Wait till I take off my things,—there is so much to tell you!"

Miss Madge O'More now sent her hat and coat to keep company with muff and gloves, only, mindful of her mother's admonition, she stood a little on the order of their going. Then she curled herself comfortably on the hearth rug at her mother's feet. The latter, her cheek upon her hand, regarded thoughtfully the glowing coals in the open grate while her daughter chattered on.

"You know, mamma, it was Kitty's father who bought our old home. Doesn't it make the world seem small? So for two years they were neighbors of the Finnegans, and it appears that a great intimacy sprang up. Can you imagine it? the Bawns are such superior people. And, oh, mamma, I hate to tell you this—but Kitty and I had our first quarrel while discussing those wretched Finnegans—a fierce war of words, indeed!"

Madge waited for some comment, but none came. She took a long breath and went on.

"You see, I told my side of the story—that we had lived beside them more years than I cared to remember—and that we never associated with them because they were such ordinary and uneducated people. I said that the mother, unused to the ways of society, went out to feed the hens, attired in the most primitive fashion, and always with a red shawl over her head. I told her—" Madge laughed merrily and tried to catch her mother's eye, "I told her that the sight of that red shawl always seemed to augment the feud on one side of the house, somewhat after the effect of a red rag on a bull. Don't you remember how papa used to sing at the top of his voice,

'Oh, the little red shawl
My mother used to wear!'

and we were always so frightened lest they should hear him?"

Mrs. O'More nodded, with a pensive smile, and Madge felt encouraged to proceed.

"When it came Kitty's turn to talk you should have heard her! She is my

dearest friend, yet never did I know that girl had such a temper! The Finnegans taken all in all are the finest family she knows, she said, and Mrs. Finnegan is her ideal of woman and mother. Mamma, she told me to my face that I lied in calling Valentine's mother ignorant and uneducated!"

Madge drew a long quivering breath in memory of the insult, then rushed on precipitately.

"The mother of all the Finnegans, asserts Miss Kathleen Bawn, is a most extraordinary woman, of exceptional education, having imbibed learning through the pores, it seems, since she never had time to imbibe it otherwise. The same authority pronounces it a liberal education to know her!

"I hate to tell you the rest, mamma, because you've always had so high an opinion of Kitty, but her Irish blood being up, she did not pick and choose her words—she actually asserted in speaking somehow of hens and children and getting mixed—she asserted," Madge's voice trembled, "did Miss Bawn, that the Finnegans, their poverty and their progeny were far more pleasing to God than the O'Mores and their money. Everybody from God to Napoleon approved of big families, she declared, and the solitary chicken has no chance. Mamma, I thought this the most unkindest cut of all!"

The quiet figure beside her shook with some suppressed emotion, but the angry narrator wrapped in her wrongs did not notice.

"Then she spoke of Valentine—I broke in that it showed the execrable taste of his parents to endow him with such a title—Valentine Finnegan. It seems that he was born on St. Valentine's day. She says he is the grandest fellow she knows. He has worked his way through college and is devoting his life to his mother and family—the father is dead."

"Yet I was so exasperated that I had to say something, you know, so I remarked was it Valentine she was championing? then why bring in the name of his mother at all? she retorted that it was I who had dragged it in. Then somehow we became entangled again in the folds of the little red shawl."

"The end of it all was that we both apologized and kissed each other with tears—though I know that we both wanted to bite! Yet, oh. never again can I think the same of that girl!"

While her daughter was speaking, Mrs. O'More had been indulging in a rapid mental retrospect. Although only an O'More by marriage she had warmly espoused her husband's cause, as has been said, and the mutiny against the ancient enemy still warred in her heart, —yet with a mental reservation she bent forward and rested a gentle hand upon the young girl's shoulder.

"My dear child, I'm sorry to say that Kitty had all the best of the argument, and you—none at all. I am glad that you did not part in anger. Yet let this be a lesson. To me the very name Finnegan signifies feud; be civil and strange, do all that becomes a lady, but never mention, and keep away from them. I know not whether our becoming neighbors again is chance or design or a wise ordaining of Providence."

The next day was St. Valentine's day. Should Madge ever forget it as long as she lived? That morning she received her usual generous quota of tender missives, and at the breakfast table sat intrenched behind Cupids, roses, darts, lovers' knots, pierced hearts, etc., all as real as paper could make them.

Her parents exchanged amused glances as apparently with unfluttered pulse and unflushed cheek, she coolly unsealed, glanced at, and set aside each valentine.

"Is it quite proper for so much senti-

ment to enter into the life of an avowed spinster, or what is it you call 'em?—bachelor maid? In my day there was no such thing," said Papa O'More, a fine genial Irish gentleman of the old school.

Early in life Madge had declared it her intention to remain "In maiden meditation, fancy free." She now smiled across the table at her father, but deigned no reply, while Mamma O'More busied herself with studying the various styles of chirography on the envelopes.

A few moments later Madge went for a walk with a kingly collie, Brien Boromhe, that her father had given her. "For," argued that good man, "if a girl *will* be a bachelor maid, she *must* have a protector."

Perhaps the sight of so many Cupids, pierced hearts, etc., had somewhat confused Madge's mind that morning, for she turned a bit dreamy, and although unwavering in her intention to remain a spinster, for the first time it occurred to her that she might, like other maidens, have an ideal of manhood. She had just reached that point in her musings where said ideal began to assume tangible shape—a cross between a St. Michael and a Saul—when a dreadful sound or combination of sounds fell upon her ear.

It was something betwixt and between a whistle, a rattle, a rumble, a snarl, and a roar. For a moment she feared in her abstraction that she was crossing the railroad track and that the train was upon her. She saw two fiery eyes and then —she found herself in front of the Finnegan domain, and that fierce, turbulent wicked little cur of theirs advancing toward herself and her stately Brien Boromhe, with hostile intent.

In a flash the two dogs had selected the biggest puddle in the street, (for the February thaw had begun) and were fighting for dear life—growling, barking, scratching, tearing; oh, would there be anything left of her dear Brien, she wondered?

Another instant and Madge was between them, first trying moral suasion—pleading, coaxing—then resorting to firmer measures, beating soft blows with her muff on each obstinate butting head. All to no use; they only mistook her for each other and grew all the more excited and entangled.

The daughter of the O'Mores was not lacking in courage. She bore with fortitude, sundry fierce nips at her feet and ankles, but when her lovely new hat fell into the very heart of the puddle and she saw it being rapidly demolished under the whirling paws of the angry canines, then indeed she called aloud for help.

No one was passing, it seemed, yet she had hardly lifted her voice, when the door of the Finnegan mansion opened and a young man came flying down the path. Well, for a few moments he only made one more in the general *mêlèe* and confusion. It is not an easy thing to separate two fighting dogs. He finally disentangled Madge and her head gear,—what a firm, masterful hand was his—and set her aside as if she had been a piece of baggage, she thought. He then turned his attention to the two combatants, crying as he vigorously tried to separate them, "Rory O'More, oh, Rory O'More, don't you know your master? Fie! to tackle so big a problem!"

Madge quickly parried the thrust.

"Brien Boromhe, oh, Brien Boromhe, come to your mistress and leave that tough little proposition!"

Valentine Finnegan finally won the the victory over the brute nature, and stood at last one side of the ditch holding the gasping, snarling Rory O'More by the nape of the neck, while on the other stood the humiliated Miss O'More with her disgruntled Brien Boromhe in tow, also gasping and snarling.

The muddy nymph between them took

a step forward and spoke in tones that trembled with anger, while her bespattered countenance added poignancy to her remarks. Nor was she aware that she was crowning the indignities which her subjugated king, Boromhe, had already received by resting her demolished mass of millinery upon his bowed head, its plumes straggling over his ear.

She leveled her muff at the young knight who had come to her assistance, much as if it were a bayonet, and pointed her words with the same.

"Never, as long as I live, shall I forget this dreadful scene!—to go out for a peaceful walk of a morning and to be immediately set upon by your wretched little cur! Why, look at me—I'm simply ruined!" (her eye traveling disdainfully up and down her drenched velvet attire), "while this gentle creature who was never known to fly at anyone before, what think you, will his temper be after this?—Why couldn't you keep that horrible brute on his own premises?"

She flashed across the ditch a look of the greatest indignation.

"Don't you think you are the least bit unreasonable, Miss O'More?" queried Rory O'More's master—what a frank, straightforward face he had!—"because you see, poor Rory *was* on his own premises. He must have fancied you a transgressor. Yet as you say of your own dog, I never knew him to fly at any one before. I cannot understand it."

"Well, I can," retorted Madge, dryly, "it's the old Finnegan-O'More feud—it runs in the blood and even the very dogs seem to inherit it! Oh, why didn't you stay away, and not bring such discord into our quiet neighborhood?"

She regarded with wrathful eyes the muddy pool between them.

"Ah, I have heard it said that the quarrel began in a bog, and here we have worked in a circle back into the bog again."

"Then, Miss O'More, why not let it end right here in this very bog," the voice was very eager, "have I ever injured you or yours? Then why hold an ancient grudge against me?"

"Away back in the past your people did—then you have never been our equal. I prefer not to discuss the matter. However, before we part, before we part forever, I wish to ask one question. Why did you name your dog for us—Rory O'More—don't you think it a bit presumptuous?"

It was now the young man's turn to look indignant and let me say the flash of his eye and curl of his lip were as scornful as anything the daughter of the O'Mores could muster.

"I assure you that you are mistaken—totally mistaken; that dog was given to my mother by a neighbor and named before we ever saw him. Possibly you know Miss Kathleen Bawn? You see," he went on to explain, his voice losing its indignant ring, "when my father died and I was away at college, my mother was somewhat lonely—and so Miss Bawn kindly sent her the dog as a sort of protector and she named him Rory O'More."

"You know the song? She used to sing it for my mother." And then with a dreamy eye, as if he had forgotten her very presence, thought his companion, and was back in the wild and woolly West with his fair neighbor, he began to hum to himself,

"Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn
He was bold as a hawk and she soft as the dawn."

Madge listened for a moment, forgetting time, place and hour—then suddenly she perceived some drops of blood on Brien Boromhe's rough coat, and—dear me! one of Rory O'More's eyes

looked torn—and just see Valentine's hands!

Then and there the young lady added to the general moisture and mistiness of the situation by bursting into tears. For had not Valentine been thinking only of Miss Kitty Bawn, and singing about her?

"Oh, we are all going mad, I am sure," sobbed the weeping maid, in a state of complete collapse, "and—and when a few of us are shut up in asylums and there is a death or two, perhaps the Finnegan thirst for gore may be appeased."

That was why Valentine crossed the Rubicon—that is he leaped the ditch and stood beside the distressed maiden—not with the dignity he would have wished though, for Rory showed a wild tendency again to fly at Brien and he was obliged to hold them apart.

"Madge!—pardon!—I mean (down Brien!) Miss O'More—but then I've known you (Rory behave!) since childhood. Don't cry!—ah, don't—now Madge—I mean—I must take these dogs indoors and patch them up a bit—being a doctor, you know. And you—come, too—couldn't my mother fix you a little?"

"Couldn't your mother fix me?—doubtless she might add to Rory's handiwork!" (Madge was further decorating herself as she spoke by wiping the tears away with a muddy glove.) "An O'More to cross the threshold of a Finnegan! Ah, this comes of dallying so long. I must bid you good morning!"

With all the dignity she could assume, Madge now hurried away, a grotesque, disreputable little figure. Valentine stared after her a moment with a look half-sad, half-amused, then with the two struggling dogs he disappeared within the Finnegan stronghold.

At home, Madge accounted for her plight with a story creditable to every one but Rory. Yes, when one came to think things over, Valentine had acted the gentleman. But words could not express her scorn for that rowdy, Rory O'More Finnegan.

That night Brien Boromhe returned meekly and in good order from the scene of his late carousal. No one would ever imagine that he had been indulging in the fight of his life.

And when the affair reached the ears of Papa O'More, somehow he could not be induced to see the tragic side of it. He pronounced it a huge joke—laughed loud and long, and took to singing again at the top of his voice,

"Oh the little red shawl,
My mother used to wear!"

II.

The neighborhood in question resumed the even tenor of its ways and the days winged away as they have a habit of doing. The Finnegans and the O'Mores met occasionally, saluted stiffly and passed on.

In the meantime, Madge had fully established the fact that she meant to be a bachelor maid. Of course when the question is optional with one's self it is an interesting thing. The strong-minded girl looked her admirers coolly in the eye and kept them all at bay. She had acquired a taste for literature, for science, for art—in fact for everything but cooking and details appertaining thereto. For instance, once when the help decamped with hardly an hour's warning, that practical man, Papa O'More, suggested that as long as his daughter had determined to remain a vestal virgin she might tend the fires of the home shrine. So the next morning the amiable Madge essayed to light the kitchen stove. All the most approved rules of chemistry and philosophy went into it and somehow everything came out of it again—but heat.

I believe, too, it was that very day she made her debut as cook.

For some reason or another, Papa O'More was the only one who partook, and that very evening the strange hallucination possessed him that the whole Finnegan tribe was sitting upon his chest. Wherever the feud had begun, he said, he knew where it would end, and whom it would finish. This night-mare continued for about a week and then gradually wore away.

One night, a few weeks later, when the question of help had been again satisfactorily settled, Madge arrived late for dinner in quite a disturbed frame of mind, it seemed. She had no appetite, trifled with her food and finally burst forth,

"Mamma, the doings of this parish are getting to be something disgraceful! I wish we lived somewhere else. I was just talking to Mrs. Withers and she says that since leap year, twenty feet deep in the church, the single women are surrounding St. Joseph and praying for husbands—he is such an advocate, you know. Never shall I be seen near him again!—if girls only knew when they are well off, says Mrs. Withers—you know what a life Daniel has led her!"

Papa O'More choked over a fish bone and tried to say something, but Madge rushed on.

"As for Kitty Bawn—put her at the head as the ringleader of this movement—she is the most barefaced of all—always doing the nine Tuesdays and indeed the seven days of the week—everybody knows for whom!"

Papa O'More had conquered the fish bone and now replied.

"I call it most womanly, indeed, that is if sweet Kitty cannot otherwise obtain a mate. In my day we did not have to pray for husbands and wives—God sent them as a matter of course. I tell you it is all something to do with this emancipated woman movement. Why, when I was a boy, if we had found her or the bachelor maid prowling around loose we would have clapped 'em into a cage. Yet, I have outlived my time. Ah, why couldn't I have had a sensible girl like Kitty for a daughter, and not be constantly reproaching myself with the fact that I have hoisted upon the world an anomaly of nature!"

Madge was so exceedingly surprised that she did not get over it the whole evening. Her father had always been so strong an ally of hers! Now what had made him desert her cause?

In the course of time, the years began to pursue the days and to speed away. Madge and Valentine are still living and have given me no permission to publish their age. Yet I am sure I may admit that they were more than 'steen years—that they had arrived,—there, I can go no further, although the years will.

I fear I have neglected to relate a remarkable fact. Those two old enemies, Brien Boromhe and Rory O'More, having bit and scratched and fought every time they met, for the longest while, to the great scandal of the neighborhood—all of a sudden discovered a friendly side and became like two brotherly comrades. One would see them now-a-days either resting side by side before Papa O'More's friendly hearth, or Mamma Finnegan's genial stove—or taking long rambles together, big Brien and little Rory, to the edification and amusement of all observers—the best comported dogs that ever breathed.

The finger of time had perceptibly aged Papa and Mamma O'More—yet it seemed to make no impress upon their daughter, who continued as pretty and young and dainty as ever—so all her admirers told her.

Valentine Finnegan became, with every day, more manly and thoughtful and busy. All the brothers and sisters

were rapidly becoming little men and women. They could render him, as yet, but little assistance in his efforts as chief bread winner of the family, but their appreciative, merry hearts gave him love and sympathy, and a happy, rollicking united little household they were.

Somehow Miss Madge O'More had utterly altered her views with regard to Valentine's mother. She now thought the patient face behind the widow's veil most womanly and full of character. And she knew that although the "little red shawl" never appeared out of doors, that it still brightened the home.

She had lost all fear too of the pranks of the sturdy, mischievous twins. Of Valentine's nobility of life and self-sacrifice she was constantly hearing from Kitty Bawn and others; but like a consistent bachelor maid she tried to close eyes and ears to the same.

It was St. Valentine's night—and bleak and wintry. Madge and her mother sat by the fireside comfortably conversing. Suddenly the young lady exclaimed with one of her quick changes of thought.

"Mamma, I had a little talk with Mrs. Withers to-day, and she says everybody thinks it strange that—Dr. Finnegan and Miss Bawn do not—do not wed. She says it shows a—a wavering purpose too—his having smiled on so many girls, instead of—of confining himself to one. Oh, how different, mamma, from my ideal of manhood who would show from the start who was to be his—his mate."

Mrs. O'More laughed. "The gossip of Mrs. Withers, dear child, always seems to upset you. Perhaps the young man thinks that according to the old adage there is safety in numbers. Anyway, Madge, what concern is it of yours?"

The little mother in the depths of the armchair looked down with searching glance; the little daughter beside her looked up with silent tongue and quick and mantling blush. In the light of that flame the former knew that the feud had begun again for her.

There ensued a long silence during which the mother waged a battle with herself and conquered—as became the wife of a McCarthy More. The daughter seeing her sitting so quietly with closed eyes, fancied her asleep, and softly stole away on tiptoe.

The night was inclement, the hour late, and Madge insufficiently clad—yet she had but one wish—to pour out her overburdened heart to a sympathetic listener, and to ask one request.

She reached the church, and threw herself upon her knees in a certain dusky corner where enshrouded by shadows, faintly lit by the flickering taper, stood a familiar figure. Oh, joy! there was none to be witness of her weakness.

Long she remained in meditation, and then this worthy daughter of the O'Mores began to pour out the "mountain dew" of her heart. Strange libation as it was, with its dash of cynicism and flavor of egotism and dog-in-the-manger atmosphere, yet it was compounded of that simplicity which is dear to God. Thus, tumultuously it flowed from the depths of her extravagant nature.

"Oh, good St. Joseph, behold me at thy feet! I come not to pray for a husband—not I—for I would not add to your labor for this parish. Then, did I wish—I could help myself in this way. Besides I do not fear now, the twins, or 'the little red shawl' or even Rory O'More! But what I am going to ask is will you please keep—the master of Rory O'More a bachelor?—since I am to remain a maid."

She paused to clasp her hands and regard the advocate, appealingly, and then went on.

"You see, dear St. Joseph, I know

that in Heaven bachelor maids—I should say that virgins are high in glory—and I should not mind sharing mine where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Yet how can I, if he is going to take somebody else?

"Another thing—I trouble you but little—and now I am asking you such a simple thing—while others beg miracles!

"Yes, I know that you will grant it and I feel that I shall thank you for all eternity. Amen."

The strange prayer finished, the suppliant, with perfect faith in her heart and a smile upon her lips, rose from her knees, went into the bleak night and quickly crossed the little pathway to the gate.

It had begun to snow; the feathery flakes touched her face caressingly, while somebody under an umbrella stooped to undo the latch for her, and at the same time a deep bay intoned with a shrill bark greeted her ear.

Valentine, Brien Boromhe and Rory O'More! Yet she felt no surprise.

"Madge, you have given us quite a scare," said a well-known voice, "and you never would guess who are at our house asking if I would go and find you —but it was not hard."

"Mamma and papa? I knew it would come some time," said Madge.

"Ah, little friend, and the great Finnegan-O'More feud is ended forever. See the flag of truce!"

He shook from its folds as it lay upon his arm the "little red shawl" and now it was starred with snowflakes.

"Madge, it was your mother who took this from mine, gave it to me and said—" Valentine paused with a catch in his voice that did not shame his manhood— "and said, 'Find my girl, protect her with this and bring her back to me.'"

He suited the action to the word and wrapped her in the "little red shawl."

But now they were walking along, Brien Boromhe and Rory O'More acting as rear guard.

"Do you know, this morning I asked of St. Valentine and all the saints that you and I might continue as we are—comrades like Brien and Rory," he laughed, "till life was easier for me. But this has been a day of miracles—so it must be something better—and soon."

Then it was that bachelor maidenhood was shaken to its foundation by the unprecedented silence of the ringleader.

And so the strife was ended and I have no more to tell. For aught I know it is only the elixir of love that can heal a feud.

Besides you see, the saints were concerned about our two lovers.

After all, who should be more concerned about love affairs, human and divine, than the Saints of God?

THE MISSION PRIESTS.

BY C. N. C.

Dear friends! God's mission workers haunt my mind
With trials of joy and sorrow both combined
A heavenly scene, wherein I see and feel
His grateful hand appeasing that appeal
Which many hearts for centuries desired—
A scene, wherein these mission priests, enfired
With zeal are saving from eternal doom
The wandering souls who struggle yet in gloom
Which sin has set upon the world, a scene,
Wherein our Mother, our devoted Queen,
Forever watches these, her dearest friends,
Whom God upon His gravest mission sends.

No fame, no fortune, seek these mission priests.
No worldly joys or pleasures are their feasts,
No compromise with God. Ah no indeed!
For such would their desired success impede.
Quite anxious to abide their calls of grace,
They tender all to help their suffering race.
Nor home, nor friends, nor pleasure moves their mind
To change that thought within their hearts confined
So deep, so firm, it moves them on their quest
To harbor souls astray from peace and rest.

And cheerfully they work in every clime;
No toil so hard but seems a toil divine,
No pests they fear while Satan's pests endure.
All joy all gladness when they once ensure
Some soul for God. Enthused with vast delight,
With anxious prayers for Him to guide their plight.
They toil along: Some souls from sin to ease;
And bodies too from pain and dread disease
To cure; a chapel here they raise for prayer;
The long enduring faults they vanquish there;
The wasted lands, the saddened homes of grief
Regain lost life with help from their relief.

O work sublime! O priests endeared and true,
What happiness entails reward for you!
Those endless joys which God desires to give
Through you to strange and distant souls that live
Yet Satan's sons. This payment for your worth,
In heaven with God to reign. With us on earth,
Receive our scanty alms, our fruitful prayers
To aid you on, to ease those pressing cares
Which you, true priests, brave soldiers of our Lord,
Desire on earth to merit your reward.

ALONG THE ADRIATIC.

BY B. O'B. C.

On either side of Fiume the Stately nestle a series of tempting little havens, each with it own particular charm bewildering the traveler's choice. The wise man will pick out any one of these without overmuch hesitation, sure to find in it the prevailing characteristics of the others, for it is everywhere the same—the benign climate and the same courteous population that render a sojourn on the Istrian coasts so fascinating. A hardy, primitive, God-fearing folk are the Croats whose serene visages reflect the clear beauty of their own transparent sea. Their content is infectious; one basks in their sun; one gazes on their purple waters; one lifts one's eyes to their gorgeous cloud-caressed peaks, and the melodious sound of their own beloved church bells infuses their fervent belief into the weary and troubled soul. The Croats are a branch of the Serbian race, which inhabits not only the independent kingdom of Serbia and the Principality of Montenegro but the provinces of Bosina Herzegovina, Banat and Srem, and the unfortunate district of Macedonia, still struggling under infidel misrule. The union of all these regions is the Serbian Utopia but its realization is not seriously desired by the above-mentioned provinces, subject to Austria. *And a pillar of the Austrian domination is Croatia.* The passionate, indomitable yearnings of the Slav nature is tempered in the Croat by his adoption of Latin civilization and the fierce masterfulness of his national instincts is tutored and restrained by Catholic teaching. The Serbs of independent Serbia detest the Croats as only brethren can detest brethren. To begin with they protest against the name "Croat" as applied to the Serbs of the maritime part of the ancient empire of Serbia. Then, the adoption of Latin characters in writing which necessitated the repudiation of the Slavonic alphabet used by Russian, Serb, and Bulgarian is a mortal offense to the "orthodox" element in the Balkans. Their creed, however, is their greatest crime. It goes before their nationality and their private interest; and if their Italian intonation of the musical and expressive Slav tongue can be forgiven by their eastern cousins it is not so with their manner of signing themselves from the left to the right shoulder contrary to the Greek canons in making the Sign of the Cross.

Had the blood which was shed for the lost cause of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes been devoted to the furtherance of the national cause, say their kindred of the Greek persuasion, the question of the Balkans would have been solved long since. But the Croats are immovable. Their patriotism is deeply rooted and so are their convictions. They do not see the tangible advantages of union with their Eastern brethren who are at the mercy of Russian dictation. On one side we behold the seething turmoil of politics, the weapon of schemers bent on material gain; the ambition that stays not to consider the moral side of an action, but pushes forward to the coveted immediate result; the turbulence that imbues its hands in blood and still rushes forward not daring to look behind;—on the other the calm superiority of a people deeply impregnated with the supernatural and accustomed to refer every solemn step to a certain tribunal where justice will be meted out hereafter, not according to success but to purity of motive. A political murder is none the less a murder in the eyes of a Croat and its perpetrators deserve death, even if they had enlarged the territory of the state and conferred benefits on each individual inhabitant.

It is startling to come into a communi-

ty whose religion is such an integral part of their lives that it is constantly referred to in conversation; while its open acts of worship are the principal events around which social functions are grouped, arranged, or postponed. Shortly before five o'clock in a Croatian town the church bell summons the citizens to morning prayer. No toiler dreams of setting forth to his habitual task without having first heard Mass, and in the soft morning light the provision baskets of the market-women and the tools of the tradesmen

A VILLA IN VOLOSCA.

and workmen may be seen ranged outside the walls of the church while the owners offer their tribute of adoration within. At seven or eight the lawyer, clerk or student replaces the worshipers of the early dawn; somewhat later the feminine element finds leisure to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, but there are groups before each altar as long as there are celebrants forthcoming. A day on which morning Mass has been omitted is a black day for these faithful children of the sunny south.

"God sends His sun to light us every day," an old peasant woman said in answer to our remark. "Why should we refuse one hour or less to His service in the early morning when we can give nine hours to our own work?"

Truly unanswerable logic, for this industrious folk toil from dawn to twilight. The morning Mass, however, does not make up the sum of their religious observances for the day. Those in the vicinity of the church enter it at the call of the midday Angelus, while those at a distance, turning their faces in its direction uncover their heads and repeat aloud the "Joyful Tidings" as the Annunciation is literally called in their soft expressive language. The life of these people is as regulated by and imprinted with the supernatural as that of any religious community. Throughout the Istrian peninsula and all along the coast from Portorè to Scutari the strictest morality prevails, and a Christian influence is known to extend even to wild Albania where the distressed people are engaged in a ceaseless war against the Turks.

The honesty of the Dalmates is pro-

JESUIT COLLEGE, PORTORÈ.

verbial in the Balkan peninsula. We asked a friendly boatman if he would undertake to guard our belongings while we made a short excursion from Portorè to Buccari. "The weather is fine," he replied, "and they can lie safe in my barca while I go to fetch my fishing nets." "But if somebody who happens to take a fancy to them comes along?" was suggested. "Oh, there are no strangers here," was the answer.

I reflected that stray tourists do indeed as a rule possess their own overcoats, but as a sad traveler of many lands I could not share this man's perfect conviction as to the population's right to the privilege of Cæsar's wife.

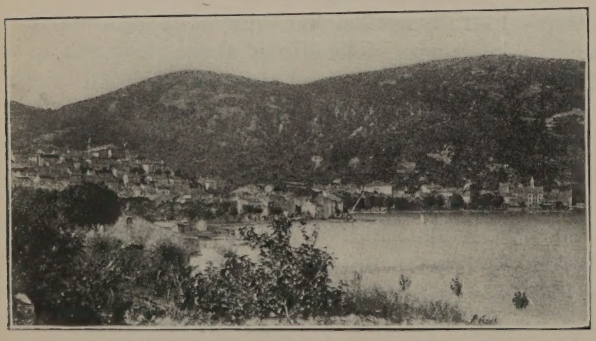
"There are plenty hereabouts who might well require them," one of us ventured.

"Ah, God forbid!" replied the boatman with a look of horror. "These about you are all our own people."

"Why, you must have some cases of theft," we insisted.

"Never!" was the grave reply. "Such terrible things are far from our minds, thank God! Why it would break the padrè's heart!"

I confess that I reserved my judgment until a more prolonged stay on the Istrian coast bore out the old man's statement to which I give my fullest and warmest adhesion.



PEACEFUL BUCCARI.

These beauteous shores with all their charms have many a tragic souvenir. The striking statue of Our Lady on the shores of Abbazia is the record of one mother's woe. It was erected by the Countess Kesselstadt in memory of her son. The inscription tells the story: "In loving remembrance of Arthur, Count Kesselstadt, drowned on the 27th of March, 1891, a victim of the sea which still holds his body."

From Abbazia the aristocratic, crowned with the sumptuous villas of its imperial and royal visitors, proudly overlooking that delicious sea which once owned Austria as undisputed mistress,—one can reach Cerkvenica, Novi, Portorè or Buccari by easy trips on steamboat or sailing bark. High on the promontory of Portorè, boldly facing the winds and waves is a solid square building, the home of those soldiers of Faith, the Jesu-

OUR LADY OF ABBAZIA.

its, which sends forth periodically a batch of zealous Levites to spread the Master's doctrine from Mangalore to Demerara. The sea-faring population whose spiritual welfare is well cared for by their secular priesthood have less need of the Jesuits' ministrations than the visitors who flood the land in the summer season. But the main work of the community is the preparation of foreign missionaries.

One of those terrible tragedies which at intervals thrill society and bring man face to face with his hereafter recently darkened these regions. A young merchant of a noted commercial city in Bavaria eloped with the daughter of a wealthy Prussian nobleman and as the parents on both sides were equally opposed to the alliance the young couple took refuge in Hungary where a Protestant clergyman performed the marriage rite. They proceeded to Istria for the honeymoon and after a sojourn at the famous hotel Ornarnero in Abbazia decided to set out for Ancona where the young man would become partner in a mercantile firm. Instead of going to Fiume to take passage on the steamboat for Ancona they decided to meet it on the open sea. This is not an unusual course, and they started on a fine afternoon, in a

small bark, with a stalwart boatman rowing and a boy of fourteen at the helm. Some hours later, the sailors of the Ancona steamboat saw a lady's hat floating on the waves, and after a short search came upon an upturned boat with a pitiful figure clinging on top drenched by the waves and almost insensible. His tale was concise as pathetic. "The lady was in high spirits," he said, "and kept joking with the gentleman who was nervous and depressed, he couldn't tell why. All of a sudden as old Enrico was shifting the sail a sudden gust capsized the boat. None of the three ever came up. I swam about for a while and then I saw the boat, bottom upward. I clambered on to it and sat down griping the medal of The Holy Maiden as tight as I could. I shouted and looked around but none of the three re-appeared."

"And what is your impression of the whole affair?" the boy was asked. "And will you still earn your living on the sea?"

"Of course I will!" answered the young Croat stoutly. "But"—with a shy glance at his mother—"I think it a bad plan to get married without the parents' permission!"

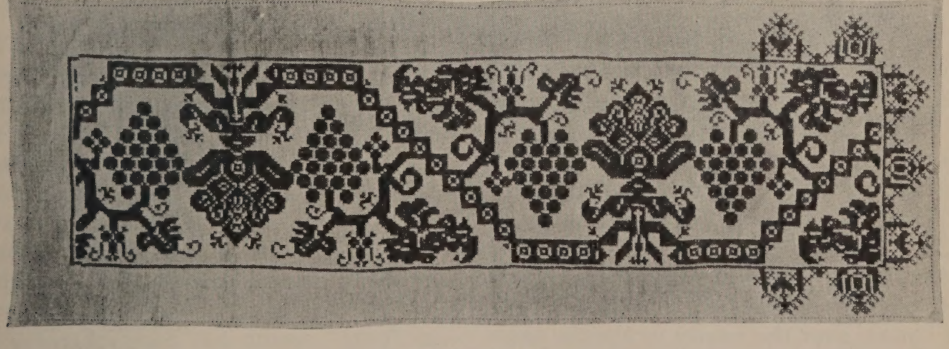
WATERFALL NEAR FIUME.

AN UNIQUE DESIGN. STARS AND TOWERS.

THE LACE-MAKERS OF VALLE VOGNA.

BY CLARE SOREL STRONG.

When the industry was started, some ten or eleven years ago, the poverty in the Valley was quite heart-rending; for the steep slopes are stony and bare, and snow lies on the higher parts for at least seven months of the year. There are now sixty-four of the peasants who can earn their bread *in winter,* as well as during their short and toilsome summer, and the receipt of winter wages makes all the difference between penury and a modest competence. "When first the long and toilsome summer days are ended," writes a friend of the workers, "hands that have made hay, cut corn, dragged stones, dug, and delved, are rather too stiff for fine needle-work, but as the weeks go on the fingers grow rested and supple again, and then, how five whole pence a day is welcomed! It means a great deal—something besides black bread for a whole winter's diet; comforts for dependent old folks, nourishing food for the ailing, doctor's stuff for those who need it, extra clothing, and many more of the wished-for goods of this world. For a few brief weeks in the hot weather, women can earn as much as one shilling and eightpence a day, by carrying enormous loads on their shoulders, such as planks from the saw mills, or staves to the cooper, or "Sara-



GRAPE PATTERN.

A design from an ancient Credence table cloth.

toga" trunks to the mountain hostelry, but these earnings are too often discounted beforehand."

The picturesque slopes are hard to cultivate—mere shelving ledges, often, on which, in many cases, a coating of earth must first be placed, and then carefully fenced about and supported, else it would be washed off by the rains and lost. On the high pastures the pretty little cows, though more agile than the British goat, often lose their footing, slip and slide a little way, then roll over and over till they come to the edge of a steep cliff, at the foot of which a moment later lies a shapeless mass.

SOME OF THE VALVOGNIAN LACE-MAKERS.

The men of the Valle Vogna nearly all earn money in France, and come home for Christmas, if they can bring something to their families. Their holiday over, they trudge back to their work in Lyons, over the snowy mountain passes, Val Dobbio, and the Little St. Bernard. Already this year there has been more than two metres, indeed about two and a half yards, of snow in the Valle Vogna. A longer, fiercer winter than is known in the British Isles has passed before Christmas brings the men home; and a much longer and worse winter than ours has to be endured after the plasterers, painters and *garçons de café* set out again for France, and before bounteous spring scatters green leaves and flowers over the valley. It is already late in the year when field work can be undertaken again in these altitudes. When the snows are melted, in April or May, the women fare forth and farm the tiny terraces, the steep slopes, the little rock brackets, each with a few shovelfuls of earth upon it. Their farming is like careful gardening; each little plant is, as it were, brought up by hand —a "crop" seems too comprehensive a term for the ten stalks of hemp here, the

PEACOCK AND MALTESE CROSSES.

thirty oat-straws there. An imaginative article about this Alpine region spoke of the *contadine* here as "daughters of the plough." As well attempt to plough the side of a house as the steep and rocky ribs of Mother Earth in the valleys of the Monte Rosa district.

The snow begins to fall, and thaws, and falls again, generally in the middle of October. At Michaelmas the cattle come down from the highest Alps. Some go to fairs; some pass the winter at lower levels; others are installed in one of the ground floor divisions of the chalet, which becomes the drawing room —"for of course the cow must have a fire, and we gather round the warmth," one of the women said. Another, a lonely spinner, explained, "I sit here in winter, for the cow is very nice company." When the sun shines, the women, and the children, when not at school, bask in their balconies, knitting or sewing, or lace-making. The grass has all been saved and packed; the hemp gathered, soaked, beaten, and dried. The

GRAPE PATTERN.

Reproduced effectively in crimson, red, orange, and green for church work, and also for the ends of sideboard c'oths.

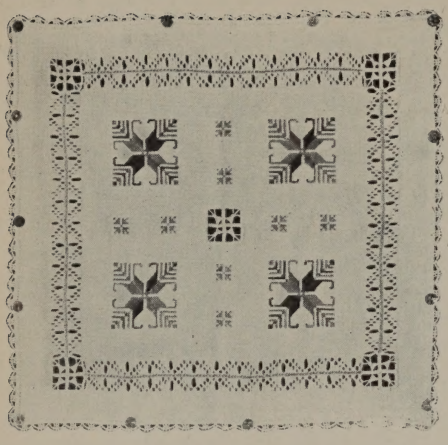
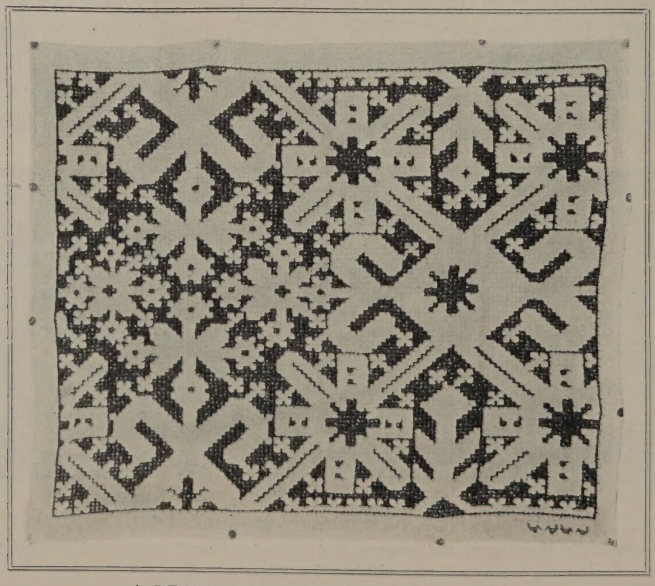


TABLE CENTRE.

balconies have been largely the drying grounds. Now they are empty again, and serve as ante-rooms. Root-crops are long dug and stored. The cow can no longer be led out to pasture; her only exercise for six months is to the fountain and back, twice a day, to drink. There is a little wool to convert into yarns; some knitting to do; weaving and spinning for the modest requirements of housekeeping and wardrobes; and the making of the strong point lace with which to trim parts of their traditional costume.

One day a summer visitor's fancy was greatly taken by this point lace worn by the peasants. It seemed to afford a way of lifting many of the women out of extreme poverty. Those who can produce a thing both rare and artistic, ought certainly find a market for their labor. Friends and acquaintances were induced to give some orders,—collars, cuffs, and pieces for the front of blouses, edging for under-linen; d'oyleys, with insertion and edging, being among the first experiments in utilizing the point lace. Some has been ordered for altar linen, some for insertion in handwoven, hempen linen (silk-lined) work-bags; some for caps, the substantial lace doing away with the necessity of a shape or of ribbon, or other accessories; and it has been found suitable for hat trimmings. An American lady planned a summer dress involving seven different lengths of Valvognian *puncetto*.

The lace is very, very slow to make, and therefore a broad collar costs at least five francs, the worker earning about five pence a day, and supplying her own



A DESIGN FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

linen thread. But no words can express how glad the Alpine peasants are to have orders, so hard is it for these industrious little women to make ends meet.

And now the Valle Vogna and its industry rejoice in royal patronage. At The Women's Industries in the Via Minghetti, Rome, Queen Elena lately bought the Valvognian "Album," and a Harris Linen work-bag adorned with Greek lace, made by the Alpine lace-makers. And Queen Margherita, (whose own collection of lace is of great value and beauty), bought two tea-table cloths and several d'oyleys. Her Majesty also ordered a large bed-spread in cut-work. The original of this piece,—which the peasant-workers have copied for curtains, one pair of which was sent, at the cost and risk of the Italian Ministry of Commerce, Industry, and Agriculture, to the St. Louis Exposition,—has a strange history. It is believed to have been the work of a captive Moor, in Sicily, at least four hundred years ago. The four little forms, like pecking birds, in the right, lower corner of the illustration, are pronounced to be the signature of the Arab worker.

The linen "cut," to make this early form of lace, is hand-woven, hempen linen. The Valle Vogna is too high, and too cold, to grow flax. The peasants grow, soak, beat, spin, and weave, their own hemp,—producing a fabric almost identical with that employed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as the *ground* for cut-work.

Another of the Valvogna's cut-work patterns is called, by the lace-makers, "Stelle e Torre," *(stars and towers)*. The knight on horseback, spearing a strange, biped deer, and the quaint, conventional, human, and leonine, figures, fascinate many besides the lovers of old laces.

A handsome piece, a table centre, combines several unique designs. The drawn-thread pattern on the four sides is similar to what is used in the baptismal veils of the Valley. These veils are made of the rough homespun linen, and must be rather like graters to infants' faces; but tradition enjoins that all girls begin about the age of twelve, to make their *dotta, (i.e.,* trousseau and house-plenishing), and the *dotta* of necessity contains veils for the babes that may never be born! In the local view, the *dotta* would be incomplete without these veils! The central designs have been executed in brown and pink alternating with violet and pink; and also in red and green. They are taken from a very old Valvognian sampler. The corner, and middle squares are in cut-work. This particular tapestry pattern has been used for d'oyleys, as well as *chemins-de-table.* The design has found great favor in America, and elsewhere.

"Peacocks and Maltese Crosses," still another pattern, is copied (in gold silk, on the coarse, cream-tinted linen), from an ancient tapestry. The design was a favorite at the Vatican till the year 1500, A. D., when it was forbidden to use the peacock in decorations, except for the great fans carried on state occasions before the Pope. The ancient *rag* which served the Valle Vogna for its earliest model of its peacock pattern was probably made in some convent, expressly for the Vatican; and, evidently, it belonged to a date more than four centuries behind us. The accompanying illustrations show this and other designs, but many must pass unnoticed through lack of space.

Home-workers, all over Italy, have reason to be grateful to the *Co-operativa,* as it is called, in the Via Minghetti, at Rome. Here are sold embroideries, laces, underclothing, household linen, painted tiles, pottery, wrought leather, basket-work, tapestries, and other products,—useful, or beautiful,—made by the cottage-workers of Italy. The Society is based on co-operative principles, and

expenses are kept as low as possible. The original shareholders founded the "Women's Industries" with the object of bringing isolated producers into touch with buyers,—to the manifold advantage of both.

Among the "feeders" to the Roman Industries are several local industries, founded by Americans; for instance, the Marchesa Viti, an American, helped forward the lace-making which is done on her husband's estate. The Countess Brazza (another American) had the peasants living on the Count's property taught the art of bobbin lace. They now produce lovely edgings, insertions, etc. Supposing that the various local industries should be deprived of the original founders, honorary secretaries, and private friends, the Roman *Co-operativa* would still remain as a channel to conduct the work of clever peasant-fingers to the market.

The Society in Via Minghetti sends goods, in the Roman "dead season," to various Italian bathing-places. It is busy finding outlets, everywhere, for its merchandise, in expositions; and it has a depot in London, for the sale of its wares.

There are at least eighty different patterns in the Valvognian repertory, besides designs furnished by other Alpine valleys, in the same kind of "point." The primary use for this lace was to trim the costume, worn in the region from time immemorial. As it is for peasants' wear, the lace is of the strongest, and most serviceable. The art of making *puncetto* was dying out, in almost every part of the Alps, as the peasants were abandoning their beautiful, traditional costumes in favor of the cheaper, and very unpicturesque, clothing of the factories, when the artistic value of the uncommon "point" was recognized, and a new impetus was given to this quaint and interesting production.

What it means to the peasants is touchingly expressed in the words of the lace-maker who said to one of her patrons, "I have something to tell you, Signora. It is this; when I became too weak for field labor, and that the cow was dead, I just said to myself that the mother and I must perish of hunger. And then came the lace-orders! Well, now, it was just as if the hope of work gave me courage and health. We are happy ever since."

STATUE OF DR. CORRIGAN BY FOLEY.

THE IRISH SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

III.

SIR DOMINIC CORRIGAN, M. D.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

The third of the great trio of the founders of the Irish School of Medicine is Sir Dominic John Corrigan, whose name will undoubtedly be forever associated with the form of pulse which occurs in aortic heart disease. It was his supreme merit to have been the first to describe in all its details this type of heart disease, and the distinguished French clinician, Trousseau, declared that aortic regurgitation should be called Corrigan's Disease. At this time Trousseau was deservedly looked up to as the leading spirit among the clinicians of Europe. He was never tired of commending to his students Corrigan's acute clinical observations, and insisting that it was work of this kind that brought real progress in medicine. Trousseau's suggestion as to nomenclature was not adopted in its entirety, but Corrigan's pulse is well-known all over the medical world, and there is no doubt now that it will continue for many generations to confer deserved honor on the man who first appreciated its full significance though he was not

the first to recognize it,—and indeed it could scarcely escape notice,—but who showed just what diagnostic conclusions might be reached from it.

Corrigan's career should prove a stimulating example to the young physician just taking up that real post graduate work in medicine which comes after he has received his degree, finished, perhaps, his hospital work, and is beginning his practice. Corrigan was only twenty-seven when he began the series of observations on which was founded his paper on aortic heart disease, which was published when he was about thirty. In this matter of youthful accomplishment, Corrigan is not alone among his distinguished Irish contemporaries. Stokes, it will be remembered, wrote his little book on the stethoscope when he was only twenty-one and had made some very important observations on diseases of the chest before he reached the age of thirty. Graves had showed very clearly the sound metal of his intelligence before he was twenty-five, and had described the cases of the nervous diseases which have since come to be called after his name, Graves Disease, before his third decade had run more than a year or two. In fact these young men accomplished so much by their careful observation and dependence on their own resources that the medical writer of the modern times is tempted to wonder if perhaps that most precious quality of the human mind in the young adult, its originality, is not obscured by the amount of information that it is expected to digest before it is tempted to do any thinking for itself.

There is another remarkable feature of Corrigan's achievement, in the recognition and description of this form of heart disease. At the time he was the physician to a hospital which had only room for six medical patients. This appointment to the little Jervis Street Hospital in Dublin had been secured only after competition, and Corrigan had to pay for the privilege of being the attending physician. This he could ill afford to do at the time, and so he resolved to make all his opportunities for the study of patients count to the greatest possible extent. He did not visit his hospital merely to see patients, but to study the cases carefully. His success is only another example of the necessity for seeing much, and not many things, if there is to be any real progress. In our day, physicians scarcely consider that they have any hospital experience unless they are the attending physicians to several hospitals, seeing at least one hundred patients a week. The result is that patients do not receive the skilled care they should, and that advance in medicine suffers because of the wasted opportunities for clinical observation while a busy attending physician rushes through a ward and the resident physician has only time for the routine work that enables him to keep just sufficiently in touch with the progress of his cases to satisfy the hurrying chief physician.

Before publishing his classic paper on the permanent patency of the aortic valve, on which his reputation as a wonderful clinical observer in medicine rests, Corrigan had called attention to some mistakes in the classification of heart murmurs as made by Lænnec in Paris. At this time Lænnec was considered to be the best authority in Europe on diseases within the thorax. As regards diseases of the lungs, he well deserved the reputation. It is to him that the medical world owes all that it knows about diseases of the chest as far as these can be detected by means of the ear. His young contemporary in Ireland, however, was able to show that in diseases of the heart some of the ideas acquired in long years of study of the lungs were leading Lænnec into false conclusions as regards the significance of murmurs in the heart.

Even genius does not often succeed in doing more than one thing well, and while the Frenchman might have been thought just the one to complete the work begun on the heart this duty was to devolve on his Irish contemporaries.

Another very distinct contribution of Corrigan to the medicine of his time was his insistence on the distinction that existed between typhoid and typhus fever. This is one of the most interesting features of his little book on the "Nature and Treatment of Fever." With our present knowledge, it seems hard to understand that these two fevers should have been so long confounded, but as a matter of fact it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the distinction between them was recognized even by the most acute observers. In this matter the French and Americans anticipated most of the rest of the world, though Corrigan's teaching in the matter had been correct for many years before others in the British Isles came to the true position.

It was his work among the poor particularly that enabled Corrigan to recognize the differences between these two diseases. He came to have one of the largest practices that any practitioner in Dublin, or for that matter in any city of the world, has ever enjoyed, if enjoyment it can be called. His office used to be crowded with patients who would occupy all his time if he allowed them to do so. In order to secure opportunities for his other work, for his lectures, for his hospital visitation, and for his pathological investigation, he had a back entrance to his house through which he could steal out—even though there were many patients waiting for him,—when he felt that it was time for him to fill another engagement.

Late in life, after his return from Parliament when he took up his practice again, it was only a very short time before the same state of affairs developed once more. It almost seemed as though every sick Irish man and Irish woman wanted to have the opinion of Dr. Corrigan. He had also a large consultant practice, though he was known for being a very different man from the ordinary type of medical consultant. As one of his younger colleagues said, "he never wore the supreme air of a consultant." He was always simple and easy in his manner, was always congenial and ready to listen to what had developed and had been found in the case before consultation with him, and had none of that superciliousness that was supposed to characterize the true high grade consultant physician in the British Isles a half a century ago.

Within a few years after his essay on aortic heart disease, Corrigan published a paper on chronic pneumonia or, as he called it, cirrhosis of the lungs. Corrigan's successful achievements in medicine depended mainly on the fact that he studied the pathological anatomy of fatal cases with the greatest care. He had detected that in certain cases of chronic pneumonia the process seemed to be quite different from that of tuberculosis. Observations, made post mortem, showed that his clinical observations were justified by the differences observed in the organ. As a result he formulated his opinions on the subject. He called particular attention to the fact that what he found corresponded very closely with the pathological process that had been observed by Lænnec in the liver, and to which the French medical pathologist had given the name of cirrhosis. It would seem as though the pathology of the time was so crude that Corrigan must surely fall into serious error in his account of what he saw. Twenty years later, Virchow was to revolutionize pathology by the publication of his "Cellular Pathology." Notwithstanding the prog-

ress made since his time, however, Corrigan's description of the condition of the lungs that he noted and of the pathological process observed is so true that even to the present day this paper remains of distinct value in medicine and represents the beginning of correct ideas on the subject.

After Corrigan's death in 1881, the London Lancet said, "In the light of recent pathology Corrigan's speculations on cirrhosis of the lungs are more meritorious than ever and continue to be regarded as in the main sound. They anticipated by forty years much of the present pathology." Needless to say it is only a genius of a very high order that is thus capable of rising above the limitations of environment, and in spite of the defective knowledge of his times observing correctly and drawing proper conclusions, though all the usual accepted principles would seem to be sure to lead him from the truth. Some of the points with regard to details of the pathology of chronic pneumonia, after having been much disputed, with conclusions now one way and now another in the intervening years, are now recognized as being essentially due to the pathology that Corrigan originally pointed out.

The man who thus made a permanent place for himself in the history of medicine was the son of a poor shopkeeper in one of the outlying districts of Dublin. His early education was obtained at Maynooth College which had at that time a department for the training of youth for secular vocations though it has since become an exclusively clerical institution. Needless to say he acquired an excellent knowledge of the classics, of which he made abundant use later in life, and of which he was always very proud. The physician in attendance at Maynooth in his time took quite a liking to him, and it was the result of his suggestion that Corrigan took up medicine as his profession. For a time he was under the tutelage of this Doctor O'Kelley, who seems to have been a very intelligent man and a rather painstaking clinical observer. Most of his medical studies were made in Dublin and he attended the practice at Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital. It was the fashion at this time, however, for Irish students of medicine to finish their medical education at Edinburgh, whenever possible, and Corrigan spent several years there, receiving his degree of Doctor in 1825.

He had attracted considerable attention in Edinburgh for his acute powers of observation, and received an appointment to the Meath Street Dispensary shortly after his return. From the service here he was appointed to the Jervis Street Hospital. He had to pay, however, for the privilege of being attending physician here, and perhaps this also made him more careful in endeavoring to secure all the advantages possible from his service.

After his publication of the article on "The Permanent Patency of the Mouth of the Aorta," or "Inadequacy of the Aortic Valves," he at once became recognized as one of the best clinicians in the city. This article appeared, in April, 1832, in the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," at a time when, as has been said, its author was not yet thirty years of age. As soon as he began his work at the Jervis Street Hospital, he gave a course of lectures, and as he was an excellent talker and a good demonstrator, he soon attracted a large class. In 1834, he joined Hargrave's School, in Digges Street, Dublin, as lecturer on the practice of medicine, and continued to hold the position for more than ten years. His success as a lecturer attracted many students from the other medical schools. Corrigan's class was often three times as large as that of other medical lecturers in the city. It not infrequently happened that as a result of his popularity the medical class was two or even

three times as large as the surgical and anatomical classes at the same institution. This was very unusual, for Dublin was famous for its anatomical instruction, and there were often five times as many pupils enrolled in the anatomy classes as in the medical classes.

It was not long before honors began to be showered upon Corrigan. When he was about forty, the diploma of the London College of Surgeons was conferred upon him, and, as according to the by-laws of the institution the diploma can only be conferred after examination, Corrigan's examination was made to consist of the reading of the thesis on "Inadequacy of the Aortic Valves," before the faculty and the other members of the college. In 1849, the University of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of M.D., honoris causa.

There was only one set-back in Corrigan's medical career in Dublin. When first proposed for honorary fellowship in the Irish College of Physicians, he was rejected. The reason was entirely apart from medical matters. Corrigan was the most active member of the Irish Board of Health, which had charge of the famine cases in Ireland, during the awful years between 1845 and 1850. This Board proposed to allow about five shillings per day to physicians who would be sent to the country to attend famine field cases. It is easy to understand that this remuneration was considered inadequate and the Board's decision in the matter raised a storm of protest. Graves wrote very bitterly with regard to it, and blamed Corrigan for any part he might have had in it. The result was that for some time Dr. Corrigan was the most popularly hated physician in the medical profession of Dublin.

Corrigan made up for any lack of tact he might have had in this matter, however, before long, and in 1855 he obtained the license of the college. Two years later he was elected a Fellow. Before another two years had passed, he was elected President of the College, and had the unprecedented honor of being re-elected four years in succession. The college further made up for its offense by having a statue of Dr. Corrigan, by the famous Irish sculptor Foley, made for its hall while he was still alive.

His own self-sacrificing work during the famine fever years was well-known. After he had achieved nearly every distinction that his brother physicians could confer upon him, he was created a baronet. It was understood that this distinction was mainly meant as a reward for his services during the famine, though also for the time which he had so unstintedly given to the improvement of national education in Ireland, in the capacity of a Commissioner of Education.

Not long after his creation as a baronet, Sir Dominic stood, in Dublin, for a seat in Parliament in the liberal interests. At first he was unsuccessful. In 1869, however, he was returned as one of the members of the Government and sat in Parliament for five years. As he was a very eloquent speaker, it was thought that he would produce a very distinct impression in Parliament. His type of eloquence, however, did not prove of any special forcefulness in the cold British House of Commons, though Sir Dominic was always looked upon as one of the men to be counted on whenever there was under consideration legislation that affected Irish interests.

He was defeated for re-election in 1874, but it is rather to his credit than otherwise, since he had been approached by the vintners of Dublin, who were at that time all-powerful in municipal politics, and offered the membership, provided he would agree not to actively support the Sunday Closing Bill, which was to come up at the next session of Parliament. Such an agreement Sir Dominic absolutely refused to consider as consistent with his legislative honor, and the

result was the close of his Parliamentary career.

His years in Parliament, however, did not separate him from his interests either in medicine or in general science. He continued to be especially interested in Zoölogy and made liberal contributions to the Dublin Zoölogical Garden. His residence at Dalkey, the grounds of which ran down to a rocky coast line, enabled him to obtain many specimens for his aquarium, and these were often transferred to the Dublin Zoölogical Gardens, for which he was one of the most active collectors. It was his custom during his Parliamentary career, though he was more than seventy, to leave London on Friday night and reach Dublin about eight o'clock on Saturday morning. From the station he went directly to the Zoölogical Gardens and took part in the pleasant breakfast which the Council of Officers of the Zoölogical Society, with some invited guests, had there every Saturday morning. He was noted for his humor, and his presence at these breakfasts was always appreciated, because in spite of his advancing years he was sure to add to the pleasure of the occasion.

His friends feared that his Parliamentary career might prove a serious drawback to his health at his time of life, and their fears were not without foundation. He suffered severely from gout, which left its mark upon his feet and made it very difficult for him to walk for a time, and maimed him for all his after-life. Though a man who had worked very hard all his life and who, at the age of seventy, practically took up another career, that of politics, Sir Dominic lived to be nearly eighty years of age, thus illustrating the old aphorism that "it is not work but worry that kills," and furnishing another example of the fact that great men are great also in their superabundant vitality and are able to spend their lives in the hardest kind of work, yet, barring accident, live on to an age beyond even that which is considered the average term of human existence.

Few men have had happier lives than Corrigan, if the honor of contemporaries can be presumed ever to confer happiness. There was no honor in the gift of his Dublin professional brethren or of scientific bodies in which he was interested that was not conferred on him. He was the president of the Royal Zoölogical Society, the president of the Dublin Pathological Society, of which he was one of the founders, and the first president of the Dublin Pharmaceutical Society. When not yet fifty years of age, he was made physician in ordinary to the Queen in Ireland and had the unapproached record of five elections to the presidency of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Dublin—more than enough to make up for the one serious set-back in his medical career, his black-balling by the college only a few years before. Foreign medical societies honored him with membership honorary, and foreign universities conferred many degrees on him.

It is easy to understand then that his death was followed by tributes of the loftiest character to his professional work, to his standing as an influential member of the community and as a man of the highest intelligence and thoroughly conservative patriotism. The London Lancet said in its obituary: "By the death of Sir Dominic Corrigan, the medical profession loses one of its most conspicuous members, the University at Edinburgh one of its most illustrious graduates, and the Irish race one of its finest specimens. Though a perfect Irishman, Sir Dominic was as much at home in London, and though a sincere Catholic in religion, he had too much humor and too much humanity in his constitution to be a bigot. It were well for Ireland if all her public men displayed so much moderation, sense, and

good humor as Sir Dominic habitually displayed in dealing with difficult and delicate questions."

About the same time the British Medical Journal said, after calling attention to the distinguished contemporaries with whom Corrigan had been associated,—that he was *"Haud minimus inter magnos*—not the least among the great ones." "Indeed," his biographer added, "in originality of conception which, confirmed by later and independent observation, is the true test of genius, in a correct appreciation of the operation of natural laws, in producing and modifying the phenomena of disease, in a rare aptitude for testing his hypotheses, by actual experience and in a forcible exposition of them, he probably had no equal among his contemporaries."

In the midst of all this honor and political influence, including association with the highest English officials in Ireland, Sir Dominic Corrigan had remained a consistent and faithful Catholic. Educated at Maynooth as a boy, he was proud to remain the physician to the college during many of the busiest years of his life when he must have often found it very difficult to spare the time to fulfil the duties attached to the position. He was the consultant physician till the end of his life. He is not even yet, after a quarter of a century, forgotten by the poor of Dublin who recall his kindly help in affliction and his generous aid often given in ways that would be studiedly arranged not to hurt delicate Irish susceptibilities.

The Irish School of Medicine has in Graves and Stokes and Corrigan a greater group of contemporaries than has been given to any other nation at one time. If we were to eliminate from nineteenth century medicine all of the inspiration derived from their work there would be much of value that would be lacking from the history of medical progress. These men were deeply imbued with the professional side of their work as physicians and were not, in any sense of the word, money-makers. Another very interesting phase in all their careers is that no one of them occupied himself exclusively with medical studies. All of them had hobbies followed faithfully and successfully together with medicine, and all of them were deeply interested in the uplifting of the medical profession, especially in securing the rights of its members and saving poor sick people from exploitation by quacks and charlatans. All of them gave of their time, their most precious possession, for the political and social interests of their fellow men, and felt in so doing that they were only accomplishing their duty in helping their generation to solve the problem that lay immediately before them.

At the time that these men were doing their great work in medicine, Irish surgeons were not neglectful of their opportunities. Men like Abraham Colles, Sir Philip Crampton, and MacCartney were gaining laurels for Irish surgery, and adding definitely to the knowledge necessary for the proper treatment of surgical diseases. The name of Colles is as sure to be as immortal in surgery because of its attachment to a special fracture at the wrist, as is any of his medical contemporaries, whose names have been used to denominate special discoveries that they made. Some time perhaps this chapter of Irish surgery in a shorter article may be given to the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. We doubt not it will prove as interesting as that on the Irish School of Medicine. One thing is sure that if the work of Irish surgeons were to be dropped from English surgical history, its absence would create a lacuna almost as noticeable as for medicine, and would spoil some of the interesting chapters of the history.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(Continued.)

BY THE REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXXIV.

The Council of Trent teaches us that the presence of Jesus upon our altars is above the laws and order of nature. He is there God and man in personal reality and substance, and we priests, when we hold the Blessed Sacrament in our hands, are in contact with the Creator, Redeemer and Saviour of the world. The same Council says that He is present, not as in a place—but as He is,—a substance. In the divine order there is no time nor place. Our contact then is real and personal. We behold Him face to face by the vision of faith. Beyond this there is nothing higher but the Beatific Vision. In the Holy Mass we share God's friendship with the saints and martyrs in the heavenly court. From the Consecration to the Holy Communion we are more truly with Jesus than His Apostles were after His resurrection. We see Him under another form but we know Him and understand Him. We speak to Him as our Lord and Master and friend, and He answers us in speech which no man can utter. He tarries but a short time, but that brief interval encloses an abyss of light and sweetness. We say Mass every morning of our life but we can never solve the mystery of this personal nearness. There is no settled horizon to the multitude of His graces which expands on every side like the illimitable sea. And yet all this sweetness is hidden in the Blessed Sacrament. Before He takes His leave of us to return again to-morrow, He gives to us His precious Body and Blood, as He did in the upper chamber the night He instituted this great sacrament of love, and at Emmaus when He vanished out of the sight of the Apostles. He vanishes, but in a little while He is to be found again in the midst of His disciples; as the Council of Trent says that "Jesus having loved His own while in the world, loved them to the end;" "that He might never be absent from His own, gave us by an inexplicable counsel of His wisdom, a pledge of His love above the order and conditions of nature." When the archangel Raphael departed from Tobias and his son so that they could see him no more they lay on their faces for three hours. Here is a suggestion for the priest's thanksgiving after Mass.

Then there is the priest communicating himself. Words are feeble and cold when called upon to describe it. We cannot make color or sweetness visible to the intelligence alone. They require sight and taste. For this reason the Holy Ghost says: "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet." (Ps. XXXIII. 9.) We must see by an internal sight which needs no light and has no limits of sense. In every communion we are made flesh of His flesh and bone of His bone. If our hearts are pure the sacramental grace of even one holy communion would suffice to sanctify us in body, soul and spirit. The virtues which go out from our Lord in holy communion are measured by our preparation before we go to the altar and by our habitual union with God. Our Blessed Lord said: "In that day ye shall know that I am in the Father and ye in Me and I in you." (St. John XIV. 20.)

This is what St. Paul meant when he said: "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth

in me." He becomes our guide and our strength. He is the divine agent who helps us in all things to do His will, but demands of us our love and obedience. We have perfect freedom in words and actions, but our freedom is guided and guarded by His grace and power. He lives in us and we live in Him. The Holy Mass contains all things necessary for our daily sanctification. What can be wanting to the priest who loves his daily Mass?

III.

The next great prop of the priest's spiritual life is the Divine Office. Seven times a day the priests send forth the divine praises to the throne of God's mercy. The Church suffering in Purgatory, the Church militant on earth unite with the Church triumphant in Heaven in adoring and praising the ever Blessed Trinity. The entire Church is the sanctuary, and the divine office is the hymn book of the grand united choirs sending forth their eternal praises and thanksgivings in one grand everlasting hosanna. Every priest has his place in this choir and daily he makes his seven visits to the heavenly court.

The Divine Office is a portion of the divine tradition of the Church. It is a perpetual witness for God and our holy faith. True, it was collected and put together by the hands of men, but these men were saints and their work was directed by the Holy Ghost. The framing of this great liturgy may have been the work of human hands, but the materials of which it is composed are the words of the Holy Spirit. The psalms and the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments with the writings of the saints of God, are all interwoven into a wonderful texture of prayer and praise and worship of the adorable Trinity and the heavenly hosts. The annual round of solemnities, festivals, and feasts commemorating the prophets, apostles, evangelists and saints speaks to us with voices that will never die. The whole history of God's Church is constantly passing before our vision.

A holy man asked St. Peter Damian on one occasion why we say "Dominus Vobiscum," as if many were present when we are alone. He answered, "Because we are never alone." We are always praying with the Church throughout the world, and we pray that the presence of the Lord may be always with the Church. We say "Dominus Vobiscum" for we are adoring God on behalf of the whole visible Church and in fellowship with those who are saved. We daily make seven visits to the world of light and we are obliged to recite the holy office under pain of mortal sin. We are to recite it first for the glory of God and then for our own sanctification. It is the wisdom and love of the Church for her priests that impose this grave obligation. The Church takes out of the priest's working day as much of his time as his office requires. That time no longer belongs to the priest but to God. He cannot alienate it nor barter it away for it is not his own, but under obedience and grave obligation he is bound to use it for his own sanctification. After Moses had spoken with God his face shone with dazzling light; and our faces after our divine prayer ought to reflect the light of the heavenly court. When we recite the various parts we visit Mount Sion,—the city of the living God,—the heavenly Jerusalem, and the company of the numberless angels, and the Church of the first born who are written in the heavens, and God the Judge of all, and the spirits of the just made perfect. What ought to be the habitual piety of the priest who seven times a day appears in choir with the saints before the face of God. The Divine Office next to the Holy Mass is the greatest help to sacerdotal perfection.

The priest's third help is mental prayer. The priest's life is like the life of Jesus Christ, who for our instruction spent the days in toil doing good, and the nights He spent in prayer. The contemplative and active must be blended in the life of the priest. These two elements cannot be separated without the gravest danger to the spiritual life. The things that Timothy was to meditate on and to live in were the truths and precepts of the faith, but especially "reading, exhortation and doctrine." This sums up the whole deposit of revealed religion in all its fulness and detail. In reading, our minds dwell upon the lessons to be drawn from the principles laid down in good books; in meditation our intellect and heart are turned to the perfections and attributes of God; in prayer our minds attain a fuller knowledge of God and heavenly things and a closer union with Him in heart and will.

The principal effect of mental prayer is the placing before us through the imagination, the unseen world as well as the future. Moses endured the wrath of Pharaoh because he was sustained by an invisible Divine Presence. St. Paul says we walk by faith and not by sight, for the objects of faith are eternal, while the objects of sight pass away. The invisible world is the substance, the visible world but the shadow of the reality. To worldly minded people who ignore the supernatural, the unseen has no real existence. The great multitude of men the world over live as if there were no unseen world and no hereafter. They do not meditate. They pray, if you will, but their prayers are not mental, and consequently the mind does not dwell upon God, upon the wonders of the ever Blessed Trinity, upon the beauty and love of the Sacred Heart, upon the happiness of the Virgin Mother of God, upon the rest and bliss of the saints, upon the fellowship we have with them here on earth, upon the happy share we shall have in their company hereafter, upon the presence of Jesus with us for ever more, and the peaceful indwelling of the Holy Ghost in every pure and humble soul,—especially, above all, in the soul and heart of the pure and humble priest, of the faithful and devoted shepherd.

If we realize these things as the merchant realizes his merchandise, or the banker and the broker the value of stocks and securities,—then we shall live in this world and be of it. We shall follow the footsteps of those who have risen with Christ and are already "blessed with Him in heavenly places." This realization of the unseen and heavenly things is more helpful to the priest than all the external rules that might be formulated for his spiritual welfare. It is an internal light and strength which he carries with him, at all times sustaining and strengthening the sacramental grace of the priesthood. It is a divine protection in the hour of need.

III.

Preaching the Word of God to others is another powerful means of personal sanctification for the priest. St. Paul said: "God sent me out not to baptize but to preach the Gospel." The Council of Trent says "that preaching is the chief office of Bishops." Now, if it be the chief work of the bishop, how much more of priests. If Isaias was afraid to speak in the name of God because he was a man of unclean lips, what shall we judge of the sanctity and dignity of the Christian preacher? If a prophet could hardly dare preach in God's name, what should be our preparation? To be chosen and sent by God to speak to men, to be sent as an ambassador of Jesus Christ to preach penance and the remission of sins, to point out the way of perfection and sanctity in His name, in His words and

by His authority,—who can do these things without fear and trembling? To speak in God's name coldly without piety and knowledge is displeasing to the Divine Master and dangerous to ourselves. Besides, the pious, simple people are sure to detect the preacher who preaches himself, or who seeks applause through the sensational and the unreal. People are always willing to listen to an honest preacher though he be rude in his diction and ungraceful in his movement. The fewer of his own words and his own ideas he uses, and the more of God's words and His wonderful works he incorporates in his sermon, the surer he is to command the hearing and the respect of men. Then they feel that the preacher has the right to speak, and that he is speaking in the name and in the words of his Master and not in his own poor language. They then know that he has forgotten himself and is thinking only of the message from God to the immortal souls before him. He is teaching them what God first taught him long years before. He has prayed for it, and pondered on it, and the truth of his theme has gone down through the intellect into his own heart and out of the fulness of it he speaks.

The best meditation before preaching is prayer. This is the ideal. Without meditation we cannot preach for we cannot reach the hearts of other men unless we first realize in our own hearts what we would have others do. In fact the work of preaching keeps us always pupils at the feet of the Divine Master. In speaking His truth it reacts with a powerful effect upon ourselves. It deepens its outlines on our intellect, our conscience, our heart, our life. It sustains our will, it replenishes our knowledge, by keeping fresh in our memory the meditations of years long since passed. It brings a special blessing into the heart of the preacher, for he that abundantly refreshes the souls of men with the water of life shall be abundantly refreshed himself. A humble, prayerful priest preaching as he prays is united with the fountain, the water of life; he has his lips to the spring; and he will often wonder at the thoughts which come to him and at the words that were put in his mouth. The few brief words of the humble priest do more than the grand voices of human eloquence. Preaching is a constant and supernatural help to sacerdotal perfection.

V.

Spiritual writers mention another great aid to the supernatural life of the priest, and that is the confessional. Jesus stretched out His hand and touched the leper, saying, "Be thou clean." The priest touches the sinner in the same manner and is kept pure.

There is no moral theology so full of teaching as the confessional. It furnishes knowledge and experience that cannot be found in books. Take for example, the ordinary confession day. First comes the poor sinner whose confession is as black as night; next the confession of the child in baptismal innocence; after that a penitent truly contrite, followed by a soul ignorant of itself and its sinfulness; then come the simple, honest hearts; after them, worldlings, followed by a whole army of weary creatures seeking consolation and a staff to lean upon. In fact all the distinguished authors of moral theology cannot teach a priest what his confessional is daily teaching. It is a looking-glass that will bring things to his memory by showing himself in the lives of his penitents. It will teach him perfect contrition for his shortcomings, in witnessing the sorrow of penitents who refuse to be consoled. It will lay before him the delicacy of conscience in the innocent, whose souls are full of heavenly light and who accuse themselves of omissions and even

the slightest deviations from the will of God. It will edify him to meet fervent souls whose one desire and effort, in the midst of burdened and restless homes, is to rise higher and higher to a life of union with God. Finally, it will open our eyes at much of our own unprofitableness when we witness the generosity and fidelity and piety of those who are hindered on every side, and yet through charity, self-denial, and union with God, surpass many of us who have every gift of time and grace needed for our perfection. To learn these helpful lessons we must fulfil our office as father, judge and physician in an affectionate and efficient manner; then the confessional becomes one of the most direct and powerful helps in our own sanctification.

These five sacerdotal graces will sustain the priest in the perfection necessary for his exalted calling. The holy Mass—the Divine Office—the practice of mental prayer—the preaching of the Word of God—the absolution of sinners and the guidance of souls in the confessional,—all react directly, powerfully, and helpfully upon the life, the intellect and the character of the priest. He can never plead as an excuse the want of special grace to overcome temptation. Such a plea would be an accusation against our divine Lord Himself for commanding impossibilities, or exacting a hard service without providing adequate and abundant helps. If a priest's dangers are great, a priest's helps are greater.

(To be Continued.)

HOW CAN WE JUDGE?

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

How can we tell when souls are near to God,
Or who is vile—who righteous ways hath trod?
Ah, he whom we may deem most vile and low,
And destitute of good—may be not so.
We cannot know the wrongs he may have borne,
Or how his heart was crucified and torn,
Before he fell.
Had we perchance, been driven thro' the hell
Of his temptations, lashed and scourged—ah well,
We had perhaps been viler e'en than he.
So let us show our brother charity.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Life of Pope Pius X. By Monsignor Anton de Waal. Translated and adapted by Joseph William Berg. With one hundred and twenty illustrations. Milwaukee. The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1904.

As Monsignor de Waal is Rector of the Campo Santo, Rome, he is able to give us first-hand information and not mere rumors. In consequence, he has provided us with an extremely able, authentic and interesting biography of the present illustrious Pontiff. What a marvelous life his has been! How clearly we discern the finger of God guiding the innocent, frank, devout boy of Riese from lowly surroundings to the loftiest position of trust upon earth! It is impossible to read this sympathetic sketch without being moved to strong feelings of love and of loyalty for Pius X, whose burning affection for the poor and weak, whose strong arm of encouragement and whose telling words of exhortation show that he is, in very truth, the "White Shepherd of Christendom." We trust that every member of the Church here will peruse this pathetic story of a noble life.

A narrower form and greater care in running off the illustrations would have improved the external appearance of the book.

Progress in Prayer. By Father Caussade, S. J. Translated by L. V. Sheehan. Herder. St. Louis. 1904.

Father Caussade was in France, an acknowledged master of the spiritual life during the first half of the eighteenth century. Admitted to the Jesuit novitiate of the Toulouse province in 1693, he became professor of grammar at Auch three years later, lived at Nancy for a time, was stationed at Albi as rector, and died at Toulouse in 1751. His chief work, however, was in guiding souls to lives of holiness and in writing spiritual books. Father Caussade had a clear insight into the interior life and a wide knowledge of the older writers upon Mystical Theology. His works are, in consequence, solid, practical, and profoundly stimulating. We trust that the translator will take all Père Caussade's writings to hand and transfer them for us into good, crisp English. The apostolic Father McSorley contributes an Introduction of great value and interest.

Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church. By H. Pomeroy Brewster. Illustrated. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1904.

Mr. Brewster is evidently a stout believer in the branch theory of Christianity, for he speaks constantly of the Roman, Greek, and Anglican communion. The work under review was clearly one of affection, but we regret to have to state that it is marred by numberless inaccuracies. Thus, for example, we read on p. 275: "The canonization of saints has only been accepted as a dogma of faith by the Roman Church since the XII century and it was confined to those who had suffered martyrdom for their religious principles. At that time bishops were permitted to name them, but the numbers increased so rapidly that it was soon necessary to limit the admission to the Canon and this privilege was taken from the bishops and the Pope alone was given the authority."

These and similar startling statements mar a book written in a praiseworthy spirit.

Romantic Ireland. By M. F. and B. McM. Mansfield. 2 volumes. Illustrated with nearly 100 plates from original drawings. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

Like Erin herself, a vision of rare beauty and of noblest inspiration, is this set of books telling the story of Romantic Ireland. The authors have evidently spared no pains in giving to their vivid descriptions of persons, places and things, a fitting setting in the way of illustrations. These are really excellent, and, as the literary workmanship is of the same high-grade, a work has been produced which will prove an addition to any library and an ornament to any collection of artistic treasures.

A Year's Sermons. Second Series. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. Price $1.50.

This volume keeps up the same high grade as the First Series. The Sermons are thoughtful, helpful and well-written. There is a pleasing forcefulness about most of them which makes them singularly effective. Even an acknowledged master of sacred eloquence could profit by attending to the striking way in which many of the old truths are presented.

Report of the Proceedings and Addresses of the First Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association. St. Louis, Mo., July 12, 13, 14, 1904.

The magnificent work done by Catholics in the sacred cause of education cannot be too highly extolled. Holding firmly to the principle that religion, morality, and knowledge are necessary to good government and to the happiness of mankind, and that any system which ignores these elements is radically defective, she equips and maintains schools for over one million pupils, while

her colleges and seminaries are to be found in every state in the Union. They constitute a great power. Now, power, to be effective needs concentration. The separate elements need co-ordination.

The project of bringing about an understanding among Catholic educators, and of unifying the Catholic educational interests of the country in some form of voluntary association whose purpose would be merely to defend the principles and promote the interests which all have in common, was carried into effect at the annual Conferences of Catholic Colleges and Schools held at St. Louis, in July, 1904. The advantages which can reasonably be expected to come from such an association may be briefly pointed out.

It will bring together at stated intervals the leading Catholic educators of the country, and give an opportunity of exchanging views and of discussing educational problems. It will stimulate, support, and extend Catholic educational activity; and afford encouragement to all engaged in the work. It will make us aware of the defects of our system, and through it the experience of one may become the profit of all. It will make us conscious of our power, and help us to direct our energy, and to make the most effective use of our resources. It will help in the work of organizing parish schools into unified diocesan systems. It should help to promote harmony and co-ordination of all Catholic educational interests.

Such an association can have no power to legislate, nor even to enforce its recommendations; but if it represents Catholic thought on education, its moral influence must be considerable. The interests which Catholic educators have in common are fundamental and urgent. United effort will overcome difficulties, remedy defects, and make for progress; and it is the opinion of many, that an association of this kind which will tend to bring Catholic educators together, to unify their policies and endeavors, and to help ward off the great danger of apathy, has become almost a necessity. An association of this character offers a powerful means of moulding and of expressing Catholic opinion on educational subjects; and its declarations must also have great weight with non-Catholic educators, and the public in general.

The meeting held at St. Louis must result in good work. Not only was the gathering one of representative Catholic educators, but the keen interest taken in all the discussions betoken a healthy activity along the various lines of seminary, college and parish school work. The Association was greatly helped by the broad courtesy of the Very Rev. W. Banks Rogers, Rector of St. Louis University, who, not only placed his various halls at the disposal of the different committees, but also entertained the members with extraordinary generosity.

The papers, especially those in the college section, were thoughtful and suggestive beyond the ordinary. We call especial attention to the admirable paper of the Rev. E. J. Gleeson, S. J. of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, on the Federation of Alumni Associations of Catholic Colleges. What a helpful note of advice, the writer strikes in the following:

"Our one hundred and eighty Catholic colleges annually send forth several thousand graduates. To whom can Catholic education and Catholic interests more justly look for champions? If after graduation the relations of the alumni with Alma Mater and with one another be only pleasant recollections or social evenings, then our colleges but create power to be spent or squandered, if not left to our enemies to use against us as they do in France. To accomplish anything in the noble field I have pointed out, they must be organized.

Organization, which economizes, directs and increases power is indispensable to success at the present day. It may be carried to excess, submerge individuality, mask ambition and selfishness, enable master minds to marshall multitudes in their private interest; it may be a passing sociological phenomenon which will have its reaction; but it is a power of the day against which individual effort is vain. To an extent it is natural and the dictate of reason. Individuals naturally unite in societies; small societies tend to combine into larger ones. All things tend to unity, the principle of order. Our Lord established His church and wished it to embrace all men. Our enemies are organized against us. We must meet them with organization or be crushed.

Alumni Associations aim, through organization, to preserve, economize, increase, utilize the power created by college training. I have sometimes heard it asked, even in unexpected quarters, "Of what good are Alumni Associations?" Perhaps the question arises because some Alumni Associations give too much attention to mere social features; or they have only a weak bond of union; or enthusiasts build air castles the collapse of which disbands them. Every human institution has accompanying weaknesses and evils. Are none therefore to be attempted? Let the colleges keep their alumni together even though neither numerous nor always enthusiastic, a working nucleus will be a seed of power. In times of peace, social features will attract them, intellectual and religious exercises will improve them and union will make them ready for action if occasion arise. If the world knows that we are organized it will hesitate to attack."

The Soul's Orbit or Man's Journey to God. Compiled with additions by M. D. Petre. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

This book displays keen powers of observation, practical reflections, a wide command of language, and extensive reading. It would have been better had the author taken an experienced pilot, when she wished to sound the undercurrents of deep waters. There are many expressions in the book which may shake the confidence of prudent men and we regret this fact exceedingly, because we recognize the good there is in the various chapters. Is not the following, for example, a pointed statement of a phase of life which we have all observed? "Most of us are so spiritually weak as to be dominated by our higher ideals and impulses only in our best or better moments, when our head is clear and our heart untroubled and our nerves are at rest, when our attention and all our energies are at our disposal and within our full control. Whatever destroys this happy balance of conditions lowers us to a sub-Christian spiritual level, on which the strictly and most purely Christian motives appeal to us very ineffectually, perhaps not at all. We may thus be lowered and degraded at times by psychic derangements to depths that would induce despair were it not for the conviction that what we are at our best moments is what we are most truly in the eyes of the All-Discerning. It is only in the very strongest and greatest souls that the higher light is so intensified as never to be wholly dimmed."

A Complete and Practical Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant. From the German of the Rev. P. Suitbertus Birkle, O. S. B. Adapted and edited by A. Lemaistre. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. Price $1.00.

The recent legislation of our Holy Father, Pius X, called for a book of this nature. That there was need of some legislation has long since been evident; for strange, indeed, have been the vagaries of some organists with their adaptations from secular operas and from airy love-songs. How to effect a radical reform has been, is, and will be a problem! The best advice we can give is to urge all those who have charge of this matter to make a study of Plain Chant. We have often heard the question asked, as our author himself notes: "Is Plain Chant successfully introduced anywhere in our times?" In answer thereto he cites the example of the archdiocese of Cologne, where, in most churches, Plain Chant is sung to the exclusion of every other kind of music. It may be of interest to state that there, as a rule, paid singers (men) are employed to render this rather difficult music. By constant singing these men become very expert in the rendition of these solemn melodies and the results are not only satisfactory but extremely edifying. By this means a majestic dignity is lent to the various church functions which could not otherwise be had, and that, too, by a not very large outlay. How solemn the litany is daily rendered in many English cathedrals and how shockingly many of our choirs scramble through the litanies at the Forty-Hours and other devotions! It is high time surely that a change was introduced and a careful perusal of this book will open many ways by which that change so desirable can be brought about.

The Meaning of the Idylls of the King. An Essay in Interpretation. By Condé Benoist Pallen. New York. American Book Co.

All lovers of Tennyson's writings will be grateful to Condé Pallen for this erudite unveiling of the poet's meaning. With remarkable skill, splendid language, and deep sympathy, Mr. Pallen reveals the hidden sentiments which permeate the Idylls and which give them their abiding value. The Idylls are, consequently, not mere poetic pageantry, mere vignettes of an ancient tale, but the poetic teachings of an inner truth. They form a tale *shadowing sense at war with soul.* "To Tennyson, in an age whose literature has become replete with the gross spirit of realism, we are indebted for a noble poem whose theme is the exaltation of the beauty of purity, and this where the age is most blind to it, in man. The message is luminous to those who have desire to see. By the deaf and blind unto holy things, the voice will not be heard, the light will not be seen, and

"The crime of sense becomes
The crime of malice, and is equal blame."

It is this crime of sense become the crime of malice which undoes the building up of Arthur's realm, breaks the harmony of the virtues into the discord of sin and crime, and disrupts the order Divine Wisdom has established among men. Against it the spiritual man, despite of the sin, the crime and the treachery about him, stands proof, passing from the old order in the flesh to the new order in the spirit. The Idylls are simply the drama of the new-old truth, sense at war with soul, the old battle and the ever renewed strife between the old and the new man. The picture is old but its meaning ever new, speaking significantly to a generation sunk in the steaming valleys of sense, and blinded to the lofty ideal on the heights above by the gross exhalations of its materialism." Mr. Pallen, owing to his keen critical sense and to his prolonged studies of Tennyson, is eminently fitted thus to dissect and analyze the noblest epoch of recent times. What fruitful lessons can be gleaned from this searching analysis!

Socialism: Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application. By Victor Cathrein, S. J. Revised and enlarged by Victor F. Gettelmann, S. J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905. Price $1.50.

The importance of Father Cathrein's work may be gauged from the fact that since its first appearance in 1890, it has gone through eight large editions. It has been translated into Spanish, French, English, Italian, Polish, Flemish, Bohemian and Hungarian. The original volume has steadily grown, until from being a mere excerpt of the author's "Moral Philosophy," it has the appearance and character of an independent work.

There are many reasons why it is incumbent upon all Catholics to make a profound study of Socialism and of the reasons why the Church is opposed to it. In the first place, Socialism is spreading in the United States at an alarming extent, especially in the manufacturing districts. Take the shoe-towns, for instance, of Massachusetts; they are all active centres of socialistic teachings. The same must be said of all industrial settlements throughout the states.

Moreover, Socialism is a very insidious theory. The ringleaders thereof promise their followers a golden age. Little work and much amusement—that is the dream of these prophets. Thus, according to the prominent Bebel, "labor, in the socialist state, owing to its great variety and the modern and future perfection of mechanical inventions, will be mere amusement. Most kinds of labor will be performed, as it were, "in play." Besides, labor, owing to the systematic regulations and the wise utilization of all means of production, will be so fruitful that between two and three hours' work per day will suffice for the perfect satisfaction of all human wants. Egotism and the interest for the common weal will be in harmony; nay, these motives will exactly coincide with each other in the socialistic organization. There will be no more idlers. The moral atmosphere itself will incite every individual to "distinguish himself before all others." An unheard of "world of forces and possibilities," which have been suppressed by the capitalistic system of production, will be made free. There will be no more political crimes or other violations of law. Barracks and other military institutions, court houses, city halls, prisons, will then be put to a better use. The nations will no longer look upon each other as enemies, but as "brothers." The age of "everlasting peace" will be stored up in the museums of antiquities. Then the nations will advance to ever higher culture and civilization."

Is it any wonder that the poor, down-trodden bread-winner is so strongly attracted by this dazzling picture that he is ready to enlist all his energies for the furtherance of a movement which, according to its promoters, is to have results so wonderful?

There is still another reason why we should keep abreast of the times in the study of Socialism, because the leaders thereof change so frequently their programmes, and shift so often their demands that there is need of constant change in the method of attack.

We are, consequently very glad to see this exhaustive, up-to-date treatment of a subject which calls for the closest study on the part of all who have at heart the welfare of our country. There is no better discussion, from a Catholic standpoint, of this important problem than that given us by Father Cathrein. The book should be placed in every public library in the country and all those who can afford it should add the volume to their stores of literary and ethical treasures.

Everyman. A Moral Play. New York. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1905. Price $1.00.

The extraordinary success achieved everywhere by those who, during the past two years have presented "Everyman" in various parts of the country, naturally whetted the desire of educated people to know something of the origin of the play. This edition has been prepared to meet such a demand. From it we learn that "Everyman" is commonly supposed to be a free adaptation of a Dutch play upon the same theme by Peter of Diest. It seems to have won its way to favor from the first. It was popular in Dutch as well as in German and Latin, and it is known that in England it was a favorite subject of representation by traveling companies on feasts and holidays, or noblemen's troupes of players in the halls of castles. It owes its popularity to its truthful representation of life. All things must pass and we too must pass. We can take nothing with us—the journey to the grave must be made alone—but the sad feature of it all is that no matter how vehement may have been the protestation of friendship, no one wishes to be a companion on that momentous voyage, only Good Deeds stands by us there:

"All earthly things is but vanity,
Beauty, Strength, and Discretion do man forsake,
Foolish friends and kinsmen that fair spake;
All fleeth save Good Deeds."

It is this vivid portrayal of the reality of life that gives the play its abiding charm. We are delighted to see it reprinted in this quaint form and we hope that in a second edition, a few notes, explanatory of the unusual expressions in the text, will be added.

QUESTION BOX.

Please give me the names of some distinguished Catholic Scientists.

We advise you to read an excellent work entitled: "What Catholics have done for Science," by the Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M. Read the names of the eminent mentioned therein.

Astronomy.—Regiomontanus, Copernicus, Galileo, Cassini, Picard, Piazzi, Le Verrier, Secchi, Gassendi, DeVico, Boscovich, Maraldi, Castelli, Bianchini, and Perry.

Chronology.—Clavius, Chacon, Danti, Gregory XIII.

Geography.—Carpino, Rubruquis, Ascelin, Marco Polo, Columbus, Vasco da Magellan, Vespucci, Toscanelli, Santa Cruz, Mercator, Balboa, Pizarro, Cortes, Orellana, Juan Ponce de Leon, De Soto, Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, Hennepin, Membré, DeSmet, and a countless number of missionaries.

Mechanics.—Descartes, Galileo, Borelli, Castelli, Torricelli, Pascal, Mersenne Piccolomini, Benedetti, Grimaldi, Mariotte, and Cauchy, not to mention those of more recent times.

Mathematics.—Planudes, Luca Borgo, Ludovico Ferrari, François Viète, Descartes Gaspard Monge, Chasles, Reisch, Puisieux, Moigno, Riccati, Boscovich, Maco, and Sestini.

Acoustics.—Galileo, Mersenne, Gassendi, Cassini and Picard.

Optics.—Fresnel, Biot, Malus, Fizeau, Monge, Maraldi, and Ampère.

Thermotics.—Fourier, Melloni, Regnault, Mariotte, Sanctorious, Biot and Nobili.

Electricity.—Galvani, Volta, Coulomb, Ampere, Gramme, Gaston Planté, Nollet, Caselli, Foucault, Carré, Pacinotti.

Chemistry.—Lavoisier, Roger Bacon, Agricola, Van Helmont, Becquerel, Chevreul.

Botany.—Caesalpinus, Jussieu, Charles and Louis René Tulasne.

Physiology.—Versalius, Fallopius, Eustachius, Columbus, Fabricius, Spallanzani, Malpighi, Santorini, Bichat, Morgagni, Buffon, Daubenton.

Geology.—DaVinci, Colonna, Steno, Spada, Sorignet, Bourgeois, Delauny, Johannes Müller.

Why is spiritual relationship an impediment to marriage?

This impediment is the relationship arising from baptism and from confirmation among certain persons specified in the law of the Church. It is evident that this impediment springs from ecclesiastical law and not from the natural law. It is grounded on the fact that persons acting as ministers or sponsors for those who receive baptism and confirmation are regarded as the *spiritual parents* of those who are baptized and confirmed. It is on this account that the sponsors are aptly called *godfathers* and *godmothers*, and are, as said above, viewed in the light of parents. The relationship exists between the minister of the sacrament and the child and its parents, between the sponsors and the child and its parents. Hence it does not affect marriage between the sponsors themselves nor between the one who administers the sacrament and the sponsors.

Why is relationship by the adoption an impediment to marriage?

Because in adoption the person adopting takes and treats as his own child one who is the offspring of another, and, therefore, the person thus adopted acquires substantially the rights and duties of a natural child of the adopter, and, consequently, passes from the parental authority of its natural parent to that of the *adopter*.

What is the meaning of "*factus sum sicut uter in pruina*," It occurs in Father Sheehan's "My New Curate."

These words are taken from the 118th Psalm, 83rd verse. They are translated by the Vulgate: "*I am become as a bottle in the frost.*" Commentators differ concerning the meaning of this sentence. To understand the various interpretations we must keep before our eyes the fact that the wine-bottles of the East were made of skins, hence in time of frost the liquid would be very cool. So man when he holds his flesh in subjection unto the law of God is cool, calm and pleasing to the Almighty. With the body a ready vassal to the soul and with all the rebellious promptings of the flesh kept in perfect control, we shall have a glowing nature calmed as though with the cold of snow, and consequently, we shall be acceptable to God. Other writers interpret the text of affliction which chastens and subdues and cools the soul even as cold cools the various liquids. Others, again, taking snow as the type of earthly affliction due to sin, declare that we ought to be as insensible to the influence of sin as a dead skin is to that of cold.

If we perform an act, not knowing that it is forbidden, are we guilty of sin?

There is no *formal* sin, except where there is knowledge. How can we be held responsible for that of which we are ignorant? If a man has done something in ignorance either of the law or of the facts of the case, and would be sorry for it, were he to find out what he has done, that act is *involuntary*, so far as it is traceable to ignorance

alone. Ignorance, sheer ignorance, theologians tell us, takes whatever is done under it out of the region of volition. There are cases, however, in which ignorance is voluntary, because we are in a position to acquire the requisite knowledge. In such a case there is blame to be attached to actions performed, when the correct information might have been had. Suppose, for example, a person should throw a piece of iron out of a window on to a disused pathway, along which a casual visitor was passing, no one would accuse that person of *formal* homicide, even if the iron were to kill the passer-by, although a charge of *material* homicide could be maintained.

If without our fault a circumstance changing the nature of a sin has not been told in confession, must we tell that in our next confession?

Most certainly. Every sin and every circumstance changing the nature of a sin must be submitted to the power of the keys.

May I hold that bodies are *finite*, but space *infinite?*

No. Infinite space is an absurdity. This will be seen upon a little reflection. Let us compare the notions of *place* and *space*. They are not so much, as Rickaby observes, two different notions, as two notions each with the same total content, yet reversing the order in the part of it which is to be emphasized and the part which is insinuated. *Place* is emphatically the bounding surface with a reference to the interval, or voluminal surface included within it. Thus the *place* of a body immersed in water is the immediate watery surface which touches it all round, and which is considered, for convenience, as unchangeable. A fossil immoveably imbedded in a rock, if it were suddenly annihilated, would leave a perfect definition of its place. *Space*, on the other hand, is this interval or voluminal distance, with a reference to the bounding surface. The *place* of a man immersed in mid-ocean, and supposed stationary, is the bounding surface of the water with a reference to the room which it encloses and the man fills; his *space* is the same room with reference to the surface of water that defines its limits. Space is real, no matter whether it be filled or not with substances, if only the bounding superficies is real. Space, however, as far as our observation goes, is not vacant, but filled with matter, at least with ether, that is, with some imponderable substance, the vibrations of which, according to many physicists, transmit light even from the most remote points of the universe. Probably, there is no perfect void anywhere in the world. But, outside of the material world, space is still *imagined* to extend; we also *imagine* that before matter was created, there was a limitless vacant space. Now, we claim that this vacant space is nothing really existing out of the mind; we merely conceive a possible capacity, the absence of bodily substances. If it were a real being existing out of the mind, it would have real quantity, for it has parts outside of parts; its quantity would be *finite*, or *infinite* or *indefinite*. Now, it cannot be *finite*, else there would be other space around it; nor *indefinite*, for whatever exists really, exists definitely, since *indefinite* means actually finite but capable of increase; nor *infinite*, for it is absurd to talk of an infinite quantity actually existing. No existing quantity can be infinite. For since the essence of quantity implies divisibility, any existing quantity may be divided, at least mentally. Let us then cut off a small portion from the quantity which was supposed to be infinite; what remains will be finite. But this is absurd that a finite quantity should differ from the infinite by a small portion. Besides, suppose we add to the finite remainder a portion greater than that cut off; we should then have a quantity greater than the infinite, which is impossible. Hence limitless vacant space is not a real being existing independently of our minds.

Who was Oenone?

She was a nymph of Mt. Ida, who had the gift of prophecy, and told her husband, Paris, that his voyage to Greece would involve him and his country in ruin. When the dead body of old Priam's son was laid at her feet, she stabbed herself.

"Hither came at noon
Mournful Oenone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills."
—*Tennyson.*

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CHILDREN AND THEIR AMUSEMENTS.

"Friends—dearly loved—so far away!
Voices remembered in a dream or song!
Dear ones, my heart is with you all, to-day—
Where shamrocks grow.

"Like music, falling softly on the ear,
Some minor melody, oft heard before,
So, memory quickens, brings my spirit near
Where shamrocks grow!"

Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LIII. MARCH, 1905. No. 3

FIRST DAY IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

WHAT IT REALLY MEANS TO BE A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

BY JOSEPH W. GAVAN, LL.B.

In defending the Coal Trust before the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington on February 10, Judge Campbell, counsel for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, broadly intimated that the members of Congress were so incompetent that they could not frame general tariff rates. Mr. Campbell was advancing the theory of those who deny that the individual intellect is now a more powerful engine than it was in the days of old, and lament the loss of the mighty personalities that in former Congresses stood out like solitary trees in a vast prairie. The House of Representatives has sadly deteriorated in distinction, some lament; the days of great statesmen are past, those to whom honesty in all relations of life was more than a virtue are gone and none arise to take their places. Others maintain that politics is merely a trade to be followed by understood trade methods, and that the substitution of governmental for individual

forces is the only way our system of government can be purified and selfishness abolished.

These views by no means reflect public sentiment. A residence of ten years in the Capital City, and daily converse with its legislators has convinced me, that notwithstanding the ignorance and incapacity of a limited few, who owe their election to chance, favoritism, wealth, bribery, or political wire-pulling, rather than to superiority of mental fibre, there is no parliament in the world higher in intellectual average than the Congress of the United States,

The man who represents a district successfully at Washington, must be well qualified for achievement. Patience takes high rank among his essentials. Tact is a close second and training is indispensable. It is also quite desirable that he should coddle few illusions. He may carry with him to the Capital the notion that he is a momentous personage, but that will leave him in due course—it will be dispelled. One of his first discoveries will be that there are others, and not a few of them. Also he will find that no matter what his credentials are, he does not own the House of Representatives in fee-simple. If he is wise in his day and generation he will survive the shock of this disconcerting revelation and make an effort to harmonize with exacting environment. He must be willing to work sixteen hours a day and endeavor to acquit himself creditably in the rôle of errand boy, lawyer, guide, philosopher, friend and money-lender to the people who elected him if he wishes to continue in public life. Only from eleven o'clock in the forenoon to four o'clock in the afternoon is he permitted to legislate. The rest of the day he is supposed to be visiting the various departments, getting pensions, positions, promotions, passports, garden seeds, or interviews, for his constituents, or answering the scores of letters which every mail brings to him.

The average Congressional freshman usually comes to Washington two or three weeks ahead of the date set for the assembling of Congress. He generally hires a small room at one of the second-class hotels. Beyond a two-line personal in the morning paper among the "hotel arrivals" no mention is made of his coming. He is shocked to discover that Washington doesn't know him. This is a clear proof to him that journalism is degenerating. He points the lack lustre editors to the inspiring example of Cavour, whom Gioberte said, "labored with incredible ardor to confer a reputation on men of notorious incapacity." This is the sort of ardor which the new congressman desires to see displayed in his behalf. His trunk is filled with bills providing for the erection of federal post offices, custom houses, lighthouses, the deepening of rivers and harbors in his district, and with speeches showing the necessity of making liberal appropriations for these improvements. His idea of statesmanship is to get as many federal jobs for his constituents and as many federal appropriations for his district as he can. The excitement of his public life begins with the selection of seats.

His seat in the House is drawn for him by lot on the first day of the session. This he holds for two years. The election of officers is the first work in which he is supposed to take part. These are selected at a caucus meeting of the party, but not without considerable wire-pulling at times. Some ten years ago, a well-known preacher made a vigorous campaign for the office of chaplain of the House, on a platform limiting his opening prayer to two and one-half minutes. He was not elected. The place was given to Mr. Millburn, who was subsequently well and favorably known as "the blind chaplain."

Once in his seat the new congressman is disappointed to discover that the House is no longer a deliberative body

THE PRESS GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

but a machine for doing the will of the Committee on Rules whenever it chooses to intervene. Under the old rules, the House had been in an absurd dilemma for many years. It had been within the power of a single representative to block its business for days. A man named Weaver secured the passage of the Oklahoma Act by refusing to permit the House to do any business until his own measure was disposed of. Speaker Reed changed all this. Now, to make a quorum, the speaker may count as present and not voting enough of the members whom he sees in the House and who refuse to participate in a final vote. The Reed rules

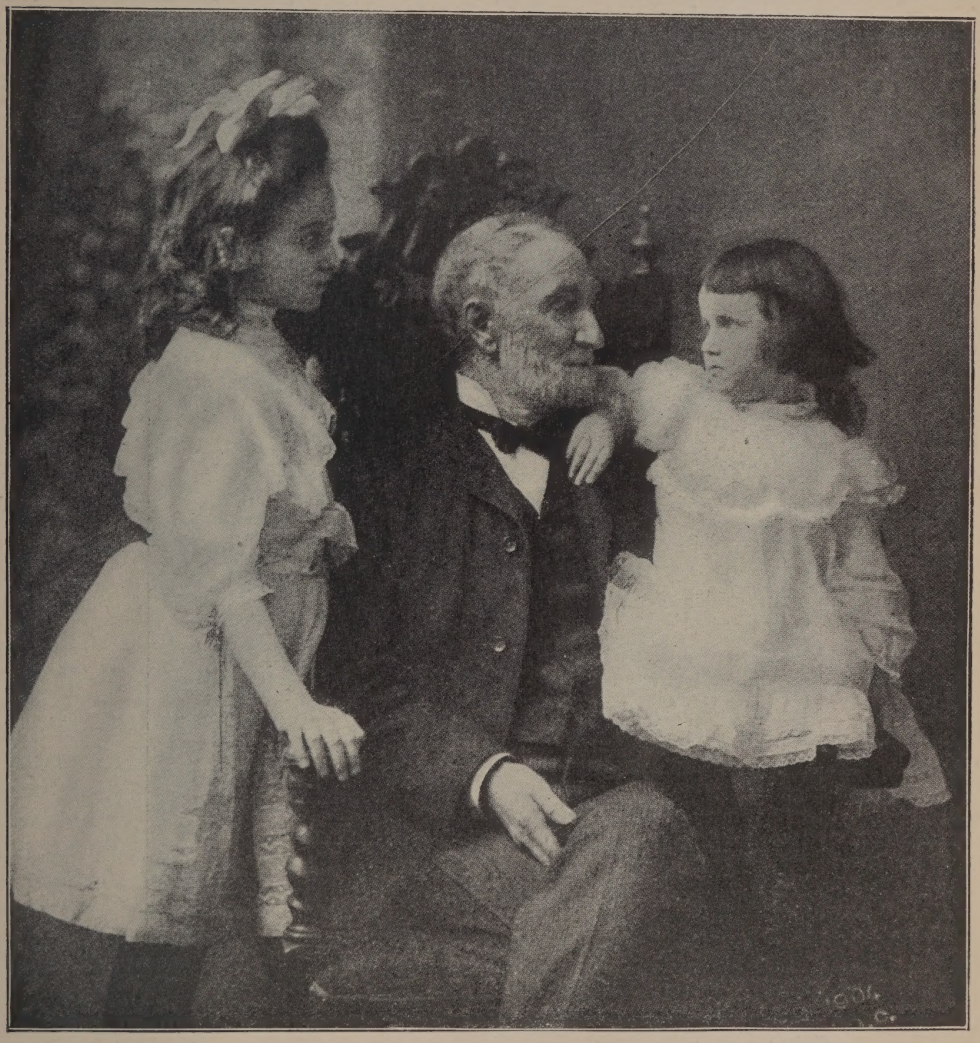
Photograph by Purdy, Boston.

ATTORNEY GENERAL WILLIAM P. MOODY.

were roundly denounced and their author was subject to merciless abuse by the opposition press. They were subsequently adopted, however, by the Democrats under Speaker Crisp, and their legality has since been upheld by a decision of the United States Supreme Court. Since their adoption, the majority of the House are made absolutely responsible for all the legislation enacted. The individual member is almost completely shorn of his power, and the importance of the standing and special committees is greatly strengthened. This enables the House to suppress the efforts of any member to enact legislation or even to discuss a measure not favored by the oligarchy which controls the House.

As time goes on, the freshman's pride is humbled by the repeated failure of the Speaker to recognize him. In this connection, the story is told of a Western congressman who was refused a renomination because he had not made a single speech during his first term. His defense was that he had caught malaria, typhoid fever, the grippe, and almost every known disease, while in Washington, but that he never could catch the Speaker's eye. This is due in a measure to the new-comer's ignorance of the rule now adopted by beginners of taking time by the forelock and asking the Speaker to recognize them on such and such a day when they will discuss some pending measure. If the new congressman impresses his colleagues as being modest, no matter what his intellectual shortcomings may be, his maiden speech is listened to with respect and attention. On the other hand, should he display the least evidence of arrogance or conceit, his speech is either punctuated with frequent interruptions, or he has no audience. Members find it convenient to repair to the cloak-rooms and tell stories, while the new congressman has only the Speaker and a few stray visitors to the galleries to listen to him. An instance of how bumptiousness is regarded in the House came to light on December 4, 1903, when Speaker Cannon administered a lesson to a new California congressman who was as assertive as he was aggressive and as vain as he was ignorant of the great potentialities of the office of him who presides over the deliberations of the lower branch of the national legislature. Union labor had then, as it has now a representative in Congress. It had also an agent

at the Capital, H. J. Schultheis. Edward J. Livernash was the labor congressman. The agent demanded that Livernash be appointed chairman of the Labor Committee. He was not encouraged, but he returned to the charge. Finally a climax came. Invading the Speaker's room, when the attendance there was large, Schultheis declared that labor would have its rights, adding: "I went into your district in 1890 and you know what happened." In that year Mr. Cannon was defeated. The agent had no opportunity to supplement this threat—he was ejected from the Speaker's room, to the consternation and disgust of Livernash, who, needless to state, failed to land the coveted chairmanship.



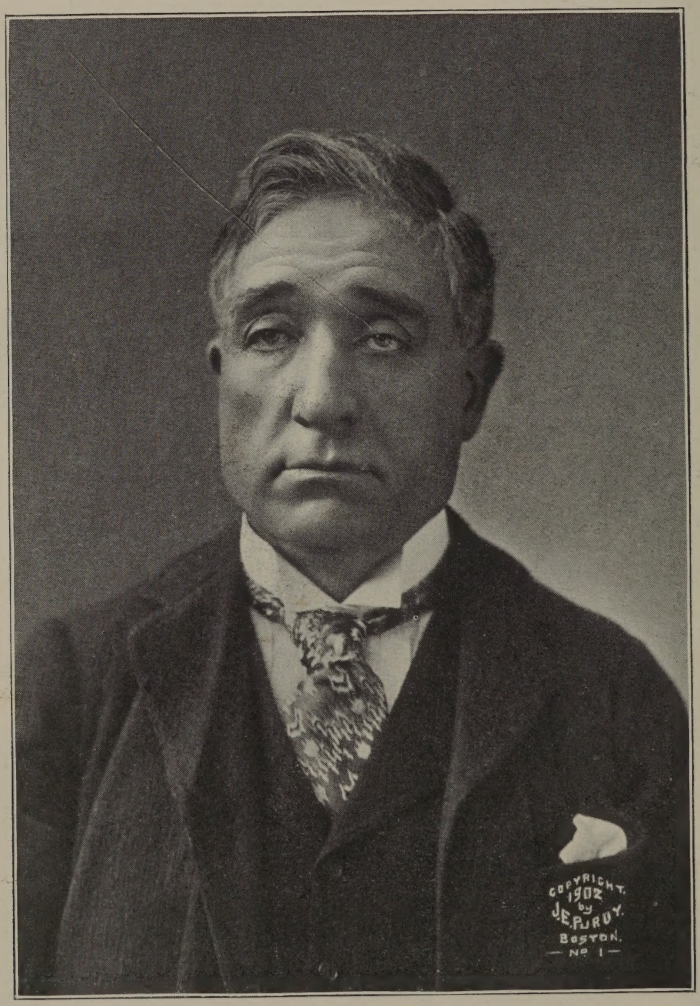
Photograph by Clinedinst.

HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND HIS TWO GRANDCHILDREN.

The congressman's work invariably begins at the breakfast table when the

first mail is often laid before him. Most of the huge pile of letters contain requests necessitating visits to the White House, and to all the governmental departments. A farmer wants some garden seeds, a society debutante is desirious

ing laws, thinks he could straighten out the tangle if given an opportunity to explain his troubles to the attorney-general, a millionaire, going abroad, seeks an introduction to a dozen or more of Uncle Sam's consular officers, a wom-



Photograph by Purdy, Boston.

HON. W. BURKE COCKRAN.

of adding the President's signature to a volume of autographs which she is collecting, a veteran of the Civil War wants his pension increased, another is anxious to get into the Soldiers' Home, a financier who has collided with the national bank-

an who recently passed the Civil Service examination is curious to know what her chances of getting an appointment in the Treasury department are; the brothers of a young woman employed in the Agricultural department are longing to

have her promoted or transferred to the War department; a number of school girls are about to visit Washington and would not the congressman be kind enough to look for a quiet, home-like boarding house for them; an elderly woman must have a transfer from the Pension Bureau to a branch office in California; another would like a vacation of several weeks in order to go to Europe, or to nurse an invalid mother. These are only a few of the many details which the congressman is expected to attend to in the course of one day under obvious penalties in case of non-conformity. In a sense we are all axe-grinders, performers seeking the favor of the audience, and the average congressman is no exception to the rule. If he fails to answer every letter sent, or neglects to run any of the many errands assigned to him, he might just as well hang up his instruments of music, lay his costumes aside in the stage wardrobe and retire into innocuous desuetude.

Equally exasperating are the requests made for interviews with the President by visitors to Washington, and for passes to the White House by sightseers, who invariably carry away a portion of the lace curtains, or even carpets, as souvenirs of their visit. Most of this work must be performed between the hours of nine o'clock, when the departments are opened, and eleven o'clock when the congressman is supposed to be in his committee room at the Capitol, where the real work in connection with legislation is performed, and where the ultimate fate of all measures is determined by a favorable or unfavorable report. It is in the committee rooms that much of the hardest work connected with legislation is done. If the new congressman is an expert on punctuation he will be a welcome accession to any committee. The misuse of punctuation in the McKinley tariff bill cost the government $500,000 before it was remedied. The mistake occurred in this way. Certain fruit plants were placed on the free list. The engrosser, instead of inserting a comma after the word "plants," placed it between "fruit" and "plants," thus putting all varieties of fruit on the free list where they remained until the error was corrected.

It is in the committee rooms also that trust agents and lobbyists throttle and strangle legislation. The methods pursued there sometimes fill a man with despair of the future of his country. They convince the congressional fledgling who has learned that there is something nobler than the acquisition of wealth, that the greatest republic of history cannot hold together for another century. In many cases the ranking members of the committee had their campaign expenses defrayed by the Congressional campaign committee which is invariably organized with a view to obtaining contributions from the railroads engaged in carrying the mails, and the ethics of corporation principles demand that he who is dependent upon the trusts for his election to Congress should favor his friends and champion their policies in the committee rooms. Should the corporation congressman show any independence, or desire to emulate the example of his honest colleagues, he is promptly brought to a realization of the fact that the forces which accomplished his election can encompass his defeat with equal readiness when he comes up for re-election, and as all new congressmen desire a second term arguments like these, in many instances, induce weak-minded and mercenary men to make reluctant compromises with the powers that be. The Republican Congressional committee last year included J. W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, who has held the position of chairman continuously for ten years and who was openly charged by Representative Baker with helping to pad the mails in his district during a

weighing period by franking many tons of public documents to his home; Jesse Overstreet, of Indiana, chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, which has charge of all legislation affecting the Post Office Department and which was largely instrumental in preventing a thorough investigation during the last Congress, and W. B. Thompson, of Washington. Mr. Thompson was formerly superintendent of the Railway Mail Service in the Post Office Department. He is now senior member of a firm of departmental attorneys, who represent the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Burlington and other great trunk lines and railway corporations.

For the fiscal year 1903, the aggregate paid the railroads for the transportation of the mails was:

Inland Mail Transportation,—	
Railroads	$36,195,116 18
Railway Post-office Car Service	5,033,464 22
Special facilities on Trunk Lines	122,347 18
Total	$41,350,927 58

All the big railroads keep the most skilful lobbyists in the guise of attorneys, at Washington, to look out for their interests. Senators, representatives, newspaper correspondents and officials in the Post Office Department are, in many instances, furnished with annual passes, and these are but the most innocent forms of influence employed to sidetrack and to kill legislation hostile to the railroads.

Can any man contemplate without anxiety and shame for his country, the system of organized corporation corruption that rots the entire legislative department of the Government and nullifies absolutely the power of the citizen's ballot. Grafting has become a loathsome disease in the body politic and partakes of the nature of an epidemic. During the past year three United States senators and a federal judge have been indicted in connection with a system of grafting, which tends to blast the best impulses of heart and brain, smother affection, dethrone honor, and blot integrity from language. Until within a few years ago, and even until now in the poorer and less commercial states, a seat in Congress has been regarded as next to the Governorship, the ultimate prize of a successful political career. A bright young man who took the stump for his party had it as the goal of his ambition. Nowadays, when men are chosen because they are rich, or have given large sums of money to promote their party's success, one of the most tempting inducements to an honorable ambition, that of representing a District in Congress, is withdrawn, and a poor man is barred out, though he were a Webster, a Marcy, a Chase, a Thurman, a Covert, or a Cockran.

Since the winter when the Wilson bill was before Congress and one of the senators from a western state rose over-night out of financial distress to the state of a millionaire several times over, hardly a year has passed without its suppressed scandal that nevertheless escaped from the Capitol cloak-rooms and floated like a miasma over the entire country. Before that winter, the upper branch of Congress had been above suspicion. Fierce unreasoning partisanship had been displayed there, bitterness most sharp, even personal violence on more than one occasion. But not until within the past twenty years has anyone dared to hint, much less to believe that the members of that august body were capable of dishonesty. And yet to-day two of its members—Joseph R. Burton of Kansas and John H. Mitchell of Oregon—are in the clutches of the law!

Can any American citizen escape uncertainty as to the fate of a penniless young lawyer elected to Congress at enormous expense, in the face of an official corruption that reaches from the ward boss who dictated or received money for

his nomination, to the judge on the bench?

If his aims are to teach, to inspire, to help, to know, what assistance can he expect from those the world sets over him, as successful men, if their ideals range so far below his own that they cannot see even his purpose? Bulwer, in his creation of Alfred Evelyn, has his hero make answer when the world is saying of him everything that is bad on account of his gambling!

"Cant! It was not criminal to gamble: it was criminal to lose. The vices and virtues of this world are written in language it cannot construe: it reads them in a vile translation. And the translators are failure and success."

Evelyn reflected the philosophy of the average politician whose refrain is:

"Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."

In New York City many of those recently elected are ignorant ward politicians whose political horizons are bounded by selfish interest, and who see no virtue in party organization beyond personal advancement, the glorification of the boss and the deification of the grafter.

One of the best-known of the new members has accumulated a million after starting life as a boot-black. He owns a string of race horses, several saloons, a few theatres and a race track. He has never been known to have earned a larger salary that $1500 a year. Most of his time is spent at the race course. He relieves the tedium of congressional life by visiting the pool rooms on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and boasts that he is a better representative of his district that was Daniel Webster. I am happy to state that the delegation also includes men like Bourke Cockran and James S. Sherman who choose the advocacy of ideas and the warfare of principles in preference to the commercialism of politics, the policies of parties, the interests of combinations or the balance of power. Such men shine by contrast. They awaken in the mind of many a new congressman the idea that virtue is better than money and that a good conscience and the applause of a contented mind are superior to worldly goods, when corporations or bosses call upon them to straddle the fence or to jump across it, and to take sides with the trusts or the people according as their interests may be affected.

Occasionally there is a man who steps out of the freshman class and by sheer originality and force of ideas makes himself conspicuous in the front rank of legislators. Of this class Representative Sydney E. Mudd of Maryland and Attorney General Moody were shining examples. Both were positive factors in the consideration of all important measures that arose from the moment they entered the legislative councils of the nation. Mudd is a member of the Naval Affairs Committee and is serving his sixth term in the House. He knows what it is to fight railroad monopolies and consequently has made enemies, but he has also made progress. The fear of antagonizing powerful interests has never caused Mr. Mudd to relax his energy and perseverance.

During the short time devoted to committee work, the congressman is expected to have a single eye to the individual interests of every manufacturer and business man in the district which he represents. He is frequently called upon to arrange special hearings for them before various committees, in order to give those interested a chance to advocate or frustrate the passage of some particular piece of legislation. This usually involves hours of hard work spent in going from hotel to hotel and house to house urging the various members of the committee to call a meeting and to arrange a date for the hearing. When the House ad-

journs at four o'clock, there is fresh mail to answer and more errands for the congressman. He feels uncomfortable to note the little influence he exerts upon legislation, how his constituents order him around like a hired employee and how his party leaders instruct him to cast his vote this way or that way. His own conception of his importance and the dignity that ought to be attached to his position suffers a rude shock when he has to wait like a servant in one of the ante-rooms of a secretary, or bureau chief, while senators go in and out without the formality of standing or sitting in line. Cabinet officers, as a general rule, are very courteous but they are very busy men. Once—nobody in Washington will fail to remember—a young congressman asked a certain secretary if he had any time for recreation or amusement. "Oh, yes," replied the secretary, "I go out to the barber shop once a month to get my hair cut."

After the departments close at 4.30 o'clock, the congressman has scores of letters to frank, visitors to see, sightseers to escort, or some business matters to go over with his secretary. Two hours are usually spent with his correspondence. Then comes dinner, after which the congressman repairs to his office and begins the preparation of a speech, or the collection of data for the information of some committee in connection with legislation affecting his district. His work is sometimes carried on into the wee hours of the morning and is likely to be interrupted many times by callers and sometimes by impecunious constituents who have lost all in the hunt for office and who want to return to their homes. The congressman soon finds that the financial problem is, in spite of our theories, paramount to all others.

Financial ease may not mean wealth, but it means an untroubled mind to the embryo statesman who is anxious to make a mark in Washington. It means time and desire to read and study beyond the requirements of his official duties. It means a clear eye and an honest self-respect. It means peaceful slumber at night and joy in the new day. It means new friends, enjoyment, interest, unblemished manhood and the strength to overcome disappointment. It means the chance to form powerful social connections and to obtain desirable committee assignments. These opportunities do not always require money to secure, but many of the present leaders in the House owe a great deal of their success to a liberal use of money, which enabled themselves and their wives not only to entertain liberally, but to prepare to meet contingencies likely to arise, and to take advantage of opportunities which a ball, dinner, reception, or a theatre party offers.

A large majority of every Congress are lawyers. A seat in either house is sure to increase their prestige at home and to enlarge their practice. In addition to his salary of $5000 a year, a member of Congress receives $1200 for clerk hire, $125 for stationery, and mileage at the rate of five cents for every railroad mile between his home and Washington. The latter item represents so much money saved, for in almost all cases, the congressman travels on an annual pass sent to him by one or more of the large railroad companies. One Brooklyn congressman refused such a gift last year and denounced the railroad company for asking him to accept it. His colleagues, however, refused to follow the example set for them. They not only held to theirs, but berated the Brooklynite for his eccentricity, contending that a congressman may accept favors of this kind and be honest and able to serve his district and the country faithfully.

Another perquisite in both houses of Congress comes in the shape of garden seeds. Each member receives about $225

worth every spring. These are supposed to be distributed among the farmers, but it has happened on more than one occasion that the science of finance practised by at least one congressman, was carried to the extent of selling his quota of seeds and pocketing the proceeds.

A magnificent wooden chest designed for official documents is given to the new congressman soon after he takes his seat. Libraries of valuable books printed by the Government are also issued to each of the congressmen every session. Millions of these volumes are published free every year. Each member is allowed a certain quota, and not a few manage to add materially to their incomes by the sale of these books to the second hand dealers of Washington.

Counting all as fish that comes to their capacious net four of the Pennsylvania congressmen added $3600 to their bank account a few years ago by employing only one clerk who did the work of the quartet at $300 each. Exposure followed in due course, but nothing in the way of reform resulted since no congressman is expected to account for how the money given him for clerk hire is spent. Some twelve years ago when the wave of Populism swept into Washington statesmen with check shirts and billows of whiskers, it was no uncommon sight to see the wives, sons and daughters of some Populist senator or congressman on the payroll of the Sergeant-at-arms, as secretaries or messengers to their husbands, fathers or brothers. That practice prevails in the House to-day but only to a limited extent. The district leader now controls whatever patronage the congressman is entitled to in connection with the House, and the chances of appointing a wife, daughter, or sister to a secretaryship and turning over to her the item for clerk hire are becoming fewer and more difficult every year as the science of politics progresses.

This it may be said was not the philosophy of the Peffers, the Simpsons, or the Allens at their start in public life. Only the force of circumstances compelled them to accept it. It did not take them long to learn that the only thing Washington society refuses to excuse is impecuniosity. Their experience taught the truth of this conclusion and it were folly to attempt to deny its correctness.

It is magnificently encouraging to the new congressmen to realize the provisions which a thoughtful country has made for his personal comfort. Whenever it rains, he is sent home at public expense in a handsome equipage behind a spanking team of high steppers, if he has none himself. In the event of illness, he can help himself to the contents of an emergency medical case kept for the treatment of sick members. Then there is a free barber shop for congressmen, and the most magnificent Russian, Turkish and electric baths in the world for his special benefit, free of charge. If he needs cutlery, pocket books, or anything in the way of writing materials, they are supplied him at cost from the stationery department which purchases them at wholesale prices. If a member dies in Washington, he is buried at public expense, and if his family prefer, he may lie in state at the Capitol. For one congressional funeral not very long ago the sum of $3,205.79 was paid out of the public treasury and $5000 additional—a year's salary—was voted to the widow, according to a long standing custom.

It is but natural that a position to which is attached so many emoluments and no little prestige is held to with a tenacity that at times rises superior to all manliness and decency. The average congressman has but one object in view—to please the people who elected him and to get a renomination. Gratitude with him is a lively sense of benefits yet to be secured. At the end of two years he returns to his home from Washington

a wiser man. He has tasted of the flesh pots. He has been introduced to the poker game at Smith's, presented with free telegraphic franks, free passes to the Benning's race track; and longs to be re-elected for another term. He has also become an expert in the art of weaving political webs. His capacity for chicanery has been increased by experience. He is now able to get his bills through the House, knows how to catch the Speaker's eye, and how to add materially to his income. He has become something of an authority on dress, terrapin a la Maryland and wines. His head is full of schemes, and the prerequisite of them all is governmental appropriation. When the day of his decapitation arrives—and it comes to him soon or late—he is apt to develop into a lobbyist—a champion of every scheme of predatory wealth for public plunder that has money in it, no matter how much opposed to the public interests it may be.

SYLVIA, ROSE AND MAY.

BY REV. JOHN H. DOOLEY.

Visions of loveliness were mine,
Walking lonely on my way;
Three pretty maidens, angels sweet,
Whose names were Sylvia, Rose, and May.
I watched them walking hand in hand,
Lisping words that charmed me quite.
To tell which one I loved the most
This pen of mine will never write!
Their eyes were shining bright as stars;
Lips had they like cherries red;
Their tresses, sheen of golden fleece,
Had curled themselves on each proud head.
How happy must each mother feel,
Holding in her arms, so tight,
The darling who is gently kissed
In answer to her cute "dood nite."
How near our heavenly Father's throne
Comes to earth, while they are here;
"My Kingdom is of such," He said.
Our faith may see the reason clear!

These were my thoughts, amidst the smiles
Showered upon me that fair day,
With this chance glimpse of fairyland
I had in Sylvia, Rose, and May.

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT THEY DID TO DAN.

More than once, during the rest of that long Monday, John Rollinson thought of Dan Farrell and of his friend, Tom Baker—also of Dan Farrell's sister, for his thumb gave him a little trouble. He had no idea, however, that the case he heard Doctors Byrne and Gray discussing was that of the lad he had known, and whose death, now, was really but a question of his surrendering to it.

Monday night started his week of hospital duty, and when he went through the ward, glancing over the charts, he stopped short at the bed nearest the door, around which a screen was drawn. This was Dr. Gray's case, then. With a start, he bent over the quiet figure. His acquaintance with Tom Baker dated from the preceding winter, when Tom Baker's mother had suffered a bad attack of pneumonia, and the lad, her only child, had proved himself tender and tireless as a woman in his care of her. John Rollinson had liked the boy from that time on, although he felt that it would take some mighty endeavor to lift him, big and strong as he was, out of his incorrigible shiftlessness.

The pallid countenance turned upward, the unblinking, expressionless eyes fastened on the ceiling, the rigidity of the prostrate form—all this the young man noted as he felt his pulse, beginning then to examine him carefully. The nurse, too, was interested in a professional way, for this "case" was of splendid proportions, strong, physically, as an ox, although the paralysis that chained his limbs now left them supine. It seemed a pity they could do nothing to help him.

"I shall come back again," he said. "Will Dr. Gray return?"

"I think he was called away—he said he expected to be," she answered. "At any rate he will try to be here about nine."

John Rollinson turned at the foot of the bed once more.

"Nine o'clock?" he said. "He gives him until nine o'clock? Poor fellow, poor fellow!"

He went out into the hall. Two men were seated there—one a detective.

"There's a chance that Baker may recover consciousness, they tell me, or be able to speak before the end," he said, in answer to Rollinson's query. "So I've brought young Farrell, doc. It will simplify things if he identifies him."

The white-faced lad beside him did not open his lips.

"I've known both of these fellows quite well," said John Rollinson. "It's not against any rules if I speak to him?"

"Not at all—speak to him if you like," was the good-natured answer, and the physician took the vacant chair on the other side of the prisoner, and put his hand on his shoulder—a great deal more gently than he had held the recalcitrant Mollie that morning. It was the first friendly touch Dan had felt since he had torn away his mother's clinging fingers and gone with the officers two nights previous. His face worked piteously, but he managed to control his emotion.

"Is it true?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper. "Will he die?"

Rollinson nodded.

"Poor chap, I'm afraid he will. I don't see how he's held out this long."

"God!" said Dan Farrell. "I wouldn't mind if I was in it alone. I ain't no

coward, doc. But there's Mollie. An'—an'—mom. It'll kill mom."

His voice broke over the words—it was plain that for the time being he had no thought of the consequences to himself, and although John Rollinson knew that a whole host of sermons could be preached, and a whole list of morals pointed on this late repentance, it was not John Rollinson's way to preach sermons or point morals—at least, by the vehicle of speech. He said not a word but those of cheer and comfort until he was called to some urgent duty.

Father Laurence of Our Lady of the Angels had made his second visit, administered the last rites, and gone again, his sacred duty performed, before the physician found a chance to return. Through it all Tom Baker's lips were sealed. The expression of the eyes had changed, however—perhaps the priest's final and solemn benediction had brought that painful eagerness into them. When Rollinson bent over him this time he was surprised to see something very much like entreaty in the glance that met his own. He turned the helpless head toward the light. The nurse stood beside them, placidly observing both. She was not accustomed to Rollinson's gentle manner, and she wondered, with some curiosity, how long it would last—how many years it would be ere professional hardness overcame that tenderness toward the suffering. But then she did not know John Rollinson, nor John Rollinson's motives.

"Poor, poor lad!" he said now. "You want something, don't you? What in the world can it be?"

To the surprise of both onlookers, two tears welled slowly down the boy's face.

"You are a Catholic," said John Rollinson. "Make a heartfelt act of contrition. God will pardon you if you are truly sorry. And forgive your enemies."

The nurse's eyebrows went up imperceptibly—this was another sidelight on Rollinson's puzzling character. It became plain that the dying boy was making frightful efforts to regain the use of his tongue.

"I wonder," mused John Rollinson, thoughtfully, his grave eyes fastened on the young face. "Yes—it is possible—maybe—"

He sat down on the chair beside the bed. No amount of questioning had been able to elicit signs of intelligence from the stricken lad. When the detective brought Dan Farrell before him, there was not even a glance of interest to betray their acquaintanceship. But now, perhaps the words of the good priest whispered into his ear had broken down the barriers, or perhaps he felt that the dreaded end was coming, despite his dogged determination to fight it off.

"Listen to me, Tom," said John Rollinson. "You are dying."

He waited. A gleam shot into the eyes on which his own were fastened so solemnly.

"You are dying, Tom," went on that voice. "If I, or any human being could help you, my boy, help would be given. But neither hope nor help is possible. You are dying. If you understand what I am saying to you, close your eyes."

That unquivering stare met his—only a moment before the lids shut, heavily, slowly, and, as was evident, with great difficulty. The physician spoke more loudly.

"Dan Farrell—" at the sound of that name the listening detective came in from the corridor, leading a thin, wiry figure, and Tom Baker heard them coming—"Dan Farrell was your friend, wasn't he? He stood by you in many a scrape—do you think he was sorry after he struck you?"

The detective looked at John Rollinson curiously. The lids of the dying boy's eyes wavered, but did not close.

"You are about to face God," went on the physician gravely. "You are going

to Him as each one of us must go. Now, as you would answer Him, I want you to answer me. You can't speak, that I know, but try to follow me—"

With none too gentle touch the detective pushed Farrell down. The eyes of the friends met. It was pitiful to see the tremendous effort Tom Baker made to speak. And then, to their unbounded surprise, his lips moved:

"'Twan't your fault, Dan," he muttered, gutturally. "I hit you first—you never meant—"

It was the last flicker of his wonderful strength. John Rollinson stood up. He had scarcely hoped for words, and while they astonished him, the great awe he felt always in the presence of death checked any exhibition of it. He was too true a Catholic, despite his acquaintance with death in all its forms, to feel aught but reverence at the passing of a soul. His lips moved as he prayed for the poor, faulty being, who even at that moment faced his Creator, beyond all human heed or human help. Dan Farrell, with a sob that shook him from head to foot, threw himself on his knees, his arm outstretched across that silent form.

"Tom!" he cried, in bitter grief. "Oh, Tom, Tom, my poor old pal!"

But his "pal" would never respond to human voice again, and Dan Farrell was led away to his cell in the Tombs.

* * *

Being under twenty-one, he was sentenced to the Reformatory at Elmira for a year.

The justice who presided over his case was rather severe, else he might have escaped scot-free after his dead friend's exoneration. As it was, John Rollinson's interest was the prime thing that moved the magistrate to leniency. Voluntarily taking the witness-chair, he spoke well of the lad, told of his genial disposition, of his good heart—and the word of this kindly, educated man—only four years older than Dan himself, for all the lines that thought and study had marked upon his face, made quite an impression. Where there is a leader there will always be followers, and a number came forward to substantiate John Rollinson's statements.

Dan stood up to hear his fate. He had been seven months in the Tombs awaiting trial, and his once ruddy face was drawn, and wan with the sickly prison pallor. He did not at all resemble the sturdy young lad who had been handed over to justice in the fall of the preceding year. His blue eyes seemed too large for his boyish face, and they were heavy when they rested on his mother's bowed gray head, and on Mollie, who had never shed a single tear through it all. She only kept silent—and prayed with the fierce passion that was part of her hidden nature. Even Father Laurence, who knew most of his poor children well, did not know how Mollie Farrell prayed—or the things she promised as she prayed.

"An' for the life of me fine lad he on'y got a year!" said Mrs. Baker, with a wail. "The lad that I raised and tended and slaved and toiled for, with his father dyin' before he was born! An' then in a minute his life went—snuffed out like a candle. An' his murtherer gets a year!" The fire of madness was in her eyes. "A year! May God—"

"Hush, hush, hush!" cried John Rollinson sternly—so sternly that the curse she would have uttered died upon her trembling lips. He was sorry for the poor creature, who had indeed toiled hard and eaten bitter bread to bring to manhood that one and only child of hers. But somehow, when he looked at Mollie Farrell, whose black eyes had never left the judge's face during all the time of hearing; whose little fevered lips had been set so tight that her mouth looked like a thin red line; whose nervous hands were clasped, finger over finger, until the veins stood out, he was sorrier still. He

felt that here was a grief so great that only silence could contain it.

"Who is worse off?" he asked now, gently. "Who, do you think, is the worse off—you, or the mother and sister of the boy that killed him?"

She turned on him stormily.

"Me, me, Dr. Rollinson, sir! Sure, wasn't his soul sent out of his body without shrift nor shriftin'? Wasn't it? I leave it to you. Arrah, my God, sir, Dan Farrell's soul is safe."

"Is it? You are sure of that? He has his life to live, Mrs. Baker—and your boy's life is over. Wasn't Father Laurence with him? Do you think our Father Laurence would leave him until—"

"Ah, but now, sir—with no confession—nor no nothin' on'y what he med in his own mind!" said the woman, sobbing, for the young man's gentle words opened the wound afresh. "God grant he's all right an' safe in Purgatory—but it was such a short while, sir, for a careless life. He was always that careless, my poor boy, though the best an' the honestest—You remember it yourself, sir, now, don't you—how he sat with me day afther day an' night afther night when I had the spell o' sickness the winther afore last? Oh, yes, you know, sir—you remember. An' on'y for him I'd 'a' had to go to hospital, I would that. But he's gone . . . "

* * *

The poor mothers, the poor mothers! They are the ones who suffer most!

* * *

The convicted lad was allowed to say farewell to his people. He had been brave through all the months of his imprisonment, and had shown the face of a sphinx at his trial, scorning to betray emotion before any of the police officials. But when this little woman, wearied under the burden of years, crushed to the earth by this last great sorrow, threw her arms about his neck, his bravado left him, and he mingled his tears with hers.

"'Twas a sorrowful day for me the day I bore ye, laddie," she whispered, mingling her passionate expressions of love with reproachings. "A sad and sorrowful day, God help us all. An' what did we do to you son, or agin you, ever, that you should bring this misery and disgrace upon your own? upon your innocent little sisther an' meself? Naught like it has ever happened—we were dacint people always, Dannie—ay, fine people were the Phelans in the ould days, an' fair an' plenty they had. God forgive you, Dan, God forgive you."

"Mother!" sobbed the lad, in agony. "Mother, mother, don't!"

"Ah, then, son, an' I won't. 'Twas all a mistake, I know. 'Twas the bad temper and the provocation, child o' mine, an' the dhrink—an' not the wee laddie that I've loved so! It's you have the good heart, dear. You never would 'a' done it had you been in your right senses. Be a good boy, Dan, darlin'—on'y be a good boy—an' come back soon to them that'll be pinin' away for you—"

He could not stand it—the sorrowful, breaking voice, the limp form against his young breast, the faded eyes looking up at him beseechingly. John Rollinson, who had just put the mother of the murdered lad into a neighbor's care, came upon this pathetic scene, and felt his heart ache anew.

"Please, doc," said Dan, in a shrill voice, "take her out, will you?" He kissed his mother's white face, fiercely, and it was Mollie's turn then to say goodby. She put her arms on his two shoulders—and then she drew him down to her and kissed him, once. Her dry lips did not frame a single word, but her gaze held his. What it said to him, he could not reach high enough to explain, but a new flood of courage spurted through every vein in his body. He straightened up under those clinging fingers; he threw

his head up under that silent gaze; he set his lips after she had touched them with her own. It would soon be over. A year? What was a year? And he would come back to prove to every one that he could live this down.

"I will, Mollie," he said, in a strong voice. "I will. Tell mother that I will."

That was how he left them. His face white, but with that resolute expression hardening every boyish line in it, with the dower of manhood in his erect form and firm step. Mollie watched him go. When the door closed behind him, she turned to John Rollinson.

"Let me have my mother now," she said.

It was over. There was no further excitement or notoriety to be derived from the fact that Dan Farrell had killed his "pal" in a brawl. Most of the interest in the case, truth to tell, had died out months before, and people were inclined to criticise or to blame the mothers of both lads, saying that it was their indulgence that had ruined those two young lives.

If so, Mrs. Farrell suffered for her share in it. John Rollinson attended her for many weeks afterward. She had begun to ail from the day that Tom Baker died, but Dan's trial and sentence broke her down utterly. When she recovered from the severe attack of illness that followed upon that parting scene it was with an affection of the heart that not only rendered and would render her an invalid, more or less, for the rest of her life, but debarred her from laborious tasks. In the hand-to-mouth existence which most of our poor are forced to live, provision for the future is entirely out of the question, even if there should chance to be a small surplus above necessity, which is seldom the case. Mrs. Farrell had never dreamed of the day when her usefulness and her ability to earn the little she did would cease. But that day had come. And she did not care. Dan's fate had taken away all ambition. She was proud with the sturdy pride of a family who had always had "clean hands," who had wronged no man willingly, and held up their heads with the "best" people ere poverty spelled a lowering in the social scale. The boy had been her idol. She had given him that wonderful affection that mothers in every rank of life give to their sons—and which, alas! many of those sons fail to appreciate until the mother-heart is silenced forever.

John Rollinson called to see her one afternoon, as usual. Medicine, at this juncture, was useless, and the good food and change of air she sorely needed were beyond her means.

"Poorly again, Mrs. Farrell?" he asked in his cheerful voice.

"Oh, no, sir—no, indeed, sir," she answered, smiling at him wearily. "Not a bit of pain have I—on'y tired—so tired that I don't want to lift one hand above the other."

He shook his head.

"Well, now," he said, "and how does it feel to be tired? It's a luxury for you, Mrs. Farrell—you've worked so hard all your life. But never mind, we must get rid of it at that, even if it is a luxury. Let me see—you should have—"

He paused. He knew the sensitiveness of his people, and his consideration for their natural pride often placed him in embarrassing situations.

"I should have lots of things," she finished for him. "That's thrue, docther, that's thrue. I know it. But there's no money as it is, and with no prospects—"

She faltered a little over the next words:

"'Twill be the almshouse, maybe."

The expressive gesture of her hands completed the sentence. Much disturbed, John Rollinson stared straight before him. He was silent, thinking deeply, for at least ten seconds. Then he realized that he was meeting, squarely, a pair of

black eyes, and he returned their gaze with interest. He saw below the surface—it was not the first time that he had been made to feel that there was something wonderful about those eyes, and that drawn, unlovely face—some superb and hidden strength.

"You can't talk like that," he said now. "There is no such fate in store for you. Dan will be home in less than a year if his conduct is good, and Mollie—well, Mollie must do something."

Since his kindness to Dan the girl had treated him with a shy gratitude that touched him. He had seen much in her that no one else ever saw, and he knew that until his last hour he would remember that scene between her and her brother. She puzzled him. But even as he spoke now he felt how small and fragile she was to cast out into the struggle for her daily bread.

"I've—tried," she answered him briefly, for she was seldom one of much speech. "I get—promises. They're cheap."

"Why, so they are. Meanwhile—"

He slipped his hand into his pocket, suggestively. A faint flush rose to the mother's cheeks. It had come to—*this?* Mollie merely looked at him. That was all. His fine face colored; he drew out his hand again, empty. Her eyes drooped and she turned away.

* * * * * *

This Mollie Farrell had always fought her own battles, hard enough battles, too, but hardest of all with herself. She did not know that she had fantastic imagination, independence, great self-will. She understood that she was different from the girls with whom she came in contact, because her mother had often asked God audibly in her presence why He had afflicted her with so queer a daughter. She would never be like them, she knew—she was too silent and morose to make friends, and they had no time to waste on so unsatisfactory a being. For unsatisfactory to them and trying to her mother she certainly was.

Yet her home had been comparatively happy, and her life sheltered. She had never "faced the world," as her mother told her, or known the severer rebuffs of life. Perhaps the poor mother, facing and knowing both, had tried to keep her daughter from the bitterness thereof as long as she possibly could do so. So Mollie Farrell lived in a self-centered little planet of her own, a selfish world of her own, peopled by wonderful men and women, who were always performing heroic deeds and moving in stupendous tragedies. And now she had to step out of it—she had to cross the dividing line.

"I *must* be good for something," she said to herself. "I *must* be. There is surely something somewhere in the world that I can do better than anybody else. Why can't I find out what it is?"

She was sitting at the little deal table which was placed at one end of the room, resting her elbows on it, with her chin sunk into her palms.

"I ain't pretty," she went on, mentally. "I'm homely, I am. My skin don't shine like Katie Morrissey's, and my eyes ain't bright—just big, black things, lookin' as it they were made for some one else, and thrown at me by mistake." She covered them quickly with her hands. "Why weren't you smaller, you black things, and blue like Dan's—or like Dr. Rollinson's?"

It was the parting of the ways for Mollie Farrell. She took her hands down and gave her hair a savage pull.

"Look at it!" she said. "A dusty black—black, black, like my eyes! O Mollie Farrell, what were you born for anyhow?"

She could not answer the question. Her chin drooped forward on her palms once more.

"What were you born for?" she asked again. "With your ugly face and hair and eyes? You can't do anything right

—nothing. You can only say mean things when people try to be kind to you. You don't know anything—that's it."

Her sombre eyes contracted.

"Don't know where you're going to learn," she said. "Don't know how. But you've got to, that's all. Sure as you're sitting here, Mollie Farrell, you've got to learn."

Her mother, too used to Mollie's silences to observe this one, was sitting at the window, staring wearily down into the street. Mollie got up from the table and went to her, and she raised her eyes. They were dim with tears.

"No prospects, daughtie," she said. "No prospects, an' me with nothin' the matter with me that one can see—on'y not able to raise my hand. God knows I never thought much of hard work, daughtie."

"No, ma'am," said Mollie.

"An' my fine, big boy, that could take care o' me an' you, away with murtherin' vagabones an' thieves an' the like! 'Twas cruel lines on the lad that he didn't die when he was a baby."

She rocked herself to and fro.

"Cruel, cruel lines, if it be God's holy will," she went on. "One time, indeed, the breath was gone from his little body, when he was sick with the diphtheria, an' I do remember that I thrun meself across his bed, an' cried to God to spare him, my on'y one, for 'twas three years afther that you kem, Mollie, an' Dan was my on'y comfort. Your dad, Lord 'a' mercy on him—. Well, God forgive Martin Farrell, Mary, for the way he threated me, though he was a fine man an' a good man in the days I knew him first."

The tears were streaming down her face. She let them fall unchecked.

"My little lad that has another man's blood on his hands now was all I had in them days an' aftherward—the bitther, black days that kem afther you were born. His chubby little face, an' his blue eyes, an' the curly yellow hair of him! May God's holy will be done!"

Mollie, the self-repressed, put her arms about her mother.

"Don't cry, mother," she said. "Oh, *don't* cry." She pressed her cheek against the gray head. "Don't cry, mother, don't cry, don't cry," she whispered.

"When you kem it meant more throuble still for me. Your father—Oh, but he swore at the sight of you—peaked, miserable little mite! He liked Dan well enough—but your big black eyes scared him so. They were twice as big when you were little. You seemed born for his torment, so you did, though you were only an innocent baby. He dhrank an' dhrank afther that until nothin' could save him—"

"Mother!" said Mollie, breathing quickly, as if suffering. "I don't know what I was born for—and it seems as if you don't, either. But I'm going to find out. Dan's gone, and you're sick, and I don't look good for much, I'm that thin. It's something that's inside of me that burns all the flesh away. But there's a place for me and there's work for me."

"God grant!" murmured the mother.

"There's a place for me. I can't talk grand and fine and I'm nothing to look at. Ain't been to school—don't know nothing at all. But"—she set her teeth grimly—"I'll learn."

"Amen," said the mother, slightly awed at the vehemence in the girl's tones. She had never heard her talk so much before.

" 'Twas a hard struggle to get along," she interjected. "An' you were that headstrong, always, child. You wouldn't go to school, an' no one could mek you do a thing you didn't want to."

"I ain't blaming you, mom, am I? It's my own fault—and from now on I'm going to take care, and be as nice as nice." There was such pleading childishness under that firm voice—such a beseeching ring. "It'll be terrible hard, but I'm *jest*

going to do it. Only, mom, *where* did I get this mop of rusty black hair? And who gave me these eyes that stare out and annoy every one?"

"I dunno, Mollie," answered the mother. "They ain't natural, that's sure. No one of the Farrells ever looked like you —an' the Phelans, my own people, were all fine an' straight, an' handsome. I always thought them eyes a judgment on Farrell himself—I always thought it—he was so scared of you."

"Oh, no!" said Mollie, in a trembling voice. "Don't say that, mom. God wouldn't do that. God wouldn't 'a' put me here jest for a judgment, mom; God wouldn't, I tell you!" Her tones were shrill, her breast began to heave. "God wouldn't say that's all the use I have for her is to put her there for a judgment, 'cause her father is bad to her mother and is a drunkard. O mom, how you frightened me!"

She slid to the floor, her arms still about her mother, but clinging to her now, as a child clings, for protection. She was shivering through all her little form.

"Oh, mom, it's for something else—it's for some good. Dan's gone, but I'm here, and I can take care of you. I can take care of you and I will. I'm afraid of nothing—only don't say I'm for a judgment."

"I'll say you're for a blessing, Mollie, if you'll be like the rest of the girls. Why don't you act natural? There's Katie Morrissey 'd be glad to go with you, an' she's such a gentle an' soft-spoken an' good-livin' little soul. It's not right, the way you are, snarlin' an' snappin' at people that mean ne'er a bit o' harm. God knows it's a poor day when I'd think o' taking charity, an' I'm glad he didn't give it, but yestiddy—on'y yestiddy—when you stood an' looked so at Dr Rollinson, an' him thryin' his best to befriend us! I could 'most 'a' died, Mollie, with shame, when he got that red an' flusthered-like."

"Oh!" said Mollie. "Was it very nasty, mom? I didn't mean it, and he is so good."

"It was nasty," said Mrs. Farrell.

"But, mom, we don't want money from him. That would be a shame—you wouldn't want him to give us *money*, mom, or anything—like that?"

"No, child, I wouldn't. Yet I'd hate to hurt his feelings."

"I'm sorry, mom."

"You can well say it," said Mrs. Farrell. "You can well say you're sorry. An' if you thry, Mollie, yes, if you thry, you can be nice. As nice as Katie Morrissey. On'y thry, daughtie."

CHAPTER V.

"—But a Blessing."

John Rollinson was a young man to be so far advanced in his professional career. But he had taken up the study of medicine very early, throwing himself into it with an ardor that precluded all doubt of its being anything but the life work for which he was naturally inclined. He had devoted all his days and many of his nights to it, and he took a keen pleasure in the duties involved.

At first the idea had come to him because of an invalid father who had also been mother to him almost from his birth. For years he was the older man's companion and nurse as well as loving son, and during the latter part of Horace Rollinson's life the skill of the physician had done much to alleviate the pain which he endured. When the end came, the father, dying, impressed upon his son, what, living, he had instilled into his daily life.

"When there's a word to say that will help, or a dollar to give, my boy, say the word for your father's sake and in giving remember that you are only a trustee of the wealth you possess. I was not as good at your age as you are now

—I was haughty and insolent in my young manhood. I have tried to atone—tried to do my best for humanity at large, John, but now that I am dying my efforts seem dwarfed when contrasted with my one great sin. Twenty years it is since I spoke my last harsh word. Twenty years since I drove your mother away from you, and you were only a little thing. But I was cruel to her—to that loving slip of a girl."

"They say wealth buys everything, but it has not found her for me, though I have spent it like water. Wherever she went, or whatever she did, I know her heart broke the night she left us. So be good to the poor you meet for your mother's sake—she was one of them, one of the people. She may, for all I know, be among them."

Horace Rollinson had been dead four years now, but his son had not forgotten those words, nor was he likely ever to forget them. Fully two-thirds of those on his visiting-list were what the world calls "charity-patients" and whom John Rollinson called "his people." The pastor of Our Lady of the Angels knew that he was one with him—spiritually and physically. They tried to heal together. The income he possessed lifted him above pecuniary consideration, and his skill made him invaluable. In every poor woman he met—knowing his father's story—he saw his mother, and treated her as such. It was this gentleness, this kindness, this familiarity with their trials, that so endeared him to them all. They needed him and he gave himself. He loved them with the humanitarianism that is the God-given gift to a noble soul. He was sorry for them. They might be proud, they might be envious, they might be patterns of all the virtues, or examples of vice, they might be wonderful in their patience, or contemptible in their meannesses—but they were never, never ungrateful, admitting him always to the bosom of their kind regard. And in return his affection was almost paternal.

The interest he took in the Farrells now was not one whit more profound than that which he took in a dozen other families, saving, perhaps, the girl, Mollie. He had not noticed her before Dan's misfortune, but, suddenly from that time, she stood out from the crowd—a pitiable figure enough, but one with individuality. Her eyes, when she fastened them so intently on his face, spoke of a hundred things that the undisciplined brain could not put into words.

"She has the soul of a Joan of Arc," he said to himself that day in the courthouse. "I can see her martyr-soul—see it in every line of her face."

She had avoided him with a persistency that was remarkable. Used to deference, at first he misunderstood the sullen manner of the child until he realized its meaning. He discovered, as if by an instinct, that her pride and independence were fighting with the gratitude she felt toward him for his kindness to her beloved brother. After that, he brought all the attraction of his winning manner to bear upon her, striving to gain her confidence, thinking more of that swift, half-wild, wholly timid glance of hers than of all the words that fell so easily from her mother's lips.

"Mollie's goin' to work," Mrs. Farrell told him, on the occasion of his next visit. "I don't know how long 'twill last, but she's goin'. An'," she added as if by an afterthought, "I gave it to her for the way she has when she talks to you, she's that uncivilized."

"Tut, tut, tut!" exclaimed John Rollinson, frowning. "That was too bad of you, Mrs. Farrell. I want to be Mollie's friend. I can't if she dislikes me."

"Dislikes you? Dislikes you, did you say? Why, the child loves the very ground you walk on."

Which extravagant assertion brought

a smile to his lips. He doubted it very much.

"Well," he said, "and so she's going to work? At what? Where?"

"She hasn't said. But she's med up her mind."

He laughed outright this time. These words were the keynote of the girl's character.

"Poor little Joan of Arc," he murmured.

In the hall he met Mollie herself. She looked neater and cleaner than he had ever noticed her before. She had actually tried to smooth the black hair into some semblance of order, but it rose fuzzily at the temples and fell softly over her ears.

"Hello, little girl!" he said, laughing down at her. "How are you?"

"All right, thank you, sir," she said. She had a frank manner at times—the manner of a very young and innocent child. "Mom says I was not nice to you the other day, Dr. Rollinson. I have made up my mind since then not to be nasty to no one no more. You won't mind that one time, will you?"

Now he knew Mollie and he knew that she said no idle word.

"My dear," he began, and stopped short. Then—"You weren't nasty to me, as you put it. Don't blame yourself. But I—I didn't intend it for charity, Mollie."

He was excusing himself to this insignificant child!

"Thank you," she answered.

"Your mother tells me you are going to work," he continued. "Do you know where—have you any idea at what?"

"Yes, sir. I went to the big stores an' one took me on, an' I'm going to-morrow."

"That's splendid," he said, elated at her confidence. "Only for the holidays, I suppose?"

"They told me that," said Mollie, "but I'll be kept after the holidays. I said to myself that I would, an' I keep saying it over an' over an' over. You'll see I'll be kept."

"I hope so, child."

He stood then, looking at her thoughtfully. Her persistence, her determination, had given him an idea and he followed its promptings. "Are you very anxious to go to work, Mollie?"

She met his eyes frankly.

"I don't know, sir. You see it's something new to meet people—and—and talk to them." She shivered slightly. "I—I don't like to talk to people. But there's—mom. I'm very ignorant, I know, yet p'raps when I see the way other folks do things, I'll learn, too."

"That's it—you don't know. Wouldn't you rather go to school? Suppose, now, that you let me take care of your mother for you and send you to a good school, where you can learn all that is so necessary to a poor little girl who must fight her own battles? Wouldn't you like to study hard, and grow up into an accomplished young lady—"

"Dr. Rollinson, don't, please don't!"

"My child, I give you my word of honor to keep account of every penny, so that you can pay me back—and you *could* pay me back, I know it. And I would take it from you, Mollie—yes, child, I would, I promise you. It will cost so little, and it means so much to you—"

"I know, I know!" She leaned back against the wall, her breath coming fast, her eyes shining. "It means an awful lot, Dr. Rollinson. . . . God must be like you—so kind and so good. . . I thank you, but you've done enough. I don't want you to do no more."

(To be continued.)

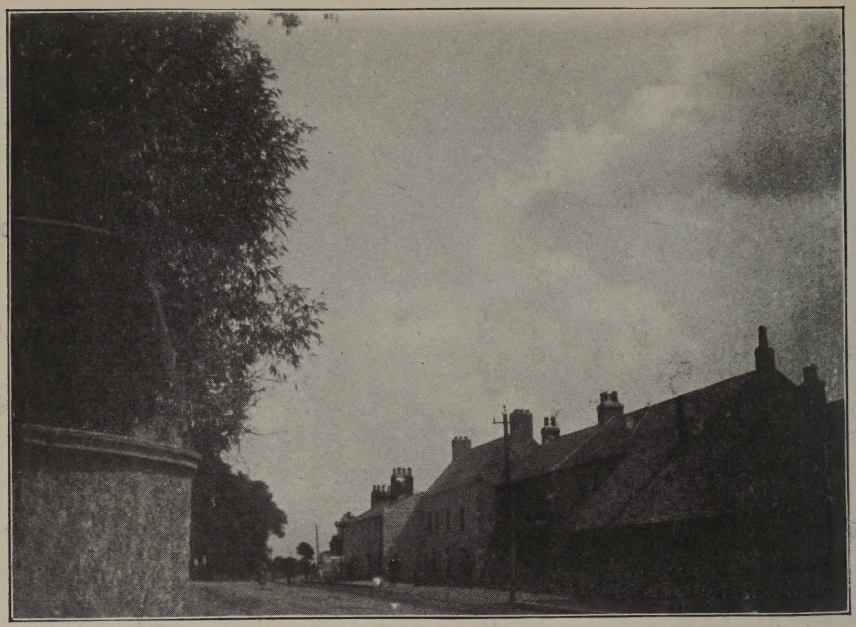
ST. JOSEPH.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

O Saint who humbly day by day
Didst guide the Christ-child on His way,
Whose eyes were nearest to behold
His fair and spotless youth unfold.
Let thy great love on us descend,
Be thou our father, be thou our friend.

Protector of the Virgin mild,
Revered in union with her Child,
The day is filled with deep content,
When to our toil thine aid is lent;
And night no horror knows nor fear,
When thy kind spirit hovers near.

The barren rod within thy hand
Burst into bloom at God's command;
By this pure emblem was thy worth
Made known in Heav'n and on earth.
Oh! by this staff show falt'ring eyes
The narrow road to Paradise.



TALLAGHT VILLAGE.

TALLAGHT AND FATHER TOM BURKE.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

Tallaght is a little straggling village lying some miles beyond the outskirts, and to the south-west, of Dublin City, almost at the foot of the beautiful hills which take their name from the same county. Of late years it is easily accessible by means of the light railway known as the Dublin and Blessington Steam Tramway, yet despite the tramway and its patrons the village is still almost as primitive and Old-World in its ways as it was in the days when Father Tom Burke preached there, in a poor, bare little church, to a congregation of humble peasants, or taught theology to the white-robed, angel-like students who came there to serve their novitiate to the Order of St. Dominic.

Unlovely in itself the village is redeemed from mediocrity by many things. First comes that most beautiful range of hills, the Dublin Mountains, which half encircle the village in a kind of amphitheatre. Be it winter or summer, sunshine or rain, the beauty of the hills is always there, sometimes cold and austere in their white raiment of snow, again warm and kindly in their robes of purple and crimson and gold, lit up by a setting sun. Sometimes they seem far away, dreamy and distant, wrapped up in a grey veil of mist, but by to-morrow they will have drawn closer and stand tall and protecting in their kindliness and strength.

But to return to our village. Following the good example of the hills it also spreads itself in almost a half-moon around the church and the great Dominican college, enclosed within its walls, every little house facing that great center of attraction. The church and the college lie on one side of the road; the little shops and houses spread themselves

in single file along the other, and of the village there is a proverb (common, it seems, to many places in Ireland and perhaps elsewhere)—"It's all to one side, like the town of Tallaght."* Besides the shops there are the inevitable police barrack, post-office, and a little court-house, where petty sessions are held, all standing together "cheek by jowl" at one end of the street, while at the other is something far more interesting and beautiful, the church of St. Melruain, now a Protestant place of worship, with its quaint, ivy-clad belfry tower and its peaceful God's acre where the dear dead sleep in the sunshine at the foot of the quiet hills.

CORRIDOR IN THE MONASTERY.

Tallaght is a place of very great antiquity and the earliest record of it in history dates as far back as the year A. M., 2820. An entry in the "Annals of the Four Masters," in speaking of the destruction of the Greek colony of Parthalon by the first recorded plague or pestilence, says: "Nine thousand of Parthalon's people died in one week on Seanmhagh-Ealta-Edair, *viz.*, five thousand men and four thousand women; whence

*Another Tallaght proverb is the expression,—"Tallaght Hill Talk." It is said to have arisen from the circumstance that brawlers and rioters, who had been confined by the archbishop's court at St. Sepulchre's, used, when returning to their native mountains, give vent to their feelings on Tallaght Hill, which was outside the jurisdiction of the archbishop.—*Wildes' "Memoirs of Gabriel Beranger."*

is named Taimleacht-Muin-Tiri-Parthalon (the Plague monument of Parthalon's people) now called Tallaght, near Dublin." This Parthalon slew his father and mother in Greece in order to obtain the crown for himself. He afterwards sailed from Greece and landed in Ireland at a place in the west of Munster. His posterity continued in Ireland for three hundred years till at last the vengeance of God overtook the children of the parricide and they became extinct in one week, by pestilence. Traces of a very extensive ancient place of interment along the Tallaght Hills, and the great number of burial mounds, stone circles, cairns, and cists, and burial places of the very earliest type, which have been discovered in the neighborhood from time to time would all seem to give color to this ancient tradition.

The next mention we find of Tallaght is in a very old manuscript, the work of St. Aengus, the Culdee, and St. Melruain, called "The Martyrology of Tallaght." This manuscript, containing a long list of ecclesiastics, is at present in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, and was translated by the late Eugene O'Curry.

It is impossible to say exactly when a monastery was first founded here, but probably in the reign of Donncahd, who ascended the throne of Ireland in 766, may be placed the foundation of the "Abbey of Tamlacht." St. Melruain, the patron saint of the place, enlarged the monastery. He was called the "Bright Sun of Ireland," and under his presidency "peace, piety and plenty prevailed throughout the ecclesiastical houses of the island."

Aengus, the Culdee, was also a saint of most exalted piety. He retired to a cell but the fame of his holiness spread, and people flocked in such numbers to visit

THE FATHER BURKE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

the anchorite that he was at last obliged to withdraw. So he came secretly to the monastery of Tallaght where his fame was well known. To conceal his rank, and mortify his vanity, he became a servant in the abbey. But his learning and holiness could not be hidden, and at length St. Melruain discovered his identity.

Here he composed a metrical poem in the Irish language, and later in conjunction with St. Melruain, he wrote the "Martyrology of Tallaght." St. Melruain died on July 7th, 792, and his festival and "pattern" were held each year at Tallaght, on that date for a period of 1082 years, being only abolished in 1874, when it had grown to be an occasion of too much merriment and roistering. St. Aengus afterwards retired to the scene of his early devotions, and died there March 11th, 824, one of the most glorious of Ireland's ancient saints.

INTERIOR OF CHURCH, SHOWING ROOD-SCREEN.

St. Melruain's successor in the bishopric of Tallaght was Airennan, "The Wise," and after him comes a long list of abbots and bishops, including "St. Joseph, Bishop of Tamlacht."

When the Irish monks died the Canons Regular of St. Augustine came. From 1346 to 1821 Tallaght was a country residence of the Archbishops of Dublin. In the annals of the intervening centuries are recorded many invasions of Tallaght "by the Irish,"—(it may be explained that Tallaght is on the Pale, or borderland, which separated "the Irishry" from the Saxon and Norman settlers)—chiefly the Clan O'Toole and the O'Nolans who came down from their mountain fastnesses and harried the Archbishop and his tenants. In 1729 Archbishop Hoadley pulled down a great portion of the old castle of Tallaght. It is mentioned in the records that Archbishop Hoadley was a great agriculturist and that his only child, a daughter, had similar tastes. In an amusing letter Dean Swift thanks this young lady for a pig and some butter she had sent him; she was a great favorite with the Dean, who commended her housewifery and good sense.

Another entry in the parish annals records that in 1782 the parishioners agreed "to support the expense of prosecutions against any person or persons who might break into the village pound to rescue their cattle," and it is further

recorded that "Anna Murray was paid two pounds on April 2nd for acting as pound-keeper during the year." Which goes to show that the "new woman" is a great deal older than we gave her credit for.

An Act of Parliament was passed in 1821 divesting the Archbishop of Dublin of Tallaght, as a palace. The act states that the buildings and offices on the demesne were unfit for habitation, that a country residence for the archbishops was unnecessary, and that the income of the see was inadequate to support two establishments. So in the following year Archbishop Magee sold the place to Major Palmer, then Inspector-General of Prisons, who undertook to demolish the old palace "lest it should ever become a monastic institution." He spent two years in pulling it down and removing the materials,—with part of which he built a fine mansion,—till nothing remained of the old palace but a great vault, formerly a kitchen, and now a mound covered with trees. Major Palmer later disposed of his interest to Mr., afterwards Sir John Lentaique, who made further improvements and kept the gardens and demesne in fine order. This gentleman (in 1842) leased the greater portion of the lands to the Dominican Order, who have built the present monastery on the site of the old abbey and castle.

To-day the village itself is a poor, unpretentious place, bearing little trace of its former glories. There is still standing, attached to the new monastery, a square tower of the old castle, much altered, and on entering the village one passes the remains of another old tower or keep. The belfry tower attached to St. Melruain's Church, now the Protestant place of worship, is also of great antiquity, being an Anglo-Norman building. It is castellated, and of considerable height—with three floors which are approached by a winding stone staircase in the solid wall.

The present church is built near the site of the old one, the aisles of which in times gone by were flagged with tombstones, now uncovered and in the open. One of these, belonging to Sir John Talbot, is said to have lain at the foot of the high altar when the old church stood over it. In the churchyard is a most curious old font, said by some to be the baptismal font of St. Melruain, while another tradition has it that it was used in ancient times to wash the feet of those pilgrims who came to visit the sacred shrines of Tallaght. This old font used to be visited by the people who came there to celebrate the festival day of St. Melruain. There was also a holy well at the church, which is now covered in. and there were holy wells too at Tallaght Hill, Killmarden, Corballis, and other places, the history and associations of which are now, alas! all but forgotten.

But it is with the more modern part of Tallaght we now have to do, though about the great grey stone building which forms the Novitiate College of the Dominicans there hangs an air which hardly savors of modernity. Seen from the back, looking towards the mountains it has something of the aspect of a great solid rock, a landmark for all the country about. Save for the old castle this is now the oldest portion of the Dominican monastery, the new addition consisting of a large wing which is built partly on the site of the little chapel of Father Burke's time. This chapel was said to have been formerly a stable of the archbishop's palace. We noted recently a similar fact in the history of All Hallows College, where Mass used to be celebrated in what was formerly a stable of the original buildings.

Describing Tallaght in 1883, a few months before his death, Father Burke said, "At the foot of the hills which go

on increasing in splendor till they are lost to view, there is a place most ancient in Ireland's history." This article does not purport to be a life of Father Burke, but has only to do with those years of his life which were connected with Tallaght. Born in Galway in 1830 the son of a baker, whom he used jokingly to style "The Master of the Rolls," Nicholas Anthony Burke—his better known name of "Thomas" was that of St. Thomas of Aquinas taken by him in religion—served his novitiate in Perugia, afterwards going to Rome. In 1851 he was sent to Woodchester in England as novice master and in 1855 he was first sent to Tallaght, to found there a novitiate, having been recalled from Woodchester for that purpose by Dr. Russell, the head of the Irish Dominicans. Hitherto the Irish novitiate had been at San Clemente in Rome but for many reasons it was deemed advisable to have one nearer home.

So to Tallaght, in 1855, Father Burke came, there to found a novitiate and house of studies. He was at that time only twenty-five years of age. A great part of his life was to be connected with this sequestered spot. An admirable description is given of him at this period by Father Power, O. P., one of his novices.

A QUIET POOL IN THE DOMINICAN GROUNDS, TALLAGHT

"I was one of four young boys from the city of Cork who entered the novitiate of St. Mary's, Tallaght, in 1857. Father Burke was the Master of Novices. I can never forget the impression his ascetic appearance made upon me as he entered the parlor to see the postulants for the Order. His tall, graceful, and attenuated figure, clad in his white habit, his stern, rigid face, shaded by the cowl which he wore over his head, his hands folded under his scapular, and the deep, sonorous voice, sepulchral in

its tone, all presented to my youthful gaze the living image of a vigorous ascetic Dominican monk. That figure might have stepped down from one of the pictures of Fra Angelico's groups of saintly Dominicans which hung upon the walls of the reception-room. I was frightened. . . . . On our way up to the novitiate he turned quietly round to the thinnest lad in the group and said 'My boy, we must feed you.' . . . . In the observances of the rigid rule of the Order, in the abstinences, fasts and mortifications of the religious life he was always the most observant and rigid of the community. . . . . In all recreations of the novices he was playful, buoyant and enthusiastic, with the avidity and abandon of his simple sportive nature he would join in our out-door games of hurly, football and handball, and be as jubilant in victory or depressed by defeat as the youngest among his 'boys' as he used to call his novices."

The homilies which Father Burke addressed to his novices were masterpieces of touching eloquence. The novices themselves were sometimes requested to preach sermons as a sample of their powers. After the delivery of one, opinions were invited and given. "It's all in Hay," said one, "it would be a long time there till you would make a suggawn of it," was Father Burke's answer. It must be explained that Dr. Hay compiled an excellent volume of sermons, and "suggawn" is the Irish rendering of "hay-rope."

The country about Tallaght was at this time in a great state of spiritual want. There was no convent in the district and the few secular clergy of the parish churches had a wild, mountainous district to take charge of. Indeed the lawlessness of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes of ancient days had by no means died out and the writer remembers "hearing talk" of the great "faction fights" which were a weekly occurrence between the "mountainy men" and the inhabitants of Tallaght, Firhouse and the other lower lying villages.*

Nevertheless it is said that Father Burke was pleased with his change of residence and liked to view that fine prospect of hill and valley and far-reaching plain which lay about him on every side. Before long the fame of his holiness spread, and crowds of poor mountaineers, (descendants of the warlike clans above mentioned), instead of coming in battle array, flocked down in hundreds for sermon and confession. The country people were so taken by his simple, earnest preaching, and above all by his example, that he infused a new spirit into the place. Before long he had many daily communicants amongst them.

THE FRIAR'S WALK.

Tallaght is seen at its best in the month of May, and seldom a day passed

*With something of the surprise that one would view a troop of Red Branch Knights march down Cork Hill, Dublin, people read of renewals of the old conflicts between the O'Tooles and the Pale's men which became at last the subject of judicial inquiry at Tallaght. The *Irish Times* announced "desperate faction fighting near Tallaght between the inhabitants of Crumlin, etc., on one side and the mountain men on the other." Constable Burke deposed that over one hundred people were injured in one of those fights.—*Note to Fitzpatrick's "Life of Father Tom Burke."*

that Father Tom Burke did not preach among the green trees to the people, or address his novices. A lay correspondent at Tallaght who had the great privilege of Father Burke's friendship writes to Mr. Fitzpatrick—"He was seen to even more advantage at what he called 'functions' than in the pulpit,—such as the blessing of the great bell at Tallaght, processions in the 'Friar's Walk' where still stands the granite socket of an ancient cross. At the May processions an altar was erected beneath a canopy of trees on a natural eminence, to which the Blessed Sacrament was carried and Benediction given, the priests and novices chanting litanies, and little girls in white scattering rose-leaves. The people knelt on both sides of the 'Friar's Walk.' I remember once a poetical friend whispering to me, 'See, the daisies bend their heads as the procession passes, and now see they bend their heads the other way as it returns.'"

In the gardens of Tallaght besides the beautiful thickly arbored "Friar's Walk" there is a great old walnut tree of wonderful antiquity, said indeed to have been planted by St. Melruain himself. Though riven by the terrific storm of 1839 and shaken again by that other no less terrible storm of 1903 it still continues to grow and bear fruit. In the gardens there is also, or was, the great vertibrae of a whale lying along one of the wide walks. A party of visitors were inspecting it one day and asked enlightenment as to what it was. It happened to be Lenten time, when it is to be supposed most people were getting tired of fish diet. "That," said Father Burke, "is the remains of the wonderful whale which Jonah swallowed—a terrible fellow for fish!" And it is added that not one of the party noticed this humorous inversion of the Bible story. Innumerable indeed are the stories of his jokes and insuppressible humor. It would fill a book if one were to make even a selection of these stories, and indeed perhaps there has been already too much made of this gay and irresponsible side of his nature. We like rather to think of him in his more saintly and serious character, though to quote him in a joking spirit again, "There is no law that the pious should be dull. We can be *Sankey*-monious without being *Moody*."

It was in his first year of office at Tallaght that he was given the nickname of "Savonarola" by the parish priest of the neighboring village of Crumlin, who had asked him to give a retreat. The little church was old and primitive, the congregation poor and unlettered, but he addressed them with as much ardor as though they were the congregation of a cathedral.

At Tallaght we are told "not less by reason of his lofty intellect, which commanded admiration, than by the sweetness of his nature, he enjoyed the respect and affection of all with whom he came in contact." But so retiring was he that during the few years that elapsed between his first early missions and his great sermon at Sandymount he was found "laboring chiefly with his novices or reclaiming rustic sinners."

The same "lay friend and neighbor" describes him thus:

> "A joyous, pure, and lofty spirit, simple and unaffected and sincere. He was wonderfully winning, with a certain graciousness that had not a tincture of 'condescending' about it. He often reminded me of Curran. The low spirits, ill-health — again the high spirits and keen enjoyment of the bright moment — the flash from darkness to light, the shape of the jaw, the mouth, the eyes (differing in color, but Curran's glorious eyes were there) the stately flow of phrase and unstudied but speaking gesture, the fearlessness, the love of the dear old land, purified, perhaps intensified by his holy calling and exalted pursuits. The pall of 1817 fell again on Ireland in 1883."

The same gentleman tells us of Father Burke making a collection for the

poor of Tallaght, and his difficulties therewith, adding quaintly, "Business was quickly disposed of, and with the dissatisfaction usual on such occasions." So that poor Father Burke to please some of the ungrateful ones was forced to draw on a small "Reserve Fund" more than once.

Those days of quiet domestication at Tallaght were not without many spiritual advantages to our great preacher. To use almost his own words, "A community life which absorbed a man into itself, formed all his habits, fostered his virtues, corrected his faults, and surrounded him with all the helps and comforts of association and example."

One of Father Burke's pupils tells us that "unless at time of play, or on recreation days—on which occasion an onlooker would be at a loss to know who amongst the novices was the master,—no one could be more strict or severe, particularly if he saw the least deliberate neglect or violation of rule." It is recorded too that he never lost an opportunity of making his students humble, even saying hard things to some of them, at times, in presence of other novices. Should, however, any of the others seem amused at the humiliation of his brother, his amusement was short-lived, for he immediately "got dropped on" himself. Father Burke in thus disciplining his novices believed that "a few splashes of cold-water make a man stronger," and in spite of his strictures he was very much beloved.

Four years after first coming to Tallaght he preached his first great sermon at Sandymount, the fame of which sermon, it is said, reached as far as France; and we can easily imagine that those four quiet years at Tallaght made a fitting prelude and preparation for the great work he had to do. From this time on he was asked to conduct a great many retreats and to preach innumerable charity sermons, and it was about this time also that his work as confessor and conductor of retreats in Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, began. Tallaght is about four miles from Loretto, and the frequent walk to his work served Father Burke's health, for in those far-off days there was no steam tramway to carry him. But we are told that on one of those long walks he got a bad fall in the frost which disabled him for some time. In the words of the Superioress of Rathfarnham: "For more than twenty years his wise and holy counsels were never wanting to us," and on one occasion it is said that having missed his train from Galway he traveled the whole way in a cattle van rather than disappoint the good nuns.

His years at Tallaght were by no means periods of rest. Many were his drives along that seven Irish miles of road which lay between Tallaght and Dublin, sitting on an Irish jaunting car, or on the more primitive "long-car" which in those days carried the mails between Dublin and Blessington. We wish we had time to follow him in those excursions to the city and to Cork, Limerick, and all the other towns where retreats were given or charity sermons preached by our great pulpit orator. With each succeeding year his work increased and one year alone it is computed that he preached the enormous total of 760 sermons.

In 1863 he was made Prior of Tallaght, and in the following year the first stone of the new convent at Tallaght was laid. Father Burke preached a sermon for the occasion. That same year he was appointed Rector of San Clemente in Rome, so Tallaght loses sight of him for three years. Next we find him giving a mission in London, and in May, 1869, he is preaching the funeral oration of Daniel O'Connell at Glasnevin, before an audience of fifty thousand people. In 1870 he is back in Rome again, and shortly afterwards we find him un-

dertaking that memorable pilgrimage to America which was to prove the busiest and most glorious period of his life. He remained in America for eighteen months. The strain of overwork was already beginning to tell on him and for a period he was laid up with an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs.

Describing his feelings after a long period of preaching, "Tired is not the word," he had to confess, "I can only compare my case to that of Ned Burke's dog during the Famine. They had to support his back against a wall to enable him to bark." We hear of his addressing the enormous number of 40,000 people in Boston on one occasion, and later he undertook his famous refutation of Froude, given in five lectures, doubtless well-known to American readers. He loved America and felt at home there. "If ever a voice," he said, "shall call me to return into your midst, it will fall most welcome on my ear."

He returned to Ireland in 1873. We like to think of him back again in poor secluded little Tallaght, far from the plaudits and enthusiam of crowds, practising, like Aengus, his favorite virtues of humility and piety. "I never saw him," writes Bishop Brownlow, "out of his religious habit, and to me he was always the Dominican friar first of all. His wit, his varied information, his marvelous powers as a linguist, his exquisite taste and tact, his intense delight in music and poetry all these seemed to me to be in him perfectly subordinated to his character as a priest and a monk." Speaking of Tallaght, which grew under his hand, Father Burke said: "What I have been quietly aiming at all along is to make this convent a place of holiness and learning, for holiness is of all things most necessary for a priest." No matter how fatigued, he was always present at Matins—at four o'clock in the morning—and lazy rising he considered the cause of half the tepidity in the world. The most striking of Father Burke's virtues was his deep humility, together with its companion virtue, simplicity. Of his great sermons he spoke as "mere thunder and turf." He would read over his sermons to his young novices and ask them "will that do? and often on his way to the pulpit he would request "a few Hail Marys that he might not make a fool of himself."

"Be as humble as a door mat, and as pliable as porridge" was the advice he gave to one about to enter the religious state. And on another occasion while waiting to deliver a sermon in Tallaght, noticing that the reception room looked rather dusty (for they do not have housemaids in Dominican colleges) he occupied his spare moments in dusting the furniture.*

Often he would preach for over an hour in Dublin and return to Tallaght without any refreshment that he might observe the fast of his Order. And many a time he hurried off without breakfast or dinner to meet one of the many demands made for him. Yet he was already suffering from the internal disease which for almost twenty years made his life a slow martyrdom, eventually killing him almost in his prime. His great devotion was to Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary. His beads were never from his side and he wore his rosary round his neck at night. He would say, "I could sleep without fear on the crater of Vesuvius, if I had Our Lady's Rosary in my hands." It was a common remark with his novices, "There goes Father Burke with his stick and his Rosary." He had also a great devotion to the crucifix. There was at Tallaght a very beautiful Spanish crucifix, and

*In this principal reception room, which may almost be called a picture gallery, are a great number of valuable and beautiful paintings, brought from Italy, Spain, and all parts of the world, many of which have been in the possession of the Dominican Order for hundreds of years.

Father Burke, shortly before his death, showing it to a friend said: "When my pain is very bad I crawl down here and stand before it and look at it and ask myself, 'What is my pain compared with His?' "

Many a time while at recreation with his novices he would be seized with most violent spasms of pain and from the agonized expression of his face one could imagine that his poor body was being pierced with a sword. Yet he never complained, only when the spasm was over he would whisper a prayer of thanks to God and the next moment he would make some joke or a quaint remark and set every one laughing. This feature struck Father Matthew Russell, S. J., so forcibly that he noted it in a poem he wrote about the great preacher.

"Years on years of wasting torture killed the strong man day by day,
But he bore his cross unshrinking, with a patience brave and gay,
E'en the glow of inspiration scarcely could his pangs restrain,
And the hearers thrilled with rapture, while the preacher writhed with pain."

He was very fond of little children and of the poor. In accepting an invitation to preach he would always give the preference to poorer parishes, and was known to preach for a neglected little mountain parish church when a great prelate asked in vain his help for a cathedral. Often too he would be found in close conversation with a poor farm laborer, delighting him with his fun and good stories. His chronicler says, "He liked the risible roar of a rustic listener, with mouth strained from ear to ear; and our great Dominican more than once thought that if 'all the world's a stage' Tallaght is its upper gallery."

A friend writes of him in 1873, when he had again been transferred to Tallaght, "He has gone again into the old groove, preaching, lecturing, traveling, at a rate that would inevitably kill in a few months a man of ordinary strength, and yet attending to his official duties as though he had nothing else to do."

In those early days at Tallaght the community was very poor, and I remember hearing how in hay-making time the novices had to take a share in the work because there were not sufficient funds to employ laborers. Yet one can believe that they were by no means extravagant in their ways of living, fasting being a rigid rule in the Order, and fish the most expensive form of diet. We like to think of those happy, quiet intervals of life in the peaceful retreat at the foot of the mountains. Sometimes Father Burke allowed himself to pay an infrequent visit to some neighboring old friends, and we have it recorded how one Christmas he sent the children of the house a box of sugar-plums which some one had sent him. He was very fond of sweets, and we may imagine it was somewhat in a spirit of penance that he transferred the gift. With the sweets went a long rhyme of his own making to amuse the youngsters. Again we read of his giving a farewell dinner to his old friend, Father O'Connor, P. P. of Rathfarnham, on his promotion as Bishop of Ballarat, in the picturesque retreat of St. Anne's, Bohernaheena, served by a community of mendicant monks who till lately had a monastery there.

Many a time it was sought to induce Father Burke to accept a bishopric, but at all times he refused the honor, and in the end "was glad to die, as he had lived, a poor friar." In 1875, he went to Dublin and was attended by three eminent physicians who found he was suffering from internal ulceration. They prescribed perfect rest with careful dieting and treatment, and Father Burke himself had great hopes that he would get better. But his progress was slight, if any; and writing from Tallaght in January, 1876, he says: "I am, they tell me, getting better. I don't feel it, but sup-

pose it is all right. The life here suits me, quiet, silence, Gregorian chant 'ad libitum,' and reading. Prayer of course comes in under each head. I preach here on festival days to a delightful congregation of rustics. It does not injure me a bit."

Soon after this he summoned strength to travel to Rome, though badly able for the journey. "Father Mulooly," he said, "is trying to keep me alive, but in three months I shall be under the sod." Yet he lingered on for six more years, still preaching and giving retreats in all parts of Ireland, as well as in London, Glasgow, and other places. In this year, 1876, he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Pope.

So busy had he been in helping others that his own church at Tallaght had been neglected. This troubled him now, and Brother Joseph tells us that in the last few months of his life he often dragged himself to the window of his cell, and looked out regretfully at the bare skeleton walls. In 1882 the General of the Dominicans ordered him to replace "the old outhouse and barn" by a proper building. He at once took steps in this direction. His ill-health however was a great bar to his success, as he was at this time more than half his time in bed. In May of this year he wrote: "Very badly does it progress; I fear that, sick as I am, I must go to America again." However on October 1st the cornerstone of the new church was laid in storm and rain. Father Burke preached a sermon for the occasion; and his voice was heard above the tempest.

In December, 1882, he was again made Prior of Tallaght. We now come to the last year of his life. We find him still hard at work, again going to Rome, and afterwards preaching in Liverpool and in London in spite of his sufferings. Indeed his disease was amongst the most agonizing know to medical science. "I do not know," his doctor said," how he can endure it. But when you tell me that he goes about preaching I am more than astonished—it is a miracle."

He was glad to get back to Tallaght in June, for he loved Ireland and wished to die there. Only once was he able to leave his bed after returning home. That was to preach a charity sermon in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin, on behalf of five thousand starving children in Donegal. A touching appeal had been sent him, and it is said that the pen fell from his hand three times as he was about to refuse. He was weak and racked with pain but he seemed to hear a voice saying, "What is one life compared with that of five thousand."

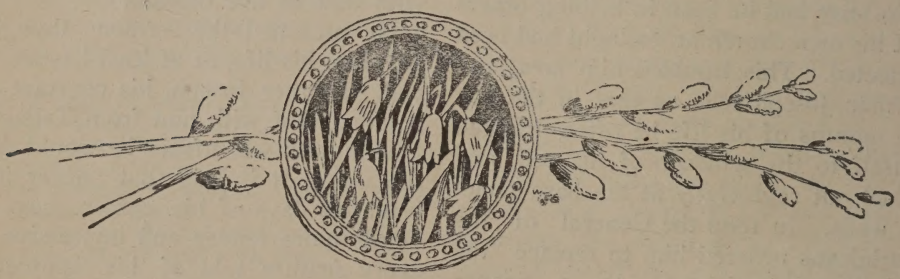
He preached the sermon though it cost him his life, or at least hastened the end. Brother Joseph, his constant companion, went with him from Tallaght to Dublin, and was afraid he would die on the way. It is said that "never in the brightest days of his career were his words more tender and impressive; but every feature told of his approaching end." On the way home the carriage had to be stopped three times owing to the severity of his pain, but he kept on praying all the time. Physicians were called in but to no avail; for some days he lingered on in great agony. Yet he had no physical fear of death, and those last days of his were spent in touching aspirations of love and faith and humility. On Sunday, July 1st, he received the sacraments of the Church for the last time, and before another day dawned he was gone.

"About three o'clock," writes one of his novices, "rapid knocks sounded on the doors of our cells, and a brother entering exclaimed, 'To the Prior's cell!' All was over; our father had gone to join the angelic choir. The consciousness of his eternal happiness calmed our sorrow, yet the scene was penetratingly sad, for there lay the remains of one whom we

loved as a father." So he died on July 2nd, 1883, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

His body lay in state for two days, and was visited by thousands of people, and his funeral was attended by many bishops, priests and distinguished laymen as well as by the poor whom he loved so much. His last obsequies were carried out with the simplicity that Father Burke himself would have liked best.

The completion of his own church at Tallaght was properly decided upon as the most fitting memorial of his great name. It is a very beautiful structure, though not very large, and consists of nave, chancel and an apsidal choir, with eight side chapels and a sacristy and night-choir. Speaking at Liverpool the year of his death Father Burke said that perhaps this was the only church in Ireland that in nocturnal psalmody would take the place of the famous churches in Glendalough. The church contains a beautifully carved rood-screen and pulpit and some very handsome stained glass windows. The last resting place of its great founder is in one of its side chapels, the first on the right hand on entering the church.



NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Sullen winds and a grey mist falling,
  Falling across the silent waste;
Out of the mist a lone bird calling,
  Out of the silence shadows haste.

Sullen winds and a she-wolf crying,
  Whining low in the ghostly dark,
Lonesome winds thro' the dead grass sighing,
  Mingling e're with the coyote's bark.

Sullen winds and a grey mist lying,
  Far o'er the silent endless sweep;
Silence—silence to heaven crying,
  While the weary wanderers sleep.

THE CURÉ'S MATCHMAKING.

BY M. C. KEOGH.

The curé was reading his breviary in the little copse that bordered his garden, quite regardless of the fact that tiny specks of gum from the lindens overhead were fast dropping on his cassock and broad-brimmed hat.

"In te Domine speravi, non confundar in aeternum," he murmured, raising his eyes to the blue vault of heaven, dimly seen through the interlacing branches. His eyes did not return to his book immediately. They remained fixed on something curled up in the fork of a tree. Steadily he gazed, to make sure that his senses had not deceived him, but before he could put his thoughts into words, a shriek of despair reached his ears, followed by prolonged cries of heartrending misery. Closing his book with a snap, and hastily muttering "Ciel!" he darted off in the direction from which the sound came, tearing his cassock on brambles, and ruthlessly crushing sweet wild flowers in his frantic efforts to hurry. Seated on the ground amid ferns taller than herself was a little girl, the picture of grief and terror, with great tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Pauvre petite," said the curé, "come, tell me what is the matter. Have you fallen and hurt yourself, mignonne? See, now you can stand up, and no harm done. Don't cry, petite, tell the curé, the poor old curé, your trouble."

Sobbingly she faltered, "I've lost—"

"Lost?—Oh, I see—your sabot. Well, let us find it. Why here it is, under this arum leaf. I believe a naughty fairy hid it there in order to have a great romp in it tonight. But there now, we must scold the fairy, and put the sabot on its own little foot.—What, crying still! Ma petite, what is it?"

"I've lost, oh, I've lost Antoine."

A light broke in upon the curé. Taking the little one in his arms he strode wrathfully back, and once more standing under the tree which had so disturbed his meditations, he called out severely, "Come down you rascal, come down this instant." Then, setting the tiny mite upon her feet, he stood erect, awaiting the descent of the culprit, who did not dare to disobey, but slowly and warily slid down from his hiding-place.

The curé was about to administer a sharp reproof, when the little girl leaped with joy into the boy's arms.

"I was playing, Marie. I only wanted a little fun—just to see what you would do when you missed me," said the mischievous boy, "but Monsieur le Curé came along, and I couldn't get down."

"You are a coward, sir," said the indignant curé. "Why did you not come down when I had passed on?"

But his little champion clung to the boy's arm. "He is not a coward. He's a brave boy, and he's going to be a soldier, and I'm going to marry him."

This took the curé's breath away. "Why, are you not brother and sister?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur le Curé," replied the boy, raising his cap. "This is Mademoiselle de Liancourt, and I am Antoine Trianon. My father was killed at Waterloo, and I spend my holidays now with Mademoiselle's grandfather in the Chateau Liancourt."

"But the Chateau has been closed so long. When did Monsieur de Liancourt return?"

"Last week, Monsieur le Curé. Madame is dead. She died in Switzerland two months ago."

The curé pondered a moment. This

was news indeed, and a very welcome addition to his scattered flock.

"Well, my young friend," he said at last, "you have given the little one a great fright, but I do not dare to scold you as long as she fixes her eyes on me in that way. Come along to my house now, and let us see what old Marianne has in her cupboards."

And the trio set forth out of the dim copse across the bright, sunny garden, into the curé's poorly furnished room, where the children were soon made happy with some of Marianne's hot rolls and the sweetest jam they had ever tasted. The curé looked on with pleasure, and made his own reflections. Here was a refined, delicate looking boy, with the face—not the face of a warrior, he decided—but the face of a dreamer. Yet all the school-boy's love of mischief was there too. And the little girl, but half his age, was like a rosebud, dainty and fragile. The curé wondered what life had in store for them. The little Marie chattered away, her shyness all vanished, but the boy was quiet and his eyes wandered off to the many shelves on which were piled books and books, and old folios, rows upon rows of them! He seemed fascinated by them, and his heart gave a great bound when the curé said, "Fond of books, my boy? Well, go and look at them. The little one will come with me to see Marianne's cocks and hens, eh petite?"

Marie jumped up eagerly and trotted off before the curé with delight. By and by, Antoine and he had a little talk to themselves, the attractions of two pretty bantams keeping the little one in the farmyard.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the boy shyly, "I didn't mean to frighten Marie. I didn't know she would scream like that."

"Well, my boy," said the curé with a smile, "it was indeed a surprise to both of us. To think that such a little mite could make so great a noise!"

"Oh," replied Antoine, "she can make noise enough, and I was just paying her off for having kept me so long there 'shouldering arms'—but I didn't mean to be cruel."

"There, there, my lad," and the kind old man patted the boy's shoulder. "I fancy the bantams will console her for her fright."

And just at that moment the child came running in with, "Oh Monsieur le Curé, Marianne says I may take the dear little bantams, and she has put them in a basket. Oh, Antoine!"

The curé nodded knowingly to Antoine, and shortly after saw them well on their way back to the Chateau.

II.

Monsieur de Liancourt had seen better days. Fifty years ago he had married the only child of the house of one of the old noblesse, and through her he had succeeded to vast estates, which had, however, been confiscated at the time of the Revolution, leaving him now but this very dilapidated old house, called by courtesy the Chateau de Liancourt. Death had deprived him of his son and his son's wife, and but two months ago had also taken from him the companion of fifty years, his own dear wife. Thus there was only left to him the little granddaughter whose acquaintance we have made. She was the very light of his eyes and the joy of his heart, and he petted and caressed her so much that she would have been quite spoilt but for the stricter discipline of old Marguerite, who acted both as housekeeper and nurse. If Marguerite held sway in the house, her husband, old Jules, was equally despotic in the garden and small farm. But both loved the child, and had anyone else dared to correct her they would have been up in arms for her defence at once. During her little infantine illnesses they had tended her with a devotion that could not be exceeded, and for long afterwards there was danger of her getting

the complete upperhand, and usurping as much control in the kitchen and garden as she had already acquired in the salon and library of her devoted grandparents. But Marguerite foresaw the danger.

"Mademoiselle," she would say, "the kitchen is not the abode of ladies. The granddaughter of the Marquis de Rossville is out of place here."

And little Marie, who would willingly have sacrificed her pride in the Marquis to the pleasure of making cakes, would be forced to retire to the sombre dignity of the salon. Did she contrive to outwit Jules, and, when his back was turned, seek the delightful enjoyment of digging holes in the garden, tearing up some of his precious seedlings to deposit in a special nook of her own, he would come upon her unawares, and exclaim with horror, "Mademoiselle, the great-granddaughter of a general! *Mon Dieu!*—to soil her hands with clay!" And so would vanish—for a time—the delight all children take in grubbing.

Therefore it will be seen with what intense pleasure she welcomed the return of Antoine from his school in Paris, and how the holiday weeks sped all too quickly. Antoine was an ideal companion. Though twice her age, he had that gentleness and long-suffering quality which could enable him to forget himself, and thus he devoted long hours to his little friend whom he loved as a sister, taking her for long rambles in the woods, reading stories to her, or playing at drill in the old courtyard. Something of the great-grandfather's martial spirit had descended to the child, and she was never tired of hearing tales of war and victimizing the patient Antoine in the "sword-exercise," performed with a poker, or keeping him pacing up and down as sentry while she herself marched round as orderly officer. Did Antoine fail to salute her promptly, or did he laugh when doing so, then she would hold a court-martial, but grandfather had always to come to the rescue and plead "extenuating circumstances" to prevent the last awful scene, for nothing on earth would ever have induced her even to pretend to shoot her dear Antoine.

Sometimes the schoolboy's natural love of teasing would suddenly seize the lad, as we have already seen, but this would be quickly followed by a rush of penitence, and little Marie would be speedily restored to absolute power.

On the morning after the little adventure in the wood, the curé rang the old bell of the Chateau and asked to see Monsieur de Liancourt. They had a long talk and it was arranged that little Mademoiselle should commence her studies under his care as soon as Antoine's summer vacation should be at an end. Marie was delighted. Possibly she thought old Marianne more pliable than Marguerite, and visions arose in her mind as to glorious visits to the farmyard and feasts of bread and jam, while the curé figured in her imagination as her devoted slave.

Devoted he was, but not her slave. The lessons began with an hour each day for a few months, after which the time was extended to two hours. But the good curé allowed a little play between the first hour and the second, and old Marianne, feeling the brightness of a child's merry laughter through the house, gave her the run of the kitchen or wherever else she would go. No memory of a tiresome marquis or general obtruded itself in the quiet rectory—childhood was allowed to flit about unfettered, and when her old grandfather came over in the afternoon to discuss news of the outer world with the curé, it was a merry little granddaughter who walked home with him, cheering their path with tales of the doves and pigeons, and the canary, and the beautiful pussy, and how Marianne had allowed her to stir the pudding and so on, till they reached their own gate.

III.

Time sped on and years rolled by. The lessons had been extended from two hours to four each day.. Every morning at nine o'clock a tall young lady entered the rectory and laid her books and cahier on the study table. The curé's study was now adorned with various maps, and a blackboard had been sent down by Antoine for the demonstration of mathematical problems. The curé had a system of his own and very considerable ideas as to the intellect of his pupil. He had cultivated her mind with care, and the result was quite equal to his expectations. The dryer branches of study were taken first, with a due regard to religious instruction each day, but after an intervening hour's spell in the garden, to blow the cobwebs out of her brain, as Marie said, and a little chat with Marianne while giving her a helping hand in the kitchen—for she was growing very old—the latter half of lesson time was devoted to her pet subjects, history and literature. How she loved those grand old figures of her country as they marched past on the pages of history; the ancient knights, the Frankish kings, and the later monarchy whose dynasty had ended in such disaster! And then what a field for exploration was the mind of the curé! How he could tell her of her own ancestors who had fought in their country's cause! The marquis and the general were no longer tiresome to her! One had lost his head under the guillotine, and the other had fallen in action. Marie's bosom would heave with pride, and if the curé sought to turn her attention to lighter themes, she would excuse herself for wandering by saying that military glory must needs attract her, for was she not to be the wife of a soldier? Then a light cloud would flit across the curé's face and he would look grave for a moment. He knew of whom she was thinking and he had misgivings—disappointment he feared was in store for her. "It will be as God wills, my child," he would say, "as God wills."

Meantime, Antoine had not fulfilled his destiny as far as it had been arranged for him by Monsieur de Liancourt and Marie. Their hopes had been centred on his taking part in the great struggle then at issue for the empire, but Antoine, having an old aunt in Brittany, had been with her now some months, and his letters gave no hint as to what plans he had formed for the future. They spoke of the beauties of the country, the hard toil of the peasantry, and the customs of the fishermen, telling many a little anecdote of their simple faith or perhaps giving an instance of their quaint superstitions to make Marie laugh; but they never spoke of what was really in his mind. He seemed to let the grave events of the period go by unregarded, he, to whom they had believed the clash of arms was as the sweetest music. He, a soldier's son, remained by the quiet seashore while others fought his country's battles. Monsieur de Liancourt could not understand it, but the boy was now of an age to choose his own course, and though the old man would have dearly liked to see him win his spurs by some noble feat of arms, yet interference on his part could scarcely be justified. Marie was uneasy and dispirited. This was not what she had looked for. Her Antoine was to rise to great fame, to glory, to pose as a hero of his country, and this babble of nature and harvesting and fisher-folk was not to her mind. Nevertheless, she insisted the time would come when this prolonged lethargy would be shaken off, and she would see her future husband arranged in all the splendor of epaulettes and sword and helmet. For she never regarded him in any other light than as her betrothed. No word of love or marriage had as yet been spoken between them, yet it all seemed to have been settled long ago, when they were children, and surely her grandfather's wish could not be thwarted, and surely

the old compact between him and Antoine's father still held good. So the simple maiden never looked for any other destiny. She had met no other lover. The great world lay far away, and the few visitors to her old home revealed nothing of its changes and vicissitudes.

Things were at this stage when one morning the curé waited in vain for his pupil. Half an hour passed and Marianne came shuffling into the study with anxiety written on her countenance. La petite, where was she? What had happened? Perhaps the old grandfather was ill? But no, the curé would have been sent for in that case. Such a thing had not occurred before. Should she go off and see what was the cause of it?

No the curé said, Mademoiselle was doubtless detained by some important matter, and if so perhaps Jules would come over with a message. There was no reason to be alarmed. Yet the curé was himself alarmed. He had received by the morning's post a letter from Brittany which had in no way surprised him, but which had made his heart sore for his pet. Standing before the rude image of the crucified Redeemer, which hung upon the wall of his little room, his hands folded and his eyes searching those divine features, he murmured softly, "Lord, she is so young. Help her to bear this trial." And then, after a pause, "Pauvre petite! If I could but make her feel how high is the destiny that awaits him!"

Vainly his eyes looked for her coming, and at length, telling Marianne that he was going to the Chateau, he set out in much perturbation of mind to face what he knew must be a trying scene.

IV.

Passing through the little copse at the end of the garden where we first met him, and pausing at the foot of the tree in which the mischievous Antoine had hidden so many years ago, again he heard the sounds of human distress. Not as before, loud and piercing, but low, broken sobs, and now and again a half-stifled sigh. Neither, as before, did he rush impetuously through brambles and briars, but slowly he turned his footsteps towards her, and with a dimness over his eyes laid his hand on her shoulder.

She started and strove to recover herself.

"Petite, Oh why do you fret, my child?"

"Fret?—How can I help it, when I've lost—"

"Come, little one, not the sabot this time?" in a tone of forced gaiety.

She took a step away from him. "Oh Monsieur le Curé, this is your doing. You knew it. You did it."

"No, my child, a greater than I brought it about. But come—come back with me and let us talk it over."

Slowly she followed him, but no word was spoken till they reached the little room where the lesson of today was to be harder than any that had gone before. The talk was chiefly on the curé's side, while Marie listened and still sobbed.

"Yes, I saw it long ago," he said. "I think I saw it on that day when you and he first came here. But I did not influence him. The will of God is strong enough to work its way without the help of us poor mortals. Antoine had not the countenance of a warrior, save that of a warrior in Christ's great army. And you must not blame him that he has broken the compact made by his father. 'Twas not his doing. His Heavenly Father, and yours, my child, has ordained it so. He has called him into the ranks of His own great army, and you will be proud of him some day. Take comfort, my little one."

But poor Marie felt little comfort. It was as if her old companion were dead, as if an insurmountable barrier had risen up between them. How blind she had

been, how egotistical, to think that she could constitute his world as he did hers. Her pride was hurt, and as she took her way sadly home again she reproached herself bitterly, yet she was generous enough to feel that no blame could be attached to Antoine.

The curé, left to himself, after his lonely meal drew his chair to the window, and putting on his glasses, read once more the letter he had received that morning. It was true. Antoine, as he himself said, had heard the call and now hastened to answer it. It might be that at that very moment he had already reached the seminary and begun his studies for the priesthood. Well, a bright future was before him, that was certain—but the curé's heart was sad for his pupil. "Pauvre petite, poor little one, she is lonely," he repeated more than once to himself.

An hour sped by, and not till Marianne came in to light the lamp did he move from his place. "Ah, well," he said, "perhaps it will work. The good God only knows." A curious smile was on his lips as he unlocked an old bureau in the corner, and took from it a handsome ivory tryptich in which were set three photographs—one, an elderly gentleman dressed in the costume of a generation back; another, a sweet-faced old lady, and the third a well set up young fellow in military uniform. The curé looked steadily at this last. "Yes," he said with a nod at it, "you look every inch a soldier." Then he closed the bureau, but did not return the tryptich to its safe keeping. This he placed upon the mantel-piece, and to judge from the manner in which he regarded it from many points of view, it was clear that Monsieur le Curé expected great things from this dumb accomplice.

A week passed on, and the rectory was lonely. Lessons were in abeyance, and never had the mornings seemed so long to the two old people, and never was the sound of a footstep so welcome as "petite's" when one gladsome day she crossed the threshold once more.

"Mon curé," she said. "I have been selfish. I forgot that you would be lonely without a visit from your tiresome pupil, so I have come to plague you again."

"Not to plague me, little one," he answered, standing very erect, with his back to the mantel-piece. "But come, we shall do no dry lessons to-day. Racine shall charm us instead. Let us once more take the valiant Esther," and seating himself opposite to her he continued, "Begin Mademoiselle *'Est-ce toi, Elise?'*"

Marie began, and for half an hour the reading went on. The curé was doing his part, but paused at her inattention.

"Why, Monsieur le Curé, who are those?" she asked, pointing to the tryptich.

"Those? Ah, Mademoiselle, when you left your poor old master all alone, he was fain to turn to mute photographs for company." Then taking it down, "My poor brother, so long dead! And Therèse, too delicate to journey so far. I have not seen her for years.—And Claude, poor boy!"

"Is he their son? Is he dead, too?"

"Oh, no, Mademoiselle, thanks be to God, a gracious Providence preserves him, though he was sadly wounded. But continue my child. This is not study. Continue."

But Marie's curiosity was aroused, and she had no intention of continuing Esther until it was satisfied.

"Do tell me about him, Monsieur le Curé," she said. "Where was he wounded?"

"Well, my child, he passed through the Siege of Paris, and before that he had done some good work in defence of a wounded comrade. But time passes. Let us proceed."

It was plain that the curé was not in a communicative mood, and Marie's efforts to glean further details were of no avail

on that day. However, the tryptich remained in its place, and little by little the family history leaked out. Yes, Claude was a good boy, steady and brave, and would get his step now for certain. *Le Capitaine de Rouvalle!* Well, his mother would be pleased!

It was with some indignation that Marie noticed how little moved this incomprehensible uncle seemed at his nephew's prowess. But some time afterwards she was delighted to find a touch of natural pride in him, for one Sunday evening the curé approached the Chateau for his usual weekly game of bezique with the old grandfather, and his step was alert and brisk. "Monsieur, Mademoiselle," he said, "I have news, good news.—Well, even mundane honor is sometimes pleasant.—Monsieur, my nephew has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor!"

There was no mistaking his tone of pride, and tears of gratitude stood in his eyes when the old man grasped his hand in congratulation, and Marie ordered a bottle of their best wine to celebrate the occasion.

Returning home a couple of hours later, the curé rubbed his hands gleefully and said. "Yes, I think I may write for Claude, now."

And he wrote that very night.

* * *

Long years after the old curé had been laid to rest, his successor was still the victim of a petty tyrant in the form of his little Godchild, Antoinette.

MIDWINTER DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

One might fitly call it ragbag drama, or antarctic farce, or garlic comedy, and the name would properly describe the indescribable thing, the hodge-podge and hocus-pocus now known as metropolitan melodrama. Dame Fortune now goes about with the old-fashioned grab-bag, and enjoys the struggles of the managers therein. Each one does the best he can with the prize drawn, presents his plays for better or worse, and hopes for an average of receipts that will pay his annual expenses. The kindness of nature, which seems to care more for the average than for the individual, does for the manager what he is unable to do for himself. He lives, he secures one success out of ten ventures, and finally earns a reputation. The dramatic pot has been boiling at a high temperature since the holidays, and the tid-bits have come to the surface. The first was a melodrama by Mr. Clyde Fitch, entitled *The Woman in the Case,* and entrusted to Miss Blanche Walsh for interpretation. Success was instantaneous all around, for the drama, the star, and the treasury; simultaneous would be the proper companion adjective.

Mr. Fitch has not been lucky recently in his plays; but his golden luck in the past enabled him to stand a passing kick from fortune. He chose an old theme for the present play, very old, tottering on its shrunken shanks. The modern dress revived it, for the playgoers have taken to it like children to candy, and it is to remain in the city an indefinite period. The story concerns Mr. Julian Rolfe, an amiable and indiscreet gentleman, who found one of his dearest friends about to marry a lady of great beauty and no reputation. He interfered to hinder the compromising marriage, succeeded in saving his friend, won the hate of the lady most interested, and then suffered the grief of his friend's exit from life under suspicious circumstances. At

the end of the first act he was arrested for the supposed murder, in the very middle of his honeymoon, and was torn from his wife, literally torn from her encircling arms, by the minions of the law, in spite of the most heart-rending appeals from young Mrs. Rolfe to leave him to finish his honeymoon. The spectacle of a modern American girl appealing to the officers not to do their duty, when his release was a mere matter of bail, was not convincing. The police, in spite of their present reputation, remained deaf to the appeal of Miss Blanche Walsh, and took her husband off to bail,—no, to jail.

Mrs. Rolfe soon learned the why and wherefore of the arrest, and the basis of suspicion. Claire Forster, the lady without a reputation, bent on revenge for Rolfe's interference with her marriage, had built up the evidence. She alone knew the true cause of the supposed murder. Mrs. Rolfe determines to wring the truth from her by stratagem, since the New York police are unwilling to try the famous "third degree" on a lady. For this purpose she rents an apartment in the same house with Miss Forster, makes her intimate acquaintance after a three weeks' stay, and arranges a scene for a public confession. A lawyer and an officer are secreted in the room, the lights are turned down so as to leave the woman in the case under the light of a red lamp. Miss Forster is plied with champagne and tempted to loquacity by various devices, and at last, after a period of painful suspense, in her joy over the future hanging of Rolfe, she tells the story of her lover's suicide. Mrs. Rolfe completes the scene by screaming with triumph, leaping on her enemy, and choking her to the point of death until rescued by the lawyer and the policeman. It was a hysterical burst, quite excusable, delicately done, and highly approved by the audience for its touch of human nature, for up to that moment Mrs. Rolfe had conducted herself with the utmost modesty and restraint.

Of course, in the trial, Mr. Rolfe was honorably acquitted. His wife did not attend, the strain of her recent experience having laid her up with serious illness. She had not spoken for days, and had been unconscious part of the time. The news of the verdict is discussed in low tones in the room where Mrs. Rolfe lies ill. "The jury came back," said an eye-witness, "almost as soon as it went out, and when the foreman said 'not guilty' everybody applauded, and the officers had to threaten to put them out of the court-room. After court adjourned they all crowded around him. Some of the women cried and one kissed him."

The sick woman raised her head at this and murmured:

"What woman?"

No one can reasonably find fault with the lapses of a successful melodrama, because the one necessary virtue of melodrama is success. The chief feature of the Fitch play was the return of Miss Blanche Walsh to the metropolitan stage, her first visit since the success of *Resurrection,* in which she first impressed the critics and the public with the real value of her talent. The fervid contrasts of that drama were absent from *The Woman in the Case,* and more subtility was demanded of Miss Walsh. Playing the part of a woman of refinement, the actress had to exercise a greater restraint, even in the hired apartment, where her scheme demanded some show of indifferent manners. Really the chief character of the play, from the popular point of view, was the woman without a reputation, whose hatred, callousness, degradation, and beauty, gave her the center of the stage, though not the center of emotion and interest.

It is unusual for a star to surrender to a subordinate a part of this value, but the fact that Miss Walsh did surrender

it, and chose the less showy and more difficult character, proves how far she has advanced in the temperament of her profession. She gave to the character of Mrs. Rolfe the delicate shading required in a woman of breeding, thrown by misfortune into hazardous surroundings; and if for a moment she departed from this self-restraint, and choked the other woman, it may be said in excuse that few women would have missed the opportunity of punishing so desperate a character. Mr. Fitch cannot be said to have displayed any progress in his own art, but his managers are quite satisfied with his successful appeal to the public. No particular principle of dramatic art was illustrated by the play, whose interest was maintained by the sacrifice of all probability. That is characteristic of melodrama, however, and Mr. Fitch displayed his usual cleverness in concealing the joints in his armor.

The drama of *Strongheart* by Mr. William C. De Mille took a grip on popular favor through its happy construction and the skill of its leading actor, Mr. Robert Edeson. What can be done with a football game has been cleverly shown by George Ade in his play of the *College Widow;* the drama of *Strongheart* goes a degree further in exploiting our ferocious illustration of playing football with the hands instead of the feet. The hero of the drama is an Indian studying the higher civilization in Columbia College, familiarly known in New York as The Synagogue. He is a modern Indian, by name Soangataha, without the usual characteristics of his race, but stolid, faithful, and generous. He discovers or suspects a plot to betray the signals of the Columbia football eleven to a rival team. This treason is to benefit the villain financially, and at the same time to ruin the good name of Dick Livingstone with the pretty heroine. The manager of the rival team visits the dressing-rooms of Columbia, and returns the list of signals mailed to him by the villain under the signature of Dick. He will have nothing to do with such dirty work. Strongheart seizes the letter and suppresses it for Dick's sake, promising to reveal the story at a more convenient time; but the team, suspecting the Indian himself to be the traitor, removes him from the game, and he is left in the dressing-room, to describe the game to the audience as he sees it from the window.

In the meantime, Strongheart has fallen in love with sweet Dorothy Nelson, who returns his affection and is willing to go with him to the far West. The crisis of the plot comes in the third act, where the villain is exposed and the Indian at the same time checked in his love affair. The football interest is exchanged for the theme of race interest. The Indian is forcibly reminded that his inferior blood can never mingle with the Caucasian stream, and he is made to suffer for his boldness in addressing simple and affectionate Dorothy. His sympathy is awakened by this evidence of racial prejudice. He begins to comprehend the awkward position in which Dorothy will be placed by marrying him. Finally, called back to lead his wild people in a frontier war, he surrenders his betrothed, and goes forth alone to the wilderness.

The race question alone would have sufficed for the play, and the author has, therefore, seriously divided his forces in presenting the football game, pleasant as it was for the average American audience. Mr. Edeson as an Indian was very modern, and business-like, but won the sympathy of his audience for a prejudice, which may exist, but has not had any practical consequences in this country, except in a few instances. Do not the descendants of Pocahontas rejoice in their truly American blood. However, the play won attention and interest, and was voted a success; and after that ver-

dict there is nothing more to say except to congratulate the author and his managers and actors.

These plays are evidence of managerial fondness for imitation. Whenever a success appears, not a few hack writers duplicate them immediately for the general trade. Mrs. Fiske's popular drama of *Leah Kleschna* will probably let loose a horde of similar plays, with obvious variations of the main theme. The football game was first used by George Ade, farcically; De Mille uses it seriously. Comic opera and the European drama began to show decline in popular favor early last year, and the contracts then made, whose fruit proved very green at the opening of the present season, turned out unprofitable for our dramatic purveyors; in consequence, perhaps, they took up farce for the sake of variety, and set no less than four upon the playgoers to worry them into laughter. Of these the most significant was an adaptation from the French by Mr. Clyde Fitch, made to suit the legs and whimsies of Mr. Francis Wilson, so long the star of comic opera. The departure of this entertainer from his usual field may be taken as a sign of the times. The sameness of comic opera has at last wearied the public, whose ennui cannot be overcome by the familiar antics of its oldest favorites.

In *Cousin Billy,* Mr. Wilson attained a fair measure of success. His peculiar legs, which seem to act independently of his own intentions, his wonderful smile, and a voice so funny as to be beyond description did much more than the play to induce laughter. The theme of the farce was concerned with the comicalities and mix-ups of European travel. All that can be said of it is that the audience roared without measure, and that the play is to continue indefinitely. Something better in form and substance was given at the newly-opened Madison Square, which has been made so open, according to the demands of the fire department, that audiences can hardly persuade themselves to sit out a play. Consequently the management has been compelled to make the stage a very magnet of attraction. The farce chosen for the opening was entitled *Mrs. Temple's Telegram,* and received a laughing welcome. While built upon familiar lines, which demanded unlimited lying on the part of some, and unlimited suffering on the part of others, there was a foundation of human nature for the structure.

Mrs. Jack Temple became so suspicious of her husband's veracity as to accept none of his statements without affidavit or proof. This mental attitude drove him into the falsehood of which he was suspected unjustly, with the usual resulting complications. Mr. Jack's friends and servants were drawn into the whirlpool of lying, and out of it rose a creation demanded by the situation, a Mr. Brown who had no corporal existence, but who had been so much talked about as actually to have been talked into existence. He had to be created to save souls, and an obliging gentleman had to be found to give him voice, action, and utterance. A group of clever actors kept the wheels moving briskly; Mr. Frank Worthing presented Mr. Jack Temple humorously; there was an odiously oiled hair-dresser with a wife to match; and a loquacious butler of impudence so colossal that his humor made him the central figure of the play.

Mr. Augustus Thomas did not duplicate the success of *The Earl of Pawtucket* in his latest farce, entitled *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots;* nevertheless he produced a play of merit, with considerable mind in it, and a large use of materials provided by the life of the time. The theme was jealousy fomented by the designs of blackmailers. A lovely woman with a jealous husband much older than

herself gets into all the difficulties required to set the husband at the boiling-point of rage and suspicion. One of the scenes fitted neatly into the conditions of this ferocious winter, when a hostess in a New York suburb attempted to give a dinner during a blizzard. None of the invited guests arrive, but a group of cast-eye, and whose leaders are storming the State legislature to secure legal recognition as medical practitioners.

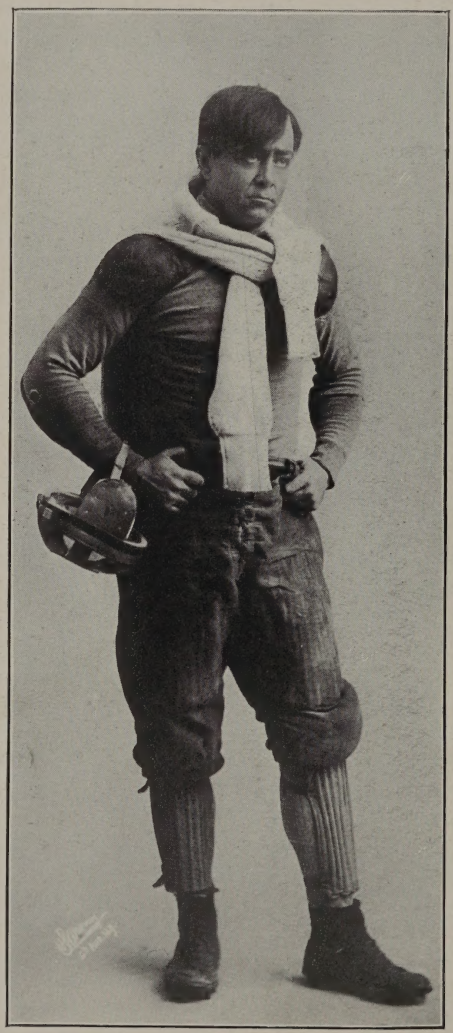
Augustus Thomas is holding his place at the head of the dramatic guild with considerable grit. Like all the successful playwrights of the hour he is trying to give the public just what they want,

BLANCHE WALSH IN CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE."

aways, lost in the storm, are driven to seek the shelter of the house and to enjoy the delights of the banquet. They know enough of the story of the play to carry it on still farther in its complications. The cutting of the knot of trouble was given to an osteopathist, whose profession is just now very much in the public

without bothering his head with ideals. The result is fair from the money point of view, but the artistic power is suffering. From the day he wrote *Alabama* his artistic power has steadily declined, but his command of technique has increased. The farces to his credit now number three or four, and give him a

handsome income. Why, then, should he worry about ideals that bring nothing but fame? The fourth farce presented to the public was named *The Money-Makers,* and proved to be the funniest of the lot; yet so sourly did the critics take it that after a short run it was withdrawn. A young lady of no means, in talking with her accepted lover, learns that money can be made from furnishing tips on horse-races. The young lover is to be absent from town for a time, and the girl persuades him to allow the use of his rooms to her and two girl companions during his absence. They advertise a tip on a certain race, and are fairly overwhelmed with mail orders and money. As this money is to be used to set up the lovers in their housekeeping, the girls set out at once to do their shopping. Money is no object to them, and the excitement and fun are simply incredible.



ROBERT EDESON AS "STRONGHEART."

Unfortunately for them the horse on which the tip is given is announced to have been scratched, and the mob invades the chambers, carrying disaster and grief to the little maids. Then it turns out that this was a mistake, that the tip has really won, and that their wealth is justly theirs. A very charming cast presented this simple and natural farce, but the critics would have none of it. They snarled and scratched and bit until the piece was withdrawn. This is a common incident. We have few critics of discrimination. They rarely remember that a play may be interesting to an audience without being a perfect play. They affect the belief that their condemnation should keep away patrons; but it has been demonstrated time and again that they can no more destroy a play than they can build it up in public favor. Nice enough fellows, indeed, but with all the failings of expert observers: they see more than their minds and pens can properly digest and arrange. One of them is giving special trouble at this moment to the managers. The latter have an association in this city, and most of the members happen to be of Jewish blood. At a recent meeting a resolution was passed to refuse admittance to all theatres to Mr. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic for *Life,* on the ground that he had held up to scorn in his journal the Jewish managers simply because they were Jews. Mr. Metcalfe presented his tickets at several theatres and was re-

fused admittance; when he persisted in entering, formal violence was exercised against him to put him out of doors. He brought suit against offending managers, and the case is still on. Whatever the result, the managers have exposed themselves to public odium, for the general sympathy is with Mr. Metcalfe.

As one may easily see from the tenor of this article, the drama in New York is not of the most vital calibre either in substance or form. The general condition may be described as scraggy. There seems to be little hope of improvement, unless an angel from heaven descends with cyclonic forces to blow the Augean stable clean. One playwright staged a play on a Scriptural subject, to which he gave the name of *The Holy City,* and in which the leading characters were Mary Magdalen and Barabbas. It was written in the Marie Corelli spirit, throwing the halo of romance around the character of the robber, and otherwise so maltreating history and religion that without any intention to be irreverent the effect was decidedly offensive. The religious play has no future, if the incompetent are to be its authors; and so far the incompetent, with one or two exceptions, have had the opportunity. The English act-

"STRONGHEART." ACT III.

ors, Mr. Terry and Mr. Willard, made slight impression during their stay in the metropolis, though both are charming artists. Forbes Robertson is to appear again in a modern play, but has not announced his exquisite Hamlet. Lent is at hand, and the managers will shorten sail at once; and Easter comes so late that the end of the season arrives with it, and only preparations for next year will engage attention.

RESIDENCE OF THE OBLATE FATHERS, LYONS, FRANCE.

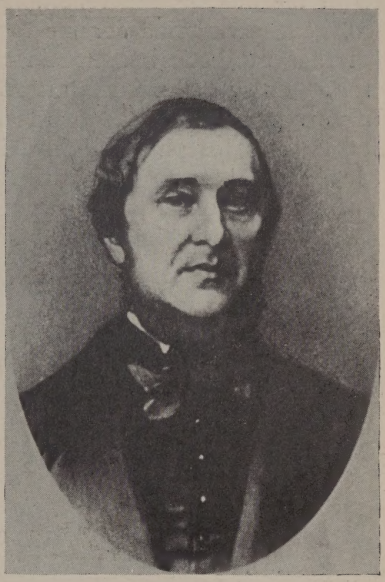
PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY THE REV. L. C. P. FOX, O.M.I.

On one occasion the good Bishop with two others of his episcopal brethren, was traveling by rail from Glasgow to Edinburgh. On its becoming dark they all agreed to say their office before the light faded altogether. On the road the train pulled up at a small station and the porter went up and down shouting, "Bishop Briggs', Bishop Briggs'." The Bishop opened the window and solemnly exclaimed, "Here I am, who wants me?" The porter replied gruffly, "No one wants you as I know of, but this is Bishop Briggs' station if you want to get out." It need hardly be added that the breviaries had to be closed for no more office could be said in consequence of so amusing an interruption.

After six months of hospitality at the Monastery we poor novices were again on the road, for the Bishop of Birmingham had kindly lent to us the old house at Mary Vale, or Old Oscot, formerly the diocesan college, but latterly a temporary home for the Oratorians. This house had been in years long passed away hallowed as the residence of Bishop Milner, a famous man in the annals of the Catholic English Church. He had charge of a parish there, and as there was a bust of the author of the "End of Religious Controversy" outside the chapel we used to be amused by seeing the good old men and women saying some prayers before it. They would rise from their knees and kiss the bust of this champion of the Faith devoutly, as they firmly believed that it represented some canonized saint. As to the canonization of course they made a mistake but I have little doubt that they were not far astray in regarding the holy Bishop Milner as a saint in Heaven. I remained at Mary Vale for nearly two years and it was

there on the 15th of August, 1849, that I had the happiness of making my perpetual vows as an Oblate of Mary Immaculate. My cousins Dr. and Mrs. Fox came from London for the occasion. There were two other scholastic brothers and two lay brothers with me. This was the largest number that had made them in the British province. In those days we used to make our perpetual and final oblation at the end of one year's novitiate. This was the practice in all religious orders and congregations until a mandate was issued to the contrary by Pius IX. I was removed to Everingham in Yorkshire when we gave up our house at Mary Vale, as by that time we had a novitiate of our own at Sicklinghall, near Weatherby, and a beautiful little church also, both the church and the house having been built and given to us by Mr. Peter Middelton of whom I have already spoken as the donor of Bishop Briggs' donkeys. He was a wealthy man, and an exemplary Catholic, belonging to a family that had suffered greatly for the Faith in the days of persecution. Their blood had been enriched by that of some holy martyrs who had died for the Faith, especially by that of Margaret Clitheroe who had been pressed to death for harboring priests. His wife came of another noble family which had also suffered intensely, that of Lord Stourton. While I lived at Everingham, where we had a small house in the park of Mr. William Constable Maxwell, to whom the House of Lords afterwards restored the dormant title of Lord Herries, but refused the still higher title of Earl of Nithsdale which he also claimed, we were honored by the first visit which was paid to the English province by our holy founder, Monsignor de Mazenod. He administered the tonsure and four minor orders to a Brother Gobert and myself. After I had received these minor orders in prepara-



AMBROSE PHILLIPS DeLISLE,
Whom I met at Everingham.

MONSIGNOR DE MAZENOD, O. M. I., BISHOP OF MARSEILLES, FOUNDER OF THE OBLATES.

tion for the dignity of the priesthood the bishop of the diocese, the venerable Dr. Briggs, gave permission for me to preside at the catechetical instructions for children, every Sunday afternoon. Among my pupils were the two learned Jesuits, Fathers Joseph and John Rickaby. I did my best to puzzle them by some of the questions I put to them, and I cannot ever forget the broad smile of joy which lighted up the face of their excellent father when they completely baffled all my attempts to entrap them and to discover anything which would manifest ignorance or doubt on their part. In fact, young as they were then, I could not but acknowledge in them a talent which was far superior to anything I could lay claim to as belonging to myself. I here sub-join a copy of a letter which I received lately from Father Joseph Rickaby on the occasion of my Golden Jubilee as a priest:

EVERINGHAM. THE HALL AND THE CHURCH. THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM CONSTABLE MAXWELL, AFTERWARDS LORD HERRIES.
Drawn with pen and ink by L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I., 1851.

" Mount St. Mary's College,
Chesterfield,
23rd August, 1903.

Dear Father Fox:

Your name and work at Everingham I well remember though so many years have passed.

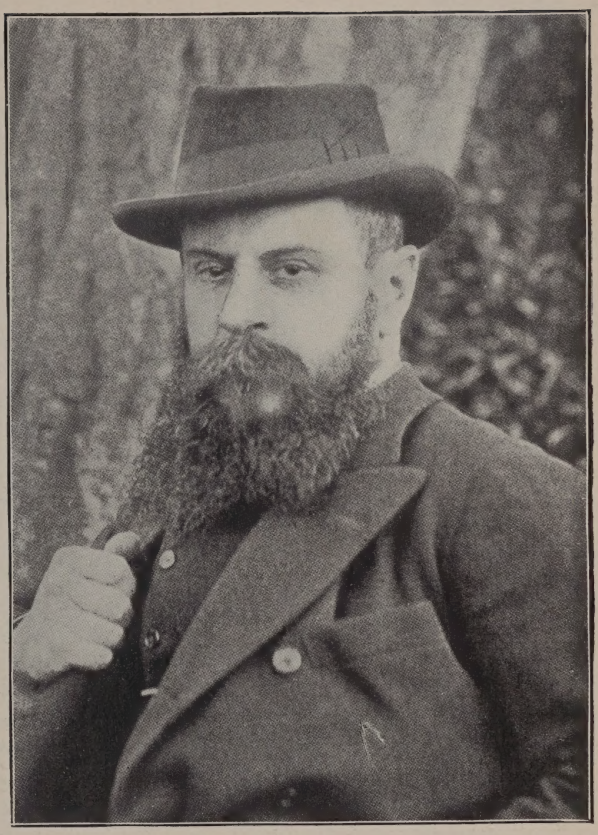
I congratulate you on your sacerdotal jubilee; may it be, as indeed I may say it is, a pledge of an everlasting jubilee in Heaven.

My poor mother up to her death in 1896 ever kept a grateful memory of the benefits which had accrued to her soul through the ministrations of your Fathers; and her gratitude I also share.

I was at Everingham the other day, where my sister still lives in the old house. My brother John is a priest of our Society in London. I shall let him and my sister know that I have heard from you.

In union of prayers and holy sacrifices,
Yours ever sincerely in Christ,
JOSEPH RICKABY, S. J.

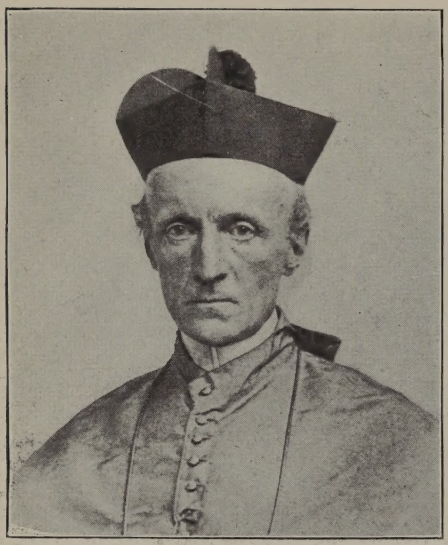
The Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I.,
Tewksbury, Mass, U. S. A."



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.
I taught him the catechism at Abbotsford.

Every Sunday evening one of the three Fathers stationed at Everingham and one of the professed brothers who were preparing for the priesthood were invited to dine at the Hall. On some of these occasions we met several distinguished Catholics who happened to be visiting the Maxwells. Thus I remember being introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Phillips de Lisle. The former was a prominent convert and a most exemplary Catholic. He was an ardent admirer of the Gothic style of architecture, whereas Mr. Maxwell had expended 20,000 pounds in erecting in the Romanesque style, a beautiful church attached to the Hall, the gilding alone of which cost at least two thousand pounds. Mr. Maxwell expected that Mr. de Lisle would be enraptured with his church in spite of his being such a pronounced Goth, but on the contrary the only remark which Mr. de Lisle made was that it was fine no doubt, and would be first-rate as a concert hall, "but would make a very poor *ruin.*" Mr. Maxwell's munificence in expending so large a sum of money on his church was the more remarkable as he had seventeen children to provide for, and it is singular that the de Lisles had exactly the same number in their family. I have heard it stated that when one of the two mothers gave birth to another child she would write to her friend and tell her that she had had another baby, the answer that would be returned being invariably, "And so have I."

Another well-known visitor to the Hall was the famous naturalist, Charles Waterton, the author of "Waterton's Wanderings." This good man would never allow any bird, not needed as food, to be shot on his estate. He had an island near his house, in the middle of the lake, which was swarming with many varieties of his feathered pets, and whenever he rowed over there in his boat they used to flock around him perching on his head and shoulders and even allowing him to stroke them with his hand. Whether it was that they became so tame from his feeding them, which I doubt because they would not do so with the man who had charge of them, or whether it was that he was such a holy man, and they regarded him as if he was another St. Francis of Assisi or a St. Anthony of Padua, I cannot tell, but those who ac-

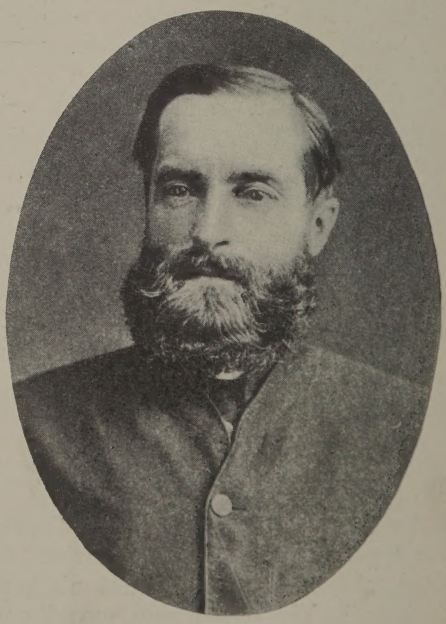


CARDINAL MANNING.

companied him to the island were all amazed at the love and confidence with which they regarded him. He told me he had been a frequent correspondent of an uncle of mine who had the largest collection of British birds in the kingdom. He bequeathed it to the British Museum in London and I have seen it there. It goes by the name of the Prideaux collection, and occupies a large room by itself.

Before taking leave of this grand old Catholic family of the Maxwells I must mention one more episode concerning them. Mr. Maxwell himself was a great sportsman and seldom neglected opportunities of following the chase. On those days when he wished to receive Holy Communion he would kneel at the altar rail in his pink hunting habit before mounting his horse. Moreover, he was a strict faster and took but a slight refreshment on fast days, though he knew he would be on horseback for many hours. One summer day the church doors being open, the poor fox, in order to escape from the hounds took refuge in the church, and Mrs. Maxwell being at her prayers as usual rose and closed the door. The fox returned to the porch and took refuge beneath her skirts. As soon as the dogs gave up the search and their baying was heard at a safe distance she opened the door and let poor reynard escape.

After residing for nearly a year at Everingham, where I was very happy in spite of being a confirmed invalid, I received my obedience to go to Notre Dame de l'Osier which was one of our novitiate houses in France. It was in the diocese of Grenoble, and had formerly been a convent of Carmelite nuns. For some centuries it had been a famous pilgrimage for devout clients of the Blessed Virgin. It has been suppressed, and the Oblate Fathers who labored there together with their novices have been all expelled by the infamous persecution of the Combes ministry. I was accompanied by a Father who had resided at Everingham, and who was by birth a Corsican. Our journey was quite an eventful one. As he was a Father, whereas I was but



HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR.

a Brother, he was of course my superior, and I had to be guided by him in all things. We had received enough money to take us both as far as L'Osier, but he was to proceed after that to Marseilles. The Father had not the slightest idea of the value of money, and had a special aptitude for losing everything belonging to him. By the time we reached London from Yorkshire, he had lost his umbrella and his breviary, and had, moreover, irretrievably lost his trunk.

I went to stop for a week with my cousins, and my superior engaged a room in a hotel. He even took a trip to Birmingham in search of his missing trunk. As he had no clothes except those on his back nothing would do but that he must purchase a suit of clothes, including a pair of trousers, which he would never wear again, as they were not worn by clerics in France. He thus spent a full week in London while he was vainly seeking for his trunk, the worst of it being that our allowance of cash to take us to our journey's end was fast melting away. At last we started, but on reaching Paris, on counting up what we possessed, we found that we had not sufficient to pay our railway fares half-way to Lyons. The railway at that time was not completed as far as the city, so passengers had to travel by the river Rhone, after the terminus of the railway had been reached, or by diligence. While we were debating what we should do, my companion proposed that I should remain in Paris, and let him proceed alone, but to this I objected, not only because I would be left behind without money or food, but because at that time I could not converse in French. We then went in search of a cheap lodging, where we could remain while we made further inquiries as to how we could proceed on our journey. We got permission to stop in an empty room in which there was not an article of furniture, and nothing to sit upon except my trunk. My companion left me there while he went to buy a loaf of bread, but after waiting for two hours I began to fear that he had deserted me and had left me to starve in Paris. When at last he returned to me with the loaf and a bottle of water he told me he had lost his way and could not discover where he had left me. We satisfied our hunger and thirst as well as we could, and then returned to the railway depot in the hope of discovering some means of entering on our journey, and we were not disappointed. A gentleman, seeing us strolling about, and no doubt looking very despondent, came up to us, and asked us if we were going to Lyons. On our telling him our difficulty he said, "Well, gentlemen, if you come with me I will show you how you can manage." He took us to an office near by where we found that we could engage seats on the top of a diligence at much less cost than traveling by rail, but it would take nearly two days to reach Lyons. Our new friend worked himself up into a fearful passion, and threatened to take legal proceedings against the railway company. He said he was the captain of a merchantman which had to leave Marseilles in a couple of days, and that if he did not reach that port by then his ship would have to leave without him, and he would lose his commission. So the railway people consented to give us a special train, our diligence to be mounted upon it; and to be weighed with ourselves and our luggage, beforehand. We had to agree to this proposal. There was another large, heavy diligence, the passengers on which must have been in a somewhat similar predicament. This vehicle preceded ours and stopped under an archway. The horses were removed, and then the lumbering coach was hoisted by chains, and when hanging loose above the ground was weighed by some machinery overhead. When I saw this I was filled with horror and said to Father T——, rather maliciously, I fear,

"You have lost everything you possessed, and now I am afraid you are going to lose yourself. Thank God I have an Agnus Dei on my neck." The diligence in front came through the ordeal all right, but when our turn came one of the chains by which we were hoisted in the air snapped asunder, and we fell back violently to the ground. My head came down on a basket full of fish, the smell of which remained on my clothes for some days. My poor companion was completely flattened, but fortunately I was unhurt. The captain of the vessel pulled me out by the feet. Another chain was fixed under our diligence and we were soon mounted on a railway truck. The remainder of our journey was uneventful, and as the train ran very fast, and we were on elevated seats, we had a beautiful view of the country all around us. The captain of the vessel sat beside me. Though a Frenchman by birth he had a perfect knowledge of the English language. After a little while he asked me to which religion we belonged, and when I had told him, he said he took us for Anglican clergymen, by our dress, but that he was surprised when he heard my remark about wearing an Agnus Dei, for he knew that Protestants did not believe in such things. He pointed out everything of interest to me on the road for he was well acquainted with it. We reached Lyons safely, and found that we had just enough money left to take us to St. Marcelin near L'Osier, but no surplus wherewith to take a meal of food, so we bought a small loaf again, and a fine large pear and thus satisfied the cravings of appetite until we landed at Notre Dame de l'Osier.

I remained at this house during ten months. We were within sight of the glorious Alps with their snow-capped summits, and within a few hours walk of the Grande Chartreuse, the celebrated monastery of the Carthusians. Our brothers visited this monastery one day, but my poor health would not admit of my accompanying them. Among the novices whilst I was there were some who became celebrated in after days, such as Monsignor Grandin, a holy bishop in the northwest of Canada, and the present Archbishop of Auch in France, Monsignor Balain, who was my infirmarian. On one occasion when the doctor was sent for to prescribe for me, I well remember his ordering me to be put on what they call "the diet." By that time I could understand French when it was spoken better than I was able to do when I left England, and I heard the doctor saying that I was to eat nothing at all except a roast apple now and then and tissane for my sole drink. Brother Balain then asked the doctor whether I might take a tissane of tea, as I was an Englishman, and the other replied, "Oh! he's English, is he? Yes, let him have a tissane of tea, le pauvre diable." So the house was searched for some tea, and a little package was found containing some grains of gunpowder tea, which were of the size and shape of shot. Thus they were well named. The infirmarian took three grains of this green colored tea and boiled them, and when well sweetened they were brought to me in a bowl of hot water. I saw these three precious grains swimming in the water, and was expected to relish them prodigiously. All I need add to this narrative of my illness is that I soon pretended to be quite recovered, and fit to leave the hospital, or, I think, I should have died of starvation. Among the remainder of the novices were many who were subsequently eminent in the missionary field.

I was requested to give a few classes every week on the English language, and to receive some lessons in theology myself, as although I was in minor orders I had made but little progress in acquiring that knowledge which is so necessary

for a priest,—but in reality I was kept pretty busy in manufacturing certain things which would be conducive to devotion among the pilgrims who flocked thither in vast numbers during the summer season. I had also to teach the brothers to sing English litanies of the Blessed Virgin. The first thing which engaged the skill which I was supposed to possess was the erection of a novel but effective representation of the Litany of Loretto for the month of May. The entire space above the altar, reaching up to the roof of the church, was filled by layers of cardboard painted to represent clouds. Behind these clouds were placed candlesticks, the candles in which were to be lighted before the singing of the litany. If a candle happened to be visible to the congregation here and there it rather added to the delusion, as it looked like a star in the heavens. In the centre of the whole structure there was a representation of the titles in the litany which had to be changed every night. Thus after the "Maters" and "Virgos" were finished the remaining titles of the litany had each of them its turn in rotation and due succession from "Speculum Justitiæ" to "Regina Angelorum." In this way a throne, a house, a tower, a gate, a mirror, or a star, etc., was represented in its proper place, and when we arrived at the "Reginas" there was a large statue of the Queen of Heaven supported on each side by figures. The effect of this invention was pronounced to be quite a success, and was talked about in the neighborhood.

My next feat was the creation of a rustic altar for the procession of Corpus Christi and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There were three out of door altars for these festivals, according to the rubrics. The Fathers took charge of one of these, and had a very fine one erected. It occupied the whole of the garden front of the house. The altar itself was over the porch, and a window over this porch was removed so that the monstrance with the Blessed Sacrament could be brought out, exposed on the altar, and benediction given. The brothers' altar was at the end of the long walk through the garden, and the Blessed Sacrament was placed on the pedestal which was usually occupied by a large statue of Mary Immaculate. This altar was also much admired. The third of these structures fell to my lot, and was quite unique. It was worthy of its name of rustic. Two large barrels of water were hoisted into the branches of the tree at the end of the ball-alley. Pipes were fixed into these, and when the Blessed Sacrament reached the other end of the ball-alley two beautiful fountains were seen in front of the altar, which sent the water up fully ten feet high, glistening in the sunshine. A high bank, with numerous cartloads of earth, was built up at the foot of the large tree, and two paths one on either side led up to or down from the rustic altar. This bank was well covered with trunks of trees, moss, ferns, wild-flowers, and sods. In the neighborhood of L'Osier there is a species of snail, the shell of which is of enormous size. Myriads of these shells were filled with oil, fitted with wicks, and placed in all directions. The wicks were lighted in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. On the altar itself, of course, there were many lighted candles, but all the floral decoration consisted of branches of flowering shrubs and trees, of which there was an endless variety in the neighborhood. What astonished the spectators most were the fountains, for no one was in the secret of from whence the water came, the barrels being of course unseen in the branches of the tree. I was told that some of the simple but devout people imagined them to be miraculous, and that the water issued forth from the dry ground spontaneously.

After leaving France I was stationed for a while at the novitiate, in Sickling-

hall, Yorkshire. While living there I went to York by order accompanied by the same brother who had received minor orders with me. We went with the purpose of being raised to the subdiaconate by the bishop, Dr. Briggs. When we reached the house where the aged bishop was living we found that he was very ill in bed and could not possibly do anything for us. I ventured to ask his lordship whether there was not an ordination at Ushaw College within a few days, and he thanked me for reminding him of it. The dear old man had pen, ink and paper brought to him and he then sat up in bed, and wrote a letter to Dr. Hogarth, the Bishop of Newcastle, begging him to confer the subdiaconate upon us. Fortified with this document we started for Durham, which we reached late in the evening. The night was pitch dark, and the rain was coming down in torrents. We had only received sufficient money to take us to York and back, so we could neither go to a hotel, nor engage a conveyance to take us to Ushaw which was some miles distant. So we trudged along the high road for some miles until we saw the lights in the college. We were kindly received there, but we were in a sad state from the inclement weather, and drenched with the rain. The first thing that was done for us was to have a change of clothes, and a friend of mine, who was then a professor in the college, the Rev. Mr. Vavasour, offered me a suit of his own clothes while mine should be dried. I must have made a queer figure, as I was only of medium height, and he was fully six feet two inches in stature. He was brother of Mrs. Constable Maxwell, whom I have already mentioned, and was the son of Sir Edward Vavasour, who late in life left the world and became a Christian Brother. Hazlewood, his beautiful castle in Yorkshire, was one of three places in which the Holy Mass had been said daily since the time of the so-called Reformation. Two days afterwards we were ordained subdeacons, one of our companions being the late Rev. Father Rooke, who subsequently became a Dominican. Father Vavasour kindly lent us sufficient money to take us back to our home in Yorkshire.

In the fall of that year I was removed to Scotland. I was disappointed in not being called down to Marseilles, as I would have liked to see our venerable founder again, and to have received the subdiaconate at his saintly hands, but I had to obey without murmuring. I was then stationed at Galashiels, about two miles from Abbotsford, which was erected by the famous Sir Walter Scott, the celebrated author of the Waverley Novels, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, The Lady of the Lake, and other poems. Mr. James Hope, grandson of the Earl of Hopetown, had to take the name of Scott, from his having married the grand-daughter of Sir Walter, and daughter of Mr. Lockhart who wrote the life of his father-in-law. When the widely-known house of Ballantyne, the Edinburgh publishers, failed in business, Sir Walter, though not legally compelled to do so, honorably gave up all he possessed to pay off incumbrances, as he was financially connected with those who published his works. The Scottish nation was proud of its great and talented author, and they therefore purchased Abbotsford and all its surroundings and belongings and handed them back to the family of the Scotts. The following conditions were stipulated for and accepted. First, the portion of the house which was intimately connected with Sir Walter was to be thrown open for the inspection of the public for at least one day in every week, Sundays being excepted. Admission to a show place on that day would infringe upon the Sabbatarianism of the followers of Calvin. The other condition was that whosoever married an heiress of Sir Walter was to take the name of

Scott in honor of her distinguished ancestor. Thus, Mr. James Hope became Mr. James Hope Scott. He sustained the honor of the place with almost princely dignity. He was a convert to the Faith, a devout Catholic, and his munificent charity in no wise suffered from the state which he upheld at Abbotsford. He possessed an immense income, for he was the leading Queen's Councilman of his day, and would inevitably have been raised to some signal sphere of dignity, like Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England in after years, had the emancipation of Catholics existed during his life. He purchased a house in Galashiels as a residence for the Oblate Fathers, whom he invited there, and after first building a commodious wooden chapel adjoining the house, he erected a very beautiful church. He not only endowed the mission, but presented the Fathers with an excellent library of standard works.

The history of his founding of this mission, in Galashiels, is of great interest. After he himself and his excellent wife had corresponded to grace, and had received the gift of faith, and as one by one his servants followed the example of their honored master and mistress, he meditated the erection of a large chapel as a wing of Abbotsford house, but knowing that there was a certain number of Irish Catholics in the rapidly increasing manufacturing town of Galashiels, he could not make up his mind as to which locality he should select. He therefore wrote to Bishop Gillis in Edinburgh, and invited him to come to Abbotsford that they might talk the matter over. The Bishop arrived in due time and the deliberation took place without delay. Mr. Hope Scott first spoke of his projected chapel at Abbotsford which should be open to the public, and the Bishop asked him why he would not prefer to build a church in Galashiels. Mr. Hope Scott replied that he had thought of that, but he believed that the Catholics in Abbotsford were more numerous than those in the neighboring town. Of the two friendly disputants the Bishop had the better knowledge of his flock, so they agreed to drive to town on the following day and make enquiries. Mr. Hope Scott knew of two excellent Catholics in Galashiels, one of them was a shoemaker and the other a tailor. So they applied at once to these two good men who knew their co-religionists well. Mr. Hope Scott agreed to pay their expenses if they would make a census of all the Catholics of the town and neighborhood. He believed that there would not be discovered more than about twenty, but when their work was finished they handed in a list of upwards of two hundred, including children, much to Mr. Hope Scott's amazement. The descendants of Mr. Gilligan, one of these two men who were the instruments of the foundation of the permanent mission at Galashiels, may be still counted among the esteemed members of the fold both at Lowell and Billerica. The dwelling house was purchased without delay, and the wooden chapel was commenced. It was well filled on Sundays, as many Protestants came to witness the ceremonies and listen to the sermons which were so new to them after three hundred years of persecution and misrepresentation. Moreover as soon as the Catholic Irish from the north of Ireland heard there was a church of their own in Galashiels, there was quite an influx of settlers as there was ample employment for them in the mills where the celebrated tweed cloth was manufactured.

Abbotsford was the resort of many distinguished visitors whenever the master of the house was at home, and I thus became acquainted with several eminent individuals whom I should never have known but for that. We were bound to say Mass there one day in every week, and after my ordination at Galashiels on

the feast of the Transfiguration this agreeable duty fell to my lot. I had been ordained deacon by Bishop Gillis on my own name day, the feast of St. Lawrence, but I did not say my first Mass until the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, my great anniversary for everything memorable in my life, including my birth on the octave day, my baptism, first confession, first communion and oblation in our Congregation of Mary Immaculate. This first Mass of mine was offered up at Abbotsford, and with the exception of the priest who assisted me every one present in the large room—which was fitted up as a chapel—was a convert to our holy Faith. There were present, Mr. and Mrs. Hope Scott, Lord and Lady Henry Kerr (the lady being a sister of Mr. Hope Scott) the Marchioness of Lothian, with her two daughters and two of her sons, the Duchess of Buccleugh, with the butler, the lady's maid, and three or four other servants. I had been appointed to the office of sacristan and after my ordination was also the econome or burser of the community, which consisted of two Fathers besides myself, and a lay brother. I had to go to Edinburgh once a week to purchase what was needed for the house, and the good Bishop told me that whenever I could not finish all I had to transact before the departure of the afternoon train, which stopped at Galashiels, I was to come to his house and dine and sleep there. On one occasion I had to avail myself of this kind invitation, and soon after we sat down to dinner the Bishop remarked that we must have had many confessions on the last Saturday, as he heard that Abbotsford was filled with guests. I replied that we had not had any at all, and when his Lordship expressed surprise at this, I informed him that Archdeacon Manning,—calling him by his Anglican title which stuck to him for a considerable time,—was among the guests, and I added that probably they had gone to him to confession. The Bishop was indignant when he heard this, and immediately rose from the table to write a letter to Mr. Hope Scott to decline an invitation—that he had accepted just before dinner—to go to Abbotsford and spend a few days there during the following week. When he sat down again after despatching his letter he was still fuming at what he regarded as an insult. "Who gave this Dr. Manning faculties to hear confessions in my diocese?" he said. I thought it but due from me to try to get Dr. Manning out of the scrape into which I had unwittingly plunged him, and to take up the cudgels in his behalf, so I quietly remarked that probably he did not know the diocesan rules sufficiently as he had only been a priest for ten weeks, and that, moreover, it was reported that he had been made a Missionary Apostolic before leaving Rome, in consequence of which appointment he might have deemed it unnecessary to apply for special faculties from the bishop of a diocese where he happened to be temporarily stationed. As soon as Dr. Gillis had calmed down he remarked that he was very sorry that he had despatched the second letter, but would endeavor to rectify matters by writing again that evening, and would go to Abbotsford as he had at first promised to do. When I went to Abbotsford on the following Tuesday, as usual, Dr. Manning asked me during breakfast whether I had been to Edinburgh the previous week, and on my replying in the affirmative he said, "Then it must have been you that got me into a scrape with Bishop Gillis." I related the circumstances, and added what I had said in his defence. From that moment we became the greatest friends.

He made a compact with me that we should say Mass for each other on one day in every year. He asked me what day I would choose for my Mass for him, and I selected the feast of St. Charles

Borromeo, as I knew he was about to establish the congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles in England, and he then chose the feast of the Immaculate Conception on which to say his Mass for me. Some years afterwards when I was stationed at Tower Hill and Dr. Manning was at that time the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, he came to our Church of the English Martyrs to confer the sacrament of confirmation. After the service was over and we were all waiting in the parlor for the arrival of his carriage he asked me if I had kept my promise about the Mass. I replied that I had always done so, but that I feared that His Eminence had not fulfilled his part of the agreement. He then told me that he had never omitted it, and that when he was consecrated a bishop, on finding that he was bound to say Mass for his flock on the great feast of the Blessed Virgin, that of the Immaculate Conception, he applied to Rome for a dispensation in consequence of his compact with me, and that he postponed the obligation for his flock until the following day. I here subjoin a short letter which I received from His Eminence. It may be regarded as more or less personal and leads me to refer to a characteristic of this zealous and indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

He never wearied in toiling for the well-being of his own diocese, but the state of his health, which was far from good, and his rigid abstemiousness obliged him to take a couple of months' rest every year. But what rest was that? He received numerous invitations to preach sermons in various parts of England and even in Ireland, and he was in the habit of accepting more than he was able to accomplish. This period of hard, incessant work he would call his holiday, and when it expired he would return to Westminster, looking more meagre and worn out than before he left home. I had written to him for two successive years to ask him to preach a sermon for us at St. Anne's, Rock Ferry. The following was the reply:

"Archbishop's House,
Westminster, S. W.,
August 15, 1878.

My Dear Father Fox:

I am sorry that I have only two Sundays, and that both of them are full. My holiday this year must be short, because of my long absence in the winter. You must therefore still take the will for the deed.

Believe me always,
Very truly yours in J. C.,
H. E. Card.

The Rev. Father Fox, O.M.I.,
Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

The zeal which prompted Cardinal Manning to labor for the glory of God, too often urged him to try to accomplish far more than he was physically or naturally able to perform. He worked too hard himself, and did not leave enough to his secretary. Thus there was a want of order in his arrangements which was often very disappointing and inconvenient to those who vainly expected him. On one occasion when I was stationed in the Church of the English Martyrs in his diocese he had promised to come thither to administer the sacrament of Confirmation. We had upwards of five hundred poor people gathered together for that ceremonial on a Sunday afternoon, and amongst them were some mothers with babes on their breasts. We waited for the Cardinal for two long hours, and then one of the Fathers drove to the Archbishop's house, some six or eight miles distant, and found that he was giving Confirmation in some other church. Ours was but one out of no fewer than three appointments that he had made for the same hour.

Among the more distinguished visitors at Abbotsford about this time were Lord and Lady Arundel of Surrey, with their children. They afterwards became for a brief space of time the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. The Earl was not

then on speaking terms with his father because he had married a convert, the daughter of Admiral Lyons, who was ambassador to the Sublime Porte. When traveling, at Constantinople, the Earl had been struck down with a violent attack of fever, and his life was despaired of. During his illness he was lovingly nursed by Miss Lyons, and after her reception into the Church they were married. The old Duke was indignant at what he regarded as a plebeian match and would hold no communication with his son. He would not forgive him for having allied the blood of the Howards, the bluest in all England, with that of a commoner, though subsequent to that event the Admiral was made Lord Lyons, and filled the important position of ambassador in Paris. Being seriously ill the year after my ordination, I was invited to remain at Abbotsford for rest and quiet, and on my becoming better I engaged myself to teach the catechism to the Earl's son, the present excellent Duke of Norfolk, and his sister, Lady Victoria Howard, who became the second wife of Mr. James Hope Scott.

There were many other visitors at Abbotsford with whom it was a privilege to become acquainted. Bishop Gillis of Edinburgh was often amongst them. He was a French Canadian by birth, on his mother's side, but his father was of Scottish descent. He was one of the most eloquent men of his day and could preach with equal fluency in either the French or English language. He was in a railway collision one day, when traveling to London, and in consequence had concussion of the brain, from which he suffered to the day of his death. He told me he was never free from pain, and that it always seemed to him as if his head had been forced down into his stomach. He had a private income and lived in a beautiful house just outside of Edinburgh.

In the same suburban district was a large convent called St. Margaret's. The inhabitants of the capital of Scotland, were like all the rest of the Presbyterians in their various branches, rampant in their bigotry against all that was Catholic, and nothing vexed them more than the existence of this convent with its secluded sisters and aristocratic pupils in their Calvinist neighborhood, so they were ever on the watch for some plausible means of attack. The nuns had bought a large pig for family use. Now, there are few animals that can utter more excruciating noises than a pig. So when the cart containing the brute, securely tied up in a sack, stopped at the great entrance door, it took three or four strong men to get the pig within the convent grounds. The door was immediately closed amid the unearthly screeches and squalls of the new visitor, but not before some passersby, respectable merchants, or professional men on their way from their villas to their places of business, had time to witness the struggle and to hear the screams of one who, they imagined, was a captured lady about to be immured as an unwelcome guest in the terrible prison of a convent. They shook their heads at one another, and then proceeded on their way. But the following morning two of the chief newspapers of the city had leading articles of considerable length giving the history of the capture and imprisonment of a victim of the cupidity of those infamous nuns, whose presence was such a disgrace to the community at large. The Bishop, without delay, consulted an eminent Catholic lawyer who resided in Edinburgh, and took an action for libel of one thousand pounds each against the proprietors of these two papers. In due course of time the trial came on, and resulted in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. The judge spoke in scathing language of the slanders which had been printed and circulated over the entire country by the two newspapers and con-

demned by name the authors of these false reports. He even added that if the Bishop had claimed five thousand pounds as damages against the papers, instead of one thousand, he would gladly have given him all. Bigotry was silenced for a while; the reputation of the good nuns was greatly increased; the courage of the Bishop was praised by everyone; and several notable conversions from the higher classes in society were said to have taken place soon afterwards, as a result of the publicity that was given in the course of the legal proceedings to the holy life and unwearied labors of the excellent sisters.

Among other visitors to Abbotsford were the Marchioness of Lothian, with her sons and daughters, all of whom, with the exception of her eldest son, were devout converts. The eldest son had been carefully kept beyond the reach of her influence, by his appointed guardians, until he was of age. Lady Lothian was an admirable woman in every way, but especially as a mother. She was the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was the successful claimant of the premier earldom of England on the death of the last Catholic of that title, the Good Earl John so-called on account of his well-known piety and charity. After the conversion of her brother-in-law, Lord Henry Kerr, she determined to follow his example. So she and her two daughters, as well as her two youngest sons, had arranged to go up to Edinburgh in order to be baptized and confirmed by Bishop Gillis. She wisely thought that it would be desirable to receive the sacrament of Confirmation without delay, as she well knew that they would be subject to much opposition and persecution from those who had been appointed the guardians of her children. A coach with four horses was therefore ordered to be ready to drive them to Edinburgh at four o'clock in the morning, and they were to take no servant with them for fear of the secret being divulged. She never went to bed herself, but remained in fervent prayer all the night, but in due time she called her children and made them dress for their journey. The daughters were soon ready, but when she went to wake the boys, only one of them would get up, Lord John Kerr, a very pious lad, whom God took to Himself in early life. So they decided to leave the other young fellow behind them, though with much regret, for he said he had changed his mind. They had scarcely departed before he became sorry, and resolved to accompany his mother. But when he arrived at the place from which he knew the carriage was to start he found that he was too late, and that there was no sign of the fugitives. He returned to the house, and rousing the groom of the stables, he ordered a carriage and a pair of horses to be made ready, and telling the servants that his mother had gone for a journey on pressing business he had himself driven post-haste in pursuit of her and reached the Bishop's house just in time to be received into the Church and confirmed in the Faith with his mother, his sisters and his brother. I may here add to this interesting recital of the conversion of an almost entire family that there was an older son whom Lady Lothian regretted not to have been at home. He was at that time a midshipman in the Queen's service, and afterwards became a distinguished admiral. When his ship lay at Portsmouth, not long after, he obtained a furlough and paid a visit to his mother and sisters. They had many arguments together about the faith which they had embraced, and he expressed himself as being convinced of their having done the right thing, and that he would eventually follow their example, but not yet. When his furlough had expired he took leave of his beloved relatives, who determined to pray fervently for him, and returned

to his ship. To their heartfelt delight they received a letter from him in which he informed them that finding he was bound for an extended voyage, which would result in upwards of a year's absence from England, he had resolved not to resist grace any longer, and had, therefore, communicated with a priest in Portsmouth, and had been received into the Church.

(To be Continued.)

THE PROTESTANT SPIRIT IN MOORE.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

How the years soften and subdue! It is true of all things under the sun, but especially so of the genius—be he good or evil spirit.

It is not too much to say that for most people of Irish blood the name of Tom Moore fashions for their vision a beautiful picture unspotted, more wonderful to them than the memory of Dante to his Florentines. To them Moore is enrolled on the same martyrology with O'Connell, Emmet, Grattan and Parnell. It is even doubtful if these names are known half as well as that of the honored "minstrel boy" whose sweet melodies have been a solace to an audience of which his countrymen constituted by no means the greatest part. Is it not extraordinary that it should be so, admittedly unjust as it is? With all his fine writing and his measured outbursts of fine delicate patriotism Moore is not worthy of being mentioned with his old college friend, Robert Emmet, or with the great O'Connell whose "vulgar" methods were quite obnoxious to the London-cultured soul of the dainty versifier. Perhaps none of us would be different were we thrown into the society which feted and flattered Moore when he left his Irish home and journeyed Londonward for literary eminence; but this does not change the fact that Moore was not a sturdy, heart-convinced patriot.

The wrongs of Ireland, her glorious history, furnished him the material for ballads over which Madame de Stael could ponder in a sentimental gushing society, but as we read his prose and most of his poetry we find ourselves concluding that he was not the man to love his country with even half the affection which poor, unlucky Byron gave to his admired Greece. But we set out with a purpose other than a discussion of Moore's patriotic or non-patriotic bias. It might be a dangerous ground with a rather undesirable harvest. Even this word may be deemed quite heretical. So be it. We are not of those who think that everything Irish is necessarily superior, and that consequently we are near to sin when we doubt that Moore is the world's greatest poet! The truth about these things keeps us from generalizing wildly, and after even the most superficial study we cease to confound Thomas Moore, poet, with Sir Thomas More, martyr for the Faith. Strange as it may seem, it is not so uncommon to find the poet enjoying the chancellor's reputation for sanctity, to find Tom Moore enshrined in the heart of the people as a good, pious Catholic, whom opportunity alone deprived of a martyr's crown. But Moore's Catholicity was in ratio to that of More as his patriotism to that of Emmet,—as we learn by the interior evidence of the life which he so minutely described in that

endless diary of his, wherein he played the part of Boswell for himself and the brilliant throng of his literary admirers.

The study of a genius, and Moore was a versatile genius, is interesting in every detail, extremely so when dealing with religious sentiments which are the character of every man, and which avail more than all manifestations of genius to win or repel our admiration. To the Catholic it is especially so. The practice of religion by an adherent, or the estimation of it by a non-Catholic are many times the criterion by which we form our first opinion of a man. "Is he a good Catholic?" we ask about some co-religionist who has become celebrated in the community. "Is he bigoted?" we ask of one who differs from us. It is this latter element which makes us ignore Whittier with his bigoted diatribes against things Catholic to take up Longfellow with his simply expressed admiration of the things of our faith. So in regard to our Irish poet the question often arises and is very seldom answered. What kind of a Catholic was Moore? With all due respect for one who undoubtedly did much for Catholic emancipation—(why should he not?)—and who in his later years published an eloquent defence of the Church, it is our opinion that as Irish Catholics we have not much reason to be proud of the Catholicity of Tom Moore.

As in most Irish Catholic families, the example set for young Moore was undoubtedly good. His mother, an intelligent woman, was, as he himself tells us, a sincere warm Catholic, who even gave in to some of the "old superstitions connected with that faith." We can fancy her feelings when her boy left home to go to London and she sewed the guineas and the scapulars in his clothes. Moore relates her indignation at the "sly sallies" of his father against the priests, and her protest—"I declare to God, John Moore, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." We wonder, however, when he tells us that, a year or two after his entrance to college, he ventured to suggest to her that he should no longer go to confession, which had become "irksome" to him, and that after a slight remonstrance "she sensibly acceded to his wish." What bearing this had on the production of the Little poems over which he wept in later life is readily apparent. Trinity,—which he entered in 1794, a year after it had been opened to Catholics by Parliament,—had already begun to exercise its broadening influence upon him.

It was in 1799 he left Trinity with his B.A. and in the same year came to London, to be entered at the Temple. From this point we may begin to trace the un-Irishing of Moore, and, if it were not too strong a word, we might add his Protestantizing. The Odes of Anacreon (1800), with its brilliant list of subscribers, met with success enough to turn the head of a youth of twenty-one. Anacreon Moore became the lion of the hour in fashionable society, and to fete him was an honor. Yet we are told that he remained unspoiled. Unspoiled he may have been in the sense of not being misled into feelings of proud superiority and the consequences, but the Poems of Little, to which he would not give his name, show us that the advice to be obtained even in "irksome" confession might have been asked by him with profit in the London of that day. All those things were having their influence on his mind and directing it in its attitude toward the faith to which he adhered nominally. It was not surprising, therefore, that in 1811 while playing in "The Padlock" with the celebrated O'Neil, he married the beautiful and talented actress, Betsy Dyke, without any regard to the fact that she was a Protestant. As far as we can judge she had little sympathy with things Catholic, was shocked in later years, as Moore tells us, by the gold vestments of the priest, and never

seemed to have considered the faith of which her husband in later life constituted himself a defender.

In a certain sense, Bessy undoubtedly made a good wife for Moore. Mutual affection lasted till the end. She was ever a loving helpmate, modest, unassuming, and winning the friendship of those who moved in the higher circles to which the genius of her husband introduced her. To us it has ever seemed strange that in such circumstances Moore should remain even a nominal Catholic, or that being so he should have done nothing, apparently, for her conversion to the faith he so nobly apostrophizes in his "Travels of an Irish Gentleman." It is indeed more surprising to find him—either through the insistence of Bessy or his own ideas as to the fitness of things—consenting to having his child, Anne Jane, baptized into the Protestant Church. Did he consider it best for the advancement of the child? or had the flattery of the great weakened his faith to the extent that he could so far forget his convictions? At any rate that it was not a passing whim is shown by his action upon the birth of the succeeding children. When Anastasia was born, in 1813, he thought it a very flattering testimony that the rector had offered to be godfather. Shortly after, he wrote to his mother, with all the coolness of an announcement of a new edition of his poems, "You have of course long perceived that they are both, Barbara and she, *little Protestants.*"

And this was the boy in whose clothes she had sewed the scapulars! It was so with his other daughter, Olivia Byron, and his two sons, John and Thomas. None was baptized into the Catholic Church. There was a reason for this strange act of Moore's, and that was not the conviction that the Protestant Church was right but that worldly prosperity would more likely come to them if the millstone of Catholicity was not about their necks. That is the hard thing to understand in Moore, his utter disregard of the teachings of the Church about a most sacred obligation. All his wordy defence of the Church seems ironical when compared with this more powerful teaching of bad example. Years afterwards we find the subject discussed in his diary when he went to Dublin to attend his father's funeral, in 1825.

"Our conversation," he says, "naturally turned upon religion, and my sister Kate, who the last time I saw her was more than half inclined to declare herself a Protestant, told me she had since taken my advice and remained quietly a Catholic. For myself, my having a Protestant wife gave me an opportunity of choosing a religion at least for my children, and if my marriage had no other advantage I should think this quite sufficient to be thankful for." Whether it was Kate or Moore himself who first gave expression to these broad sentiments it is hard to say, but Moore's actions show all too clearly that they were his own opinions.

In the light of all this it is consoling to read the testimony of a man,—even a moral delinquent,—a testimony so contradictory to the subservient Protestantizing of one who undoubtedly considered himself holy by the side of unregenerate Byron. I wonder if it made Moore blush with shame to have Byron write to him in 1822 in answer to a reproach about the irreligion of "Cain?" "I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna for I think people can never have enough of religion, if they are to have any. I incline myself very much to the Catholic doctrine." A little before this he had written to Mr. Hopper, the British Consul at Venice, apropos of placing Allegra in a convent. "It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the

best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity."

Alas! we say, had Moore been a better Catholic what great things he might have accomplished for the spiritual welfare of Byron! But a man who neglected the essentials in the education of his own children could hardly be expected to be solicitous for the santification of his friend.

It was in 1814 that Moore's first article appeared in the Edinburgh Review. Why he should have selected the subject of "The Fathers" is hard to say, unless it was to display a fancied erudition in this most difficult period of history. A priori our judgment would be that Moore was ill-fitted to write such an article, and this judgment is confirmed by a perusal of the said article, and also by the subsequent conclusions of the author anent the same subject, in his more mature years. He was as little fitted to judge the Americans of 1804 whom he reproaches with "base cupidity, perfidy, and improbity," an accusation which in later years he ascribed to his youth, when Byron wrote to him that he would rather "have a nod from an American than a snuff-box from an emperor."

Throughout the article on the Fathers there is a quite crushing air of superiority. He disdains them with "their Christian heathenism and heathen Christianity," and draws the strange conclusion—strange to us with our idea of what constitutes a saint—that "though admirable martyrs and saints, they were, after all, but indifferent Christians," and that with their "monkish fancies about celibacy" so benighted are they that "a community of Christians formed upon this plan is the very Utopia of monkery, idleness, and fanaticism." It is certainly an "advanced" Catholic who can talk of "inflicting" canonization on anybody, or who could write so flippantly about the part played by demons. "But demons," he says, "were much too useful a race to be so easily surrendered to reasoning or ridicule; there was no getting up a decent miracle without them; exorcists would have been out of employ and saints at a loss for temptation."

We can expect no more from one whose text book of ecclesiastical history is Mosheim, whose extraordinary dictum is quoted by Moore with all the sang froid of certainty, that with the church of those days it was "an act of virtue to deceive and lie when by such means the interests of the Church may be promoted." (Cent 4th, Part II., Chap. III.) Nor is it quite foreign to our ideas of his asceticism to know that we "will find in a few pages of Barrow or Taylor more rational piety and more true eloquence than in all the Fathers of the Church together."

St. Augustine was no doubt pleased when he was declared "the least tiresome of the brotherhood." Moore was as ill-disposed to the "spirit of Jesuitism." We are told by one of his biographers that "his contributions to the Edinburgh Review are astonishingly good of their kind, critically acute, thoroughly learned, politically sagacious;" yet how learned they are may be judged from his ideas of the Jesuits as "a society whose stock in trade consists of Plenary Indulgences, and whose members are required as their sole qualification to repeat punctually a Pater and Ave par jour" (in his "French Official Life," June, 1826.) How "critically acute" he was may be seen from an article on Private Theatricals, October, 1827. "Had Leo contented himself with the classic indulgences of this world, without opening a mart for indulgences in the next, Luther would have wasted his best card and the papacy might have remained a little longer unshaken." We almost fancy that we are reading a page of Macaulay.

"Slavish notions of papal authority," "legendary superstition," "badge of ec-

clesiastical servitude," are fine phrases that adorn his letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin (1810). If those articles had been published anonymously would any one have been so perverse as to ascribe them to a Catholic? We think not, and yet they are but a reflex of the opinions scattered over his diary. Even at the time of his father's death, when faith should rise pre-eminent over every irreligious philosophizing, we are shocked by the expressions of the wounds inflicted upon his "artistic" sensibilities. His sister, he tells us, wished to spare him the "operation of the Mass" in the morning but he insisted upon going. "The weather was wretched," he wrote afterwards, "and altogether the scene shocked and afflicted me beyond anything; the vulgar apparatus of the ceremony seems such a profanation." And yet as Catholics we always thought this "vulgar apparatus" one of the most significant ceremonies of Holy Church. In the same ascetical way he gives us a similar manifestation of faith (1827). "I took Bessy to hear Mass at Wardour, the first time she ever saw Catholic service performed. The music as usual (when it is so good) raised me to the skies, but the gaudy ceremonies and the gesticulations of the Mass shocked my simple-minded Bessy, and even the music, much as she feels it, could not reconcile her to the gold garments of the priest." Simple minded Bessy, indeed!

The Memoirs of Captain Rock (1824) are severe on the English rule in Ireland, but they are stained with remarks against the author's faith, a fact which he realized in saying that he "feared Catholics would not take to Rock very cordially on account of some infidelities to their religion which break out now and then in it." Lainé, a former minister of the Interior in Paris, he tells us, had the project of getting Captain Rock translated, but feared the attack on the principle of tithes would make it obnoxious to the priests, and so gave it up. His ideas in regard to tithes can scarcely be called respectful to the head of the Church. He says, "The exaction of tithes, therefore, under the authority of Papal decrees was in no respect different from the rest of those pious robberies which His Holiness, the Pope, was in the habit of committing on all the highways of Europe."

How dearly Moore loved a lord, what a "complacent satellite" he was, in the language of a recent work, we all know, but it is hard to believe that he had become so Londonized as to admire the English Reformation, yet he tells us that "luckily for England the Reformation triumphed under Elizabeth;" and again he philosophizes to the following extent: "But they upon whom a blessing falls have no right to be particular as to the source from whence it comes; and though the Faith thus derived has preserved ever since the *varium semper et mutabile* character of its source, yet that it was a blessing to England and her liberties, even Captain Rock—all Papist as he is—will not deny."

The imaginary Captain Rock was as convenient in his Papistry as the compiler of his memoirs!

It was in 1833 that "The Trials of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" appeared. There is no denying that, all told, the work is an able defence of the Catholic position. The appearance of the work created a sensation. Moore was a recognized poet, but a theologian, a *defensor fidei*,—it was quite unexpected. How much good the work accomplished, how many conversions it started we are at a loss to know, but good as his intentions may have been it is easy to see that his example of lukewarmness, especially in regard to his children, was more powerful than his words. It is a strange circumstance that some were at a loss to know the intent of the book. Among his letters we find a curious one

from Missouri, dated May 22, 1836, asking him in behalf of many citizens of this country if the work was to be considered a serious defence of the Roman Catholic doctrines and their intrinsic divinity. "There are many who insist," says the writer, "that you by no means prove or intend to prove the intrinsic divinity, as a special revelation of Roman Catholic doctrines, or even of Christianity itself in its broadest Protestant signification; that, on the contrary, you Gibbonize (excuse the neologism) and through your most solemn observations a tone of irony is discovered, which in your supposed prototypic hand, as you know, is the most unparryable weapon ever directed against the vitals of holy Mother Church." Irony! Well might he be suspected of irony even when defending the faith. He professed his faith in the Church, he said he believed it was the true Church, he had said to one who had tried to make a Protestant of him, "I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers, and in that faith I intend to die;" yet does it not all seem ironical? In 1833 when the "Travels" appeared, his son, John Russell, was only ten years old, and Thomas Landsdowne, fifteen; both young enough still to be educated in the Catholic faith had Moore the courage to do so, but there is no reference to any Catholic instruction being given them, and when, at the age of nineteen, Russell comes to die it is the Protestant communion that is given to him, while Moore sits in a distant room. Was the Catholic faith a subject for fine literature only, not good enough for the souls of the children who looked to him for the bread of life? "Hail then to thee, thou one and only true Church, which art alone the way of life and in whose tabernacle alone there is shelter from all this confusion of tongues. In the shadow of the sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness and the rash believer who vainly would pry into its recesses, saying to both in the language of St. Augustine, 'Do you reason while I shall believe, and beholding the heights of divine power, forbear to approach its depths.'"

Such was the eloquent ending of the "Travels." Earnest it was, we hope, but in those last long weary hours when he lay upon his bed of death, we trust that before he went to his God he lamented his injustice to those children whom he himself had kept from the way of life, and from reposing in the shadow of its sacred mysteries.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The golden sacerdotal jubilee of His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, was celebrated on December 8th last, the feast of the Immaculate Conception. After the ceremonies at St. Mary's Cathedral in honor of the Immaculate Conception, and just before the singing of the "Te Deum," the vicar general of the arch-diocese read an address of congratulation to His Eminence. In his reply the Cardinal paid a warm tribute to the Australian Catholics.

After dwelling upon his earlier labors in the sacred ministry—the first twelve years of his priesthood in Rome and the nineteen years following as a priest and Bishop of Ireland, his native land—His Eminence spoke of his work in Australia. "I found here," he said, "in our faithful people the same distinctive features that have made Ireland singularly attractive among missionary countries—fervent piety, abounding charity, great zeal for religion. As regards our religious life, we may justly be styled a greater Ireland beyond the seas, and may we not hope that, like that dear island of the west, it may be Australia's mission to lead many nations to know our Saviour and to love Him."

The illustration shows His Eminence as a visitor at the Foundling Hospital, Broadmeadows,—conducted by the Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph,—a noble charity in which Cardinal Moran is deeply interested. On his recent visit he said that those who supported the Hospital were aiding in the saving of children who may one day be ornaments of society.

An audience, representative of the best intellectual and social element of the city, filled the vast auditorium of Carnegie Hall, New York, to hear Father Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., who told graphically and with impassioned eloquence the life story of the heroic and saintly Jesuit Father, Isaac Jogues, "The Pioneer Missionary and Martyr of New York State."

Wearing the distinctive robes of his office, His Grace Archbishop Farley presided. At his right hand was Mayor McClellan, while next to the Mayor sat Bishop McFaul, of Trenton.

Father Campbell was introduced to the audience by Supreme Court Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, who paid tribute both to the lecturer and his subject.

Beginning with a word-picture of Father Jogues when he was received at the French Court after his rescue from the Iroquois, the reverend speaker rapidly sketched his early life until the time when, after a stormy voyage of two months on the Atlantic, he landed in the New World in 1636. After that began a series of marvelous and almost romantic adventures; his journey in a canoe up the St. Lawrence and Ottawa a distance of 900 miles, his perilous explorations of the forest and lakes in quest of Indians, constantly in danger of death by exposure, starvation, and wild beasts, and repeatedly on the point of being murdered by the savages; venturing out in his canoe over Lake Huron until he arrived at the present Sault Ste. Marie, being the first white man to behold Lake Superior.

His return to his mission, the trip to Quebec for provisions, the meeting with the Iroquois, his torture and captivity, rescue by the Dutch, discoveries, return as missionary to the Mohawks, torture and death, were graphically described,

CARDINAL MORAN AND LITTLE WILLIE

and documentary evidence was produced to show why Father Jogues had been put to death.

At the close of the lecture Archbishop Farley said a few words to the effect that he would not attempt to add anything to the eloquent recital of Father Campbell. "Though Father Jogues has not yet been canonized, I do not hesitate," said the Archbishop, "to call him New York's first martyr."

To Father Campbell has been assigned the duty of diffusing among the Catholic people of New York State a better and more intimate knowledge of the character, life and martyrdom of the heroic Jesuit priest. He will deliver a series of lectures on the subject throughout the state, and with the proceeds the Jesuit Fathers propose to erect a beautiful memorial church at Auriesville, to New York's first saint.

Among those who know him well and fully appreciate his ability, it is not considered too much to claim that Charles George Herbermann, Ph.D., LL.D., is one of the most scholarly Catholic laymen we have to-day in the United States. It is solely due to his own modesty that the facts of his broad and versatile learning, the calm judicial poise of his literary acumen, and the sound philosophical trend of his understanding are not more widely known.

As president of the United States Catholic Historical Society and editor of the very valuable publications that organization has given to the public, he has, within the present decade, put in permanent form some of the most important records of the past, and given them a literary finish at once attractive to the reader and illustrative of the splendid treasury of his own intellectual accomplishments.

Dr. Herbermann was born in Germany, sixty-three years ago, and came to New York when he was eight years old. His early studies were made at St. Francis Xavier's College, of which he was one of the first graduates. He was

the founder and for years president of its Alumni Association.

In 1869 he was appointed professor of Latin in the College of the City of New York. He has retained this chair and as its occupant, is regarded as a worthy successor of the great classical scholar, Dr. Anthon. In educational circles throughout the country, this estimate is generally accepted and is well justified by the numerous editions of the classics he has prepared and edited for use in

REV. THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

the schools. A master of ancient classical lore, he is also familiar with all the modern languages.

He is the author of "Business Life in Ancient Rome," a standard view of the times and manners of the Roman era, and has contributed many papers of literary and historical interest to the current reviews and magazines.

Dr. Herbermann has been identified prominently with the work of the Central Verein and has presided at several of its important national conventions. In Catholic circles in New York he is ever active, and is held in the highest esteem by the ecclesiastical authorities as a most influential and valuable worker.

CHARLES GEORGE HERBERMANN, LL D

AN IRISH FAIR.

AN IRISH FAIR.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

Nowhere, within so comparatively small a compass, it may be said, is Irish life so variously and characteristically represented and expressed as at an Irish country fair. Both from a psychological and spectacular point of view nothing could be more interesting. Full of vigor, color, and movement, every phase, class, and condition of the community at large, of the race in general, are to be found there promiscuously intermingling. It is a most democratic assemblage, for once the barriers of class distinction are removed all trade on the broad plane and principle of perfect equality, from the squire to the cotter, the farmer to the villager, the jobber, the booth-keeper, the tent-holder, the ballad-monger, the tinker, and the various nondescripts. The atmosphere is typically Irish, thoroughly racy of the soil, in which the deep, impenetrable gravity with the gay lightheartedness of the Celtic nature and temperament readily unite and unfalteringly manifest themselves.

The fair, whose institution generally dates from immemorial ages, and whose recurring anniversary is celebrated with all the enthusiasm inseparable from the carrying out of time-honored usages and customs is usually held on a common, near a town or village, always within the

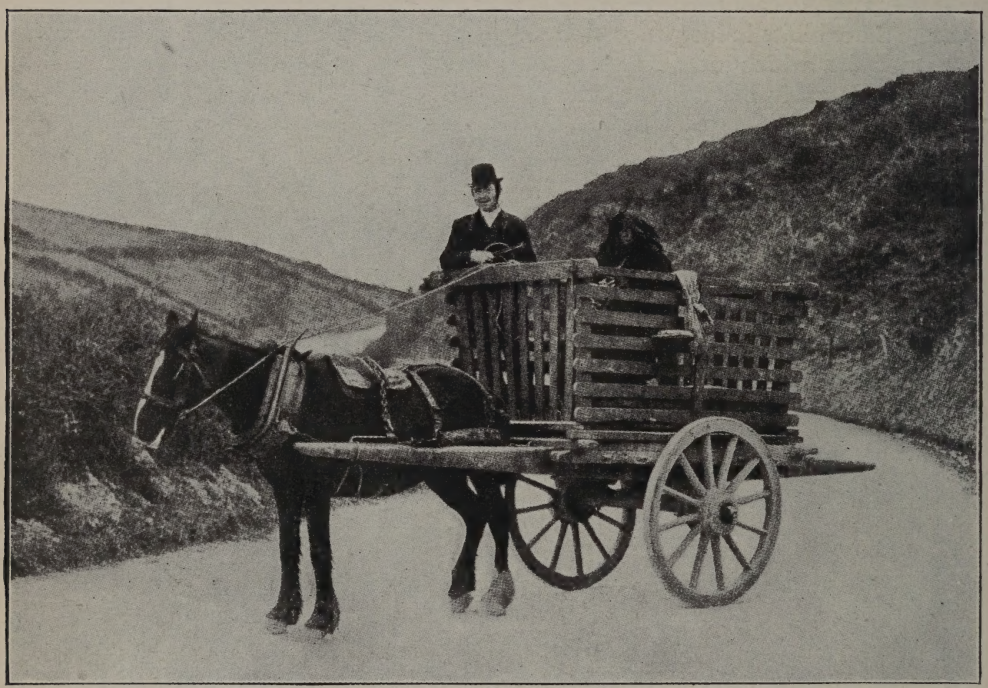
area of a populous or central district. Tolls are only exacted when the property is under private ownership, or subject to the control of urban authority.

The squire usually rides to the fair on his useful hack behind his herd of fatted oxen—primest of beeves whose ultimate destination is to be served up as the "roast beef of old England" in mansion, club, and hotel, across channel. The squire even to-day, despite the vicissitudes through which his order, within the past two decades of years, have passed, still exhibits in his person and demeanor traits which at once proclaim him as unalterably belonging to the old regime. He is still typical of his class when the old order of things prevailed; of the racy Irish, fox-hunting type, whose conception of life is of the happy-go-lucky kind, who races, hunts, and curses, who is daring to rashness, impulsive, and more or less bizarre. Ruddy and rotund he always suggests the idea of an over-fed, not to say, pampered, person. A born horseman and sport, an Irish squire generously indulges in the pleasures of the table. So he rides to the fair, astride his mettlesome hack, with his fatted bullocks, steward and serving man before him, genial, jovial, and picturesque. He is the cattle-buyers' ideal of what a seller should be. He thinks so spaciously in thousands that he will not stop to haggle over the mere matter of a ten, twenty, or even thirty pounds' difference in the arranging of a deal, just as at the racecourse and the many other resorts where the speculative spirit gets room to disport itself, plunging with the frenzy of speed and desperation.

Unlike the average farmer who, perpetually haunted by the spectre of the rent office, calculates to a nicety beforehand the value of the beasts, whether

MARKET DAY.

horses, cattle, sheep, or swine, he will to-morrow or the day after present at the fair for inspection with a view to purchasing of course, by the professional dealers between whom and his class there has ever seemed to be a certain distrust and hostility. There are few more careful appraisers of live stock than those frieze-coated, rough-hewn people, who once deciding on a price calculated on the basis of the current market rate are not to be moved from their purpose. A farmer is the despair of the professional cattle buyer. His answer, his one argument, is ready if the offer tendered to him does not come well within touch so to speak of the price he demands. He cannot afford to make the sacrifice in small things, which, perhaps, his landlord the squire was but too ready to do in large matters a few minutes before, in that jaunty, cavalier style characteristic of his kind. He who has denied himself the luxury of eggs and butter with his breakfast that morning in order to husband his resources that he might the better be able to meet his landlord at the approaching rent day is not to be persuaded to dispose of his colts, or fillies, cattle, swine, or sheep, at a price not commensurate with their full market value. Nor will the purchase be eventually closed, the "bargain be struck," by "splitting the difference," but with the greatest possible reluctance on the part of the farmer, unless he feels convinced that he has got an equitable share of the deal, a just award of the transaction.



"GOING TO THE FAIR."

Similarly is it so with the cotter, who has his pig or two to dispose of at the fair. He, the laborer or serving-man, has his rent to pay for his cabin and little potato and cabbage patch, and a family to clothe and feed. The tragedy of Irish life is as grimly real to him if not

more so than to those of the general community with seeming larger responsibilities. He has as much reason to be concerned for the advantageous disposal of his pig, as the farmer has for that of his brood mare, lot of sheep, or cattle. He likewise, in council with his good woman, at their own fireside, considers beforehand, generally on the eve of the fair, the market value of the animal out of the proceeds of which each child of the

ROADSIDE BUTTER MARKET.

family expects to be presented with some new article of wearing apparel, confidently trusting in the promises of fond parents. So the poor man and his faithful wife together drive their one or two pigs to the fair and steadfastly resist the wily blandishments and strenuous persuasions of the jobbers until at length negotiations have been concluded, with the usual results.

Of course there is the bright side of the picture, and a very bright side it is at that. Once the buying and selling are done, all thoughts of care, grave apprehensions, are forgotten, disappear as effectually as if they had never haunted the imagination. At a bound their spirits become light and airy, genial, harmonious, and hospitable. Kin meets kin, and friend fraternizes with friend in old-time fellowship and kindly gossip, and genial glass with mellow mirth and humor ensue before the round of the fair is undertaken; when the games and sports are witnessed and actually participated in with a zeal and zest which present unmistakable evidence of the genuine pleasure that is being derived from the various forms of amusements abounding. Sounds of mirth and laughter fill the air, and of course the efforts of vocalists united with those of vagrant minstrels lend eclat, no matter how inharmonious, to the parti-colored scene.

Bang goes the crash of crockery! It

is the game of "Aunt Sally," in progress near at hand. Some keen-eyed, dexterous-handed youth, an athletic "broth o' a boy," has despoiled of its glass or earthenware headpiece one of the three or more stuffed figures standing some four feet high, and ten feet apart, about twenty yards distant from him. The weapon which the player hurls at the object of his aim is a club, some two feet long and thick in proportion for manipulative purposes. The clubs are dealt out to the player at the rate of "three arrows a penny," and a "pennysworths" of the same is the award of each successful cast. To be dexterous with the clubs is any but an easy matter, simple as the feat may appear. As a matter of fact only a very few will be found so sure of aim as to prove the exception to the general failures. And yet "Aunt Sally" is one of the most popular and patronized games at an Irish fair. When a skilled hand comes along and displays his mastery in the art of making "smithereens" of the show's available crockery, unless the proprietor has meanwhile judiciously exercised his authority by severing relations with such a ruinous connection, the spectators' admiration for and interest in the Olympian victor are unbounded.

The chorus of applause no sooner dies away at the scene of "Aunt Sally" than shouts of long and hearty laughter, and exclamations of amused surprise greet the ears and irresistibly arrest the attention. The expressions of spontaneous merriment are being provoked by the antics and amenities carried on between our venerable old friend Punch and his wife Judy. The show is inimitable and perennial. Even time has not robbed it of any of its freshness or lessened appreciation of its humor in the popular estimation. The mystery surrounding the personality of the actor who works the puppets behind the screens remains as

PLYING HIS TRADE AT THE FAIR

impenetrable and reverently awesome to the unsophisticated as at any time. "Punch and Judy" is a classic among shows, and will endure as the source of endless fun and wonderment as long as Irish fairs at any rate continue to be held and the man behind the screens pulls the strings.

Even the most level-headed and prosaic of the country people have something like a difficulty to properly realize that the puppets, Punch and Judy, are not in some way or another actual living, thinking beings, natives of some foreign clime—a fairy couple from the regions of Lilliput, or some captive spirits of their own land.

The ballad-singer has always the distinction and benefit of a large and appreciative audience, raptly listening to his or her, or both combined, best vocal efforts, giving labored expression to the tricks of their craft, by indulging in many and amazing skilful intonations, trills and fugues. The singers captivate their audience, who invariably are of a sentimental turn, by the subtle artistery of their methods in the rendition of the theme of their poetic effusions, as set down in the printed slips of paper in their hands. These slips, directly after each performance, are retailed to the admiring crowd, at the usual rate of a penny each song. Obviously the demand for the ballads will be in proportion to the effect their sentiments and rendering has created on the singers' discerning audience, just as the "peep-show" a few paces away will be patronized according to its merit. Unlike to this exacting of value is the spontaneity of the people's feelings for the beggar or cripple within sight, whose utter helplessness appeals to their hearts, and moves them to bestow upon the hapless one a dole without quite knowing that they have done so, or on the other hand applauding and rewarding for his excellence of performance the blind fiddler who jigs on the sward to the accompaniment of his own instrument, or the piper farther on, whose manipulation might provoke envy in a more learned disciple of the ancient bardic art.

As could only be expected where so many games are carried on and so much money changes hands some forms of gambling are sure to be engaged in at a fair—set up to lure the unwary and foolhardy by a vagrant set, whose thievery as a rule never goes unrewarded by the acquisition of ill-acquired gains. The thimble rigger, the card-sharper, the roulette man, and the other tricksters, with their pals, and their undetectable sleights of hand, are patronized by those who in other circumstances would blush to be found near them even for the most innocent purposes.

Then there are the booths where an endless variety of articles of personal comfort and adornment, and general and domestic use, is displayed, contiguous to where a "cut" or a meal off a whole boiled sheep, a savory "crubeen," or dices off an oleaginous hog's head with cabbage, potatoes, or buns, can be had for the payment, not to mention the joint and sweet stalls, and the stands on which the casks of cider are set. Amid all rise the tents, towering canvas erections bearing over their entrances such legends as "The Groves of Blarney," "The Rakes of Mallow," "The Spa Water" and the like. There all thoughts of possible lingering care are finally drowned in copious draughts of goodly cordial, drunk amid the revelry of festive music and dance, general chat, and much merriment. Relaxing the restraint of their work-a-day life the people characteristically celebrate the occasion. Nor will the afternoon be far advanced before they will be well on their way homewards.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

All on the pleasant mountain-slope
When heaven was blue,
What could we think of but love and hope—
I and you?

We wandered at will up the mountain-lane,
Two happy vagrants:
Reapers were reaping the golden grain;
Woodbine fragrance
Came with the wind, and went again.

Over the hill we followed the path
By bramble and briar;
Here was convolvulus, white as death,
And there hung out on the after-math
Berries of fire!

Thus we reached to a green, green field
Hard-by the way.
High and thick was the grassy yield,
And tents of hay
Against the wind made a goodly shield
By night or day.

And there, together in that pleasant place,
On the mountain-slope,
What could we speak of, face to face,
But love and hope?

Far and far to the rosy west
Many hills were:
And east, dark woods and one purple crest,
Alone and fair:
And near, one swallow with a snow-white breast,
Cleaving the air.

Green, O, green the grass by our feet!
And, flying over,
The one little swallow, lone and sweet,
Went, and the wind of its blue wing fleet
Shook the red clover.
One little swallow, lone and sweet—
Remember, my lover!

And the rose-red cloud was up in the west
With love's own colour.
We said: "Time enough for to-morrow's unrest;
Be it joy or dolour
Just for to-day let us love our best!"

* * * * *

But darkness drew to the mountain-slope,
And chilled the air.
We turned our faces from love and hope—
And we saw despair!

The voice of the wind began to speak
In the wood in the hollow;
The cloud was worn to its last red streak—
O lover, we looked from the lone high peak
To the lone sad swallow
That went on its flight, so mute and meek!

O lover, we looked from the darkening west
To the night in the sky;
And face to face, and bosom to breast,
We said: "Good-bye!"
And all on the dusky mountain-slope,
In the drip of the dew,
'Twas a long farewell to love and hope
For me and you!

CONALL CEARNACH.

A COUNTY ANTRIM LEGEND.

BY BULMER HOBSON.

There is an old Irish Legend which tells that it was pre-ordained by God, that on the day of the Crucifixion there should be in Jerusalem a man of every nation of the earth, who should witness the death of Christ, and then hie him home again, bearing the wondrous tale of Our Lord's life and death to his own people—so that all the nations of the world might hear the tidings.

And it so happened in the ordering of Providence, nearly two thousand years ago, that the Roman Legions, having subdued all the world then known to them, looked further to the North and further to the West for fresh lands to conquer and despoil. And having completed the invasion of Britain, the Eagles cast their eyes to the west and saw that Ireland was a land worthy of their attention, a land whose people were rich as well as warlike.

So the Roman General in Britain sent a messenger to Ireland, demanding that its people should submit to pay him tribute. The Messenger, speeding over the Moyle, landed on the Antrim coast, and straightway went to Ard-Macha, where Concobar MacNessa, King of Ulladh, was, and with him were the chieftains of the Red Branch.

Concobar sat on Emain Green playing chess with Fergus Mac Roy, his stepsire, when the Roman came, but no message would he hear then, but bade him wait till at night in the banqueting hall the assembled chieftains of Ulladh might hear him.

Concobar was young and very tall, and very beautiful he looked in the sunlight as he sat. The table before him was of silver, curiously inlaid, and the chessmen were of gold and silver brightly burnished.

Opposite the King sat Fergus, the Champion of the Clanna Rury, and beside him stood Conall Cearnach.

Conall was the youngest and bravest chieftain of the Red Branch, and his territories stretched from Larne to Ballycastle, and far away to the westward.

That night there were many chiefs feasting at Emania. The banqueting hall was a mighty room. At one end, on a raised dias, sat Concobar, while on the other, on the Champion's throne, was Fergus Mac Roy. Round the room sat the chieftains, above each his shield, their bright-hued brattas open, showing the saffron lena.

A bard, seated beside the King, chanted a tale of by-gone days and olden glory, and at the tones of his harp, the hum of talking was hushed, and men listened eagerly, and when the tale was ended, a great shouting spoke their admiration of the hero of the lay.

As their applause died away the Roman stood up and delivered his message, bidding Concobar yield obedience and tribute to the Romans, and threatening that the legions should come to waste the land if they did not submit. And at that message, Concobar laughed long, and loud, and scornfully, and with him, too, the Red Branch laughed, so that the sound of their mirth was heard all over Ulladh. At this the Roman was very wroth and threatened many things, but they only laughed the more.

Then the hum of much talking and laughing was heard through the hall, but the Roman sat moodily, for he was very angry. But as the mether passed again,

his anger went, and soon he was telling them of all the lands he had seen, and of the wonders of the East, and of Rome. The warriors listened, for most of them had been but to Alba or Gaul, raiding for plunder, but of all those that heard him, Conall Cearnach listened most, and asked him questions, and wondered at his tales.

And then the stranger told him of the City by the Tiber, told him of its wealth, its buildings, its learning, and its games, so that Conall longed much that he might see it. Then he described to him many lands, the riches and learning of the Egyptians, of the Greeks, and the Persians, and more beside, so that on the next day, when the Roman was leaving Emain Macha, Conall said that he would go with him into Britain, and then on to Rome, for he was all afire to see these strange sights and new wonders that the Roman spoke of. And Conall only took with him Fiachra Mor, his foster-brother and clansman, and no other following would he have.

They passed into Britain, and going south at the City of Londinium they got a ship to take them to Gaul. Through Gaul they went to Italy, and southwards to Rome. Many days were they in Rome, seeing many strange men and things. The mighty amphitheatre, the gorgeous public baths, and splendid buildings, they saw them all,—saw, and perhaps compared these glories to the wooden halls,—each in its Lios, and the strong stone cashels of their own land.

Thus they wandered, till it fell one day, as they walked abroad as usual, there came upon them suddenly a band of the Prætorian guards, who closed around them and sought to take them prisoners. Conall with his colg clove down two men, and wounding others sprang free, but Fiachra, not being able to draw his weapon soon enough, was surrounded and dragged into a house by the roadside, and the door once shut, Conall was powerless to rescue.

Being short of gladiators for the big games to be held on the morrow, the guards had thought to capture these large-limbed strangers.

Conall, now left alone, wandered angry and disconsolate, till on the morrow seeing a great crowd of people streaming to the amphitheatre to see the games, he went with them. 'Twas no sport to the northern warrior to see man fight beast, for the pleasure of the cowardly Roman throng, sitting safe perched above the fray. Sweeter to him the swift chariot race, though he wondered why girls should urge the rushing steeds, while the men watched the sport, and sweeter to him the fleet foot-race than the carnage and the blood. Two men had now been slain, and a third, a man of giant size comes forth, he looks,—and it is Fiachra. At that moment is heard the harsh clang of iron grating, and from its den a lion comes with swift, cat-like tread. It stops, then springs to meet its foe, but as it leaped in air, Fiachra's battle-axe crashed on its skull, and the brute fell lifeless at his feet.

The multitude rejoiced to see such sport and called loudly to loose another beast, but with a bound Conall sprang into the arena, and together he and Fiachra moved towards the entrance. Another beast was loosed, but stood irresolute at the opening of its den as the two moved away. The crowd, fearing to be baulked of sport, rose in tumult, calling loudly, and a band of soldiers advanced to drive them back. But each with his weapon bared, they cut their way from the building, slaying many men as they went, and so out upon the deserted streets and out of Rome. That night under the stars, they sped away from the city, and many days went they to the northward. Then thinking to see other lands and wonders, they set their faces to the

East and so they journeyed on. But they knew not that it was the hand of God that was leading them.

After many days' wandering, they came to a noble city. Afar off they saw it, its towering minarets gleaming in the sun, and the white walls of its houses glaring brightly. Many cities they had passed but none, save Rome, so great as this, for this was Jerusalem.

As they neared the city, they wondered at hearing a great shouting, as if some mighty popular tumult was going on within its walls. The voices of many men rose and fell, some in anger, some in grief, some in supplication,—a confused roar it seemed, which was heard over all the country round for several miles. Then they saw coming out of the city, a confused mass of men, a seething, surging mass of men and women, all crowding round a band of soldiers who were marching quickly along.

As they approached Conall, he saw that among the soldiers there walked a man who seemed to be the object of the anger of the multitude. The crowd came on swiftly,—a whirlwind of fury, calling out in a strange tongue. There were some who seemed to be in authority, but they were more angry and infuriated than the rest, and were urging the crowd with voice and gesture. The prisoner passed, he was pale and very weak, and staggered under the weight of a large cross that he had to carry. The soldiers pushed and hustled him along, as fainting, his steps would lag. Conall knew that they were taking him to death. One day in Rome he saw the soldiers lead a man through the streets, bearing a cross, but he was well able to bear the weight, and had the air of a criminal. But this man was so different, weak, staggering along, looking so noble, so patient in his suffering,—*he* was no criminal, though about to be crucified. Conall addressed several men in the Latin tongue, which he had become acquainted with, but they answered him in a language he did not understand, pointing to the prisoner and shouting wildly. At last he saw an old man, walking with head bent in sorrow, taking no heed to the howling mob about him, and Conall spoke to him saying, "Canst thou tell us the reason of this tumult and who is the man they would crucify, for we are strangers but newly come here." "Truly ye be strangers, or ye would have heard," he answered. "He whom they lead to death is our Messiah, our Promised One." "Tell me of Him," said Conall, "for I am a man of a nation away to the westward, and I know naught of this land."

Then the stranger told how through the long ages the great God had promised them a Deliverer, a King, and how through the years men had waited for His coming. And now He had come, and they would not receive Him; He had lived among them, but they cast Him out, He had labored to help them, to heal them, to do them good, but they turned to slay Him. The old man and Conall moved along with the multitude till they stopped, and the soldiers hastily stretched the prisoner on the cross, round Him the infuriated mob. Still the old man's voice sounded in Conall's ears, telling of this prisoner's spotless life of self-sacrifice, of His goodness, His kindness, His nobleness,—still the words rang in his ears, he was no longer amid the howling throng but away on a mountain; he saw not a prisoner, but a teacher, and round him an expectant multitude, listening to His words; he saw again where the same teacher, standing in the mean streets and squalid places of the city, comforted the sorrowful, gave sight to the sightless, and bound up the broken hearts of the poor and the lonely ones. He saw, as still the burning words fell on his ears, the Master stand before the

Judgment Seat in the Sanhedrim, and later dragged before the Roman, and now a prisoner, the soldiers were raising Him aloft; setting up the cross, on it the poor tortured body.

All these passed before the eyes of the warriors, as they listened to the words of the man, eloquent in the passion of his grief. And now the voice ceased. They looked round, and there reared aloft was the cross, on it the Teacher and below Him the mob,—their fury of imprecations turned to loud exultant shouts.

In Conall's heart was fury. In a moment his colg was in his hand. Fiachra by his side, swiftly he was moving to the blood-stained cross. The crowd gave way before the striding warriors, awe-stricken at the anger in their eyes. Thus they came to the foot of the cross, when the soldiers fearing an interruption of the crucifixion, drew their weapons and stood closely together. With a spring the two were on them. Conall's colg and Fiachra's battle-axe crashed through shield and breast-plate, as with terrific fury they attacked the soldiers. The guards fought stubbornly, while the throng round them, fearing to touch the warriors, broke again into a loud cursings and imprecations. But through the dust and din of conflict, Conall looking up for an instant, the Crucified gave him a look of such piercing, boundless sorrow as made him know that the rescue they would fain attempt could never be. Still they fought, but overcome by numbers, the two were driven, struggling, from the cross, and as they went, they saw the cowardly multitude throng round again with loud cries. Sorrowful they went away, and that night they turned to the west, to seek Eirinn again.

A very long time were they traveling over land and sea, till they reached Ireland, and straight they went to Emain Macha.

Night had fallen over the King's palace e'er they reached it, and as they drew near Conall said to Fiachra, "The Red Branch were wont to be feasting in the great hall, soon we shall hear the sound of their mirth." Yet as they approached, they heard no sound of laughter as of old, though they saw in the distance the light of the Dun. Wondering, they hastened on, but meeting a swineherd, late returning, they asked him how it was that they did not hear the sounds of revelry that were wont to ring through Emain Macha. "No song or mirth is in Emain now," he said, "for Concobar, the King, is in his sickness and must be kept quiet and still. Heard ye not how last Beltaine, he was struck with a Brain ball from the sling of Keth. Concobar was by the Shannon and Keth from the further bank cast a ball which lodged in the King's head. Fingen, his Leech, said that he might live long if he was always kept quiet, but if he became excited or angry he would die speedily."

This was heavy news for Conall, and sadly he and Fiachra came to the door of the Dun. They stood in the shadow of the doorway, and there they saw the Red Branch as of old, seated round the hall, but the faces of the warriors were sad, and instead of song and lively speech, they whispered low to each other not to disturb the King. At the end of the room, on a couch, lay Concobar, his beautiful face listless and fretful, aged with suffering. Long they stood at the door unnoticed, and then they entered, and there was much joy of their coming, but even in their joy the warriors were careful not to excite the King, for they all loved him much.

But Concobar, rejoicing to see them back, bade them be seated near him, and tell of the things they had seen. And Conall began to tell of their wanderings through Britain and Gaul to Rome, and

of their adventures there, and the chiefs marveled much at all the things they heard. Then they told of their leaving Rome, and traveling to the lands in the east, and of their arrival at Jerusalem. And Conall, deeply moved by the memory of that fateful day, forgot the King's condition, and speaking louder, using freer gesture told of the prisoner who looked so noble, and the words of the old man who spoke to them of Him, and their vain attempt at rescue. He described all in glowing words, while they listened breathless—then he remembered the King, and stopped, and looked at him.

Concobar sat upright, with blazing eyes, anger on the face erstwhile so listless and suffering. After a moment he spoke. "Hast thine arm lost its strength, O Conall, that these warriors drove thee back, thou and Fiachra?" and springing up in fury he cried, "O that I had been there!—that the Clanna Rury had been there! the mad rabble should not have slain the Teacher. Our headlong rush would have swept away the soldiers, and tearing down the cross, the piercing nails we would have drawn, and borne away the Great One in triumph. Our best leech should heal his wounds, and this great Teacher in Eirinn where the great and wise ones are honored should have taught the men of the Red Branch how to be great, how to live, how to be men."

Thus raving, his passion overcame the King; quivering in every limb he sank down expiring, still angry that he had not been there to save the Teacher.

THE CALL OF SPRING.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

The bird-notes from the bushes, and the blossoms on the trees,
The rapture of the sunshine, and the music of the breeze,
The ripple of the brooklet, and the humming of the bees,
Are calling to this vagrant heart of mine!
And I would that I might follow where their voices lead me on,
To where the birds are building, and the trees their verdure don,—
For I claim the right of kinship, for the sake of days long gone,
When the Springtime cheered this lonely heart of mine!

Though, nowadays, I'm yearning with these joys to have a share,
I own myself as fettered with the shackles I must wear;
Still, I hear sweet voices calling, calling, calling ev'rywhere,
Finding answer in this weary heart of mine!
And I wonder if the Springtime reaches to the other shore;
If birds, and flow'rs, and music, will be there for evermore;
And, when I think it *may* be, then I wish that life were o'er
For this lonely, weary, vagrant heart of mine!

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

O Mary, mild and pitiful! I have a sorry story
Of a little lad that went to play among the thorn-trees hoary,
And how, as twilight fell,
The Good-Folk sang a spell,
And bore away the boy that was his mother's pride and glory.

There's a young bird in the woven nest, in a tree in Cushendall:
There's a young fawn with the deer that drinks at the glancing water-fall:
But, by the hearth at eve,
'Tis I may sit and grieve,
And I a lonely woman without a child at all.

I put my cloak about me, and I took the road to-day,
To talk with Martin Dempsey's wife, a woman bent and grey.
I crossed her palm with gold,
She loosed her tongue, and told
Of many a mumbled charm she heard the older people say.

She gave me a black-hafted knife, 'twas cruel-keen and bright,
She bid me seek the smooth, green rath, all in the lone midnight,
And stout of heart and strong,
To face the Fairy-throng,
And draw the blood of a Fairy-steed crossing a moonbeam white.

The dew is lying on the grass, and the stars are shining out,
And soon I'll climb the Fairy-hill, and peep and peer about,
To see the pretty son
The Gentle Folk have won
To join their moonlit hosting, and their merry midnight rout.

'Tis then I'll meet fair, radiant People, riding from the Dún,
On coal-black steeds, with saddles of gold, and shod with silver shoon,
Galloping hard behind
A piercing, pure-cold wind,
Over the hills of Ireland following the moon.

All in the midst will go my boy, as pale as any ghost,
But as the charmed knife wounds the steed, then will that Fairy-host
Rise on the wind, and pass,
A wisp of withered grass,
And the boy be found in his own warm bed behind the chimney-post.

Paters and Aves I have told, seventy times and seven:
O Mary, mild and merciful, look down on me this even!
It was yourself did miss
A twelve-year Laddie's kiss,
And the mother's heart is in your breast, for all you're Queen of heaven!

LADY DUFFERIN.

From an engraving by H. Robinson, after the drawing by F. Stone.

IRELAND'S GREATEST GLORIES.

BY SIDNEY HOWARD.

That Ireland is a land of great natural beauty, no one who is familiar with the high-ways and by-ways of Erin can deny. Her awe-inspiring mountains and her peaceful plains, her wild morasses and her well-trimmed lawns, her quaint hamlets and her majestic castles, her splendid cathedrals and her picturesque chapels, her mountain lakes and her pilgrim-sought shrines—combine to form a picture as fair as poet might fancy or painter might trace under the influence of the loftiest inspiration. But important as are her natural glories, they al-

most fade away when compared with the triumphs of her children in the paths of holiness and of intellectual supremacy. Every student of history knows that the time was when civilized Europe studied

JANE BARLOW.

From a photograph taken in 1904 by J. F. Geoghegan, Dublin.

wisdom at the feet of Irish professors, when almost the only harbingers of glad tidings were Irish saints, and when from Erin's springs copious streams of grace gushed over the parched lands of northern Europe. What a striking picture, for example, Archbishop Healy gives us of the school of St. Finian with its three thousand scholars. Here lectures were given on the Holy Scriptures, in the green fields around the moat of Clonard. The master sat on a hillock, while his earnest students encircled the grassy slopes around. These were easily accommodated with food and lodging, for

they built their own little huts through the meadows, where several of them sometimes lived together like soldiers in a tent. They sowed their own grain; they ground their own corn with the hand-mill; they fished in the neighboring rivers and had room within the termon lands to graze cattle to give them milk in abundance. When supplies ran short they put wallets on their backs and went out in turn to seek for the necessaries of life and were never refused abundant supplies by the people. Their clothing was meagre, they had no books to buy, and the education was, as a rule, entirely gratuitous.

Even were other examples wanting, this in itself would show the intense love of the Irish people for mental pursuits. That this ardent devotion to the cause of learning has never ceased its glow is amply evidenced by the volumes be-

LADY GREGORY

From a pencil sketch made in 1893.

fore us. Turning over the pages of these ten sumptuously prepared books*—what mines of intellectual wealth do we not discover? From the fairy tale to the drama, from the epic to the novel each department is not only represented but can boast of many illustrious names.

There is a singular charm about Irish literature which is not possessed by any other nation in so high a degree. First of all, there is a crystal *clearness* in the style. Obscurity of thought and vagueness of expression seem utterly foreign to Celtic genius. What an Irishman grasps, he grasps thoroughly, and what he grasps thoroughly he expresses clearly. Like the waters of a translucent lake are the clear, terse periods to be found in these tomes.

Irish literature is also pre-eminently *vivid* in style. This quality is a natural outgrowth of the Celt's clearness of vision. Hence, he paints no shadowy outlines, no cloudy, undefined groupings; his scenes stand out in almost startling reality, his characters move and act as naturally and as well-defined as people act and move in actual life. To its quality of vividness must we add another remarkable attribute, its *cleanness.* There is nothing murky, nothing dark, nothing unsavory in Irish literature. "The white flower of a blameless life" is never forgotten, the foulness of crime is never extenuated, the beauty of innocence is never lost sight of. What a difference in this respect between the manly cleanness of Irish writers and the sickening filth in which so many French writers wallow!

It is also a *vigorous* literature. Poetic the Celt may be—emotional, if you will, but he is never languid. That dreamy languor which borders on the sensual is entirely absent from Celtic writings. Erin's orators speak with crushing vigor, and her poets tell their story with inspiring animation. Yet withal there is a deep *pathos* ringing out from every oration and echoing from every poem. With what consummate skill the emotions are tempest-swept; with what marvellous ingenuity the loftiest passions are aroused to healthy activity!

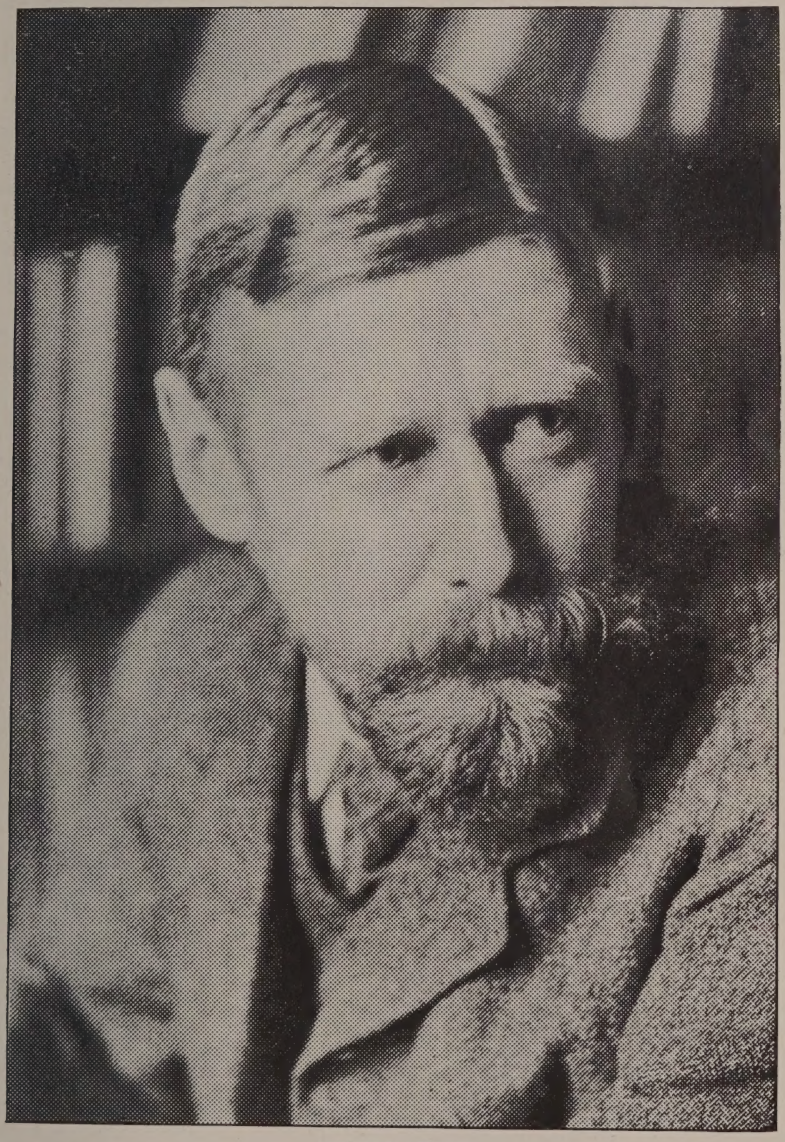
It is above and beyond this a literature of *power,* and this quality as De Quincey assures us, is the test of true literature.

"All that is literature seeks to communicate power, all that is not literature to communicate knowledge." What is meant by the communication of power? Making the reader feel vividly, and with a vital consciousness emotions which ordinary life rarely or never supplies occasions for exciting, and which had previously lain unawakened, and hardly within the dawn of consciousness—when these inert and sleeping forms are organized, when these possibilities are actualized, this conscious and living possession is the communication of power. And this is one of the highest attributes of Irish literature—it communicates power.

It is also a deeply *religious* literature. There breathes through all the writings of Ireland's literary sons that spirit of religious reverence which harmonizes with the sturdy belief of her people, and which is absolutely free from that poisonous infidelity that taints so many other literatures. The Celt is too deep a thinker to be captivated by the shallow sophistries of scepticism; he is too reverential to tolerate aught that shows contempt for the dignity of life, for the greatness of enthusiasm and devotion, for the majesty of duty, for the sacredness of law, or for the blessedness of home and family ties; he is too spiritual-minded to heed the materialistic ravings of the sensual or the low-born utterances of the earthy. Principles of justice, of respect for women, of loyalty to rulers, of attachment to friend, of regard

*Irish Literature. John D. Morris and Company, Phila.

for the laws of the Supreme Being and of a tender conscience in all matters concerning those fundamental regulations which are the base of all personal and social integrity—these are the teachings inculcated in the volumes before us. They will, consequently, prove not only a source of instruction to those who possess them, but they will be a solace in the moments of depression and an inspirer towards what is highest and noblest in all the varying phases of human existence.

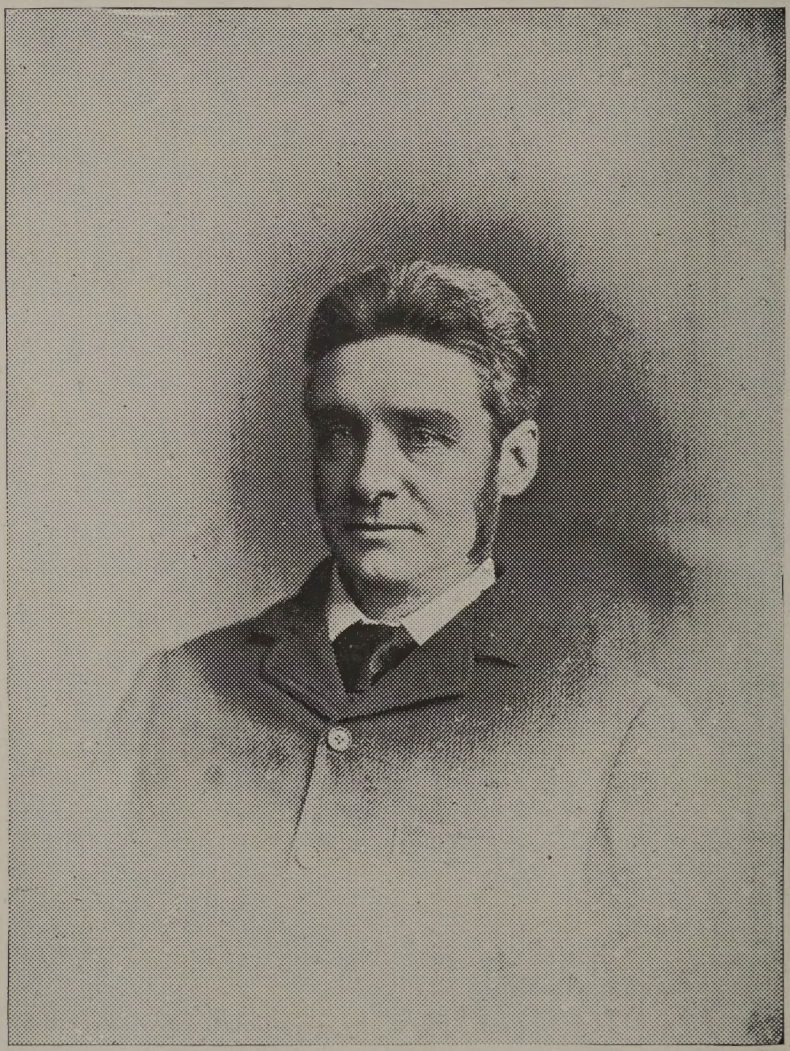


STEPHEN GWYNN.

From a photograph by Booker & Sullivan, London.

That the choice of the pieces pre-

sented as representative of the various authors' ability is judicious, we may gather from the names of the editors who are all of recognized standing in the literary world, Justin McCarthy, being Editor-in-Chief, and Maurice F. Egan, Lady Gregory, James Jeffrey Roche, and Charles Welsh, the Associate Editors. The work of each author is introduced by an adequate biography, a literary appreciation, and an extensive bibliography. The mere contents of the first volume will be a revelation to many people who do not know that very, very many of our best writers belong to the Land of the Shamrock. Thus we have Cecil Frances Alexander, William Alexander, William Allingham, Edmund John Armstrong, Sarah Atkinson, Brother Azarias, Sir Robert Stawell Ball, John

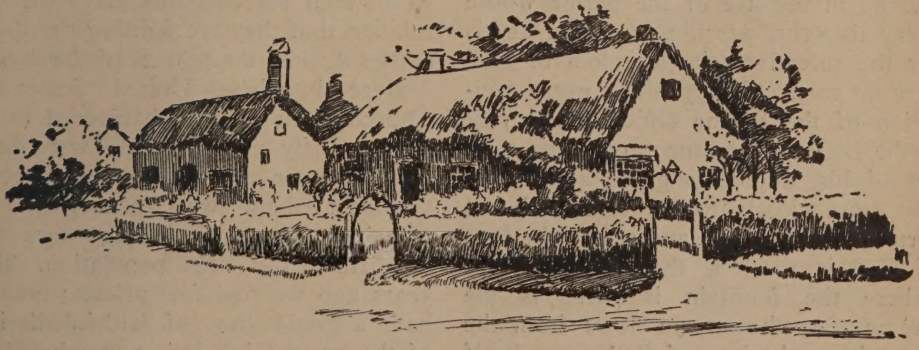


STANDISH O'GRADY.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

Banim, Michael Banim, Jane Barlow, Eaton Stannard Barrett, Sir Jonah Barrington, Michael Joseph Barry, William Francis Barry, Robert Bell, Bishop Berkeley, Isaac Bickerstaff, Mary Elizabeth Blake, the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Blundell, Matthias M'Donnel Bodkin, Dion Boucicault, Thomas Boyd, John Boyle, William Boyle, Joseph Brenan, Charlotte Brooke, Henry Brooke, Stopford Augustus Brooke, John Brougham, Frances Browne, John Ross Browne, James Bryce, William Buckley, Kevin T. Buggy, Shan F. Bullock, Edmund Burke, Thomas N. Burke, Richard Francis Burton. If so many treasures are contained in one volume, what golden mines the entire collection must contain? There is, as we have stated, no department of literature which does not boast of an Irish writer among its leaders. In oratory among others we have Burke, Curran, Emmet, Flood, Grattan, O'Connell, Plunket, Meagher, Sheil, Sheridan and Steele; in history Bryce, Joyce, McCarthy, O'Curry, O'Donovan, Gilbert, Mahaffy, Russell, Daunt, Lecky, O'Brien, Hyde and Fitzgerald; in poetry, Moore, Goldsmith, Banim, Alexander, Duffy, Mangan, De Vere, Davis, Ferguson, Wolfe, Armstrong, Yeats, Gwynn, Prout, Graves, Hyde, McCarthy, Chesson, MacManus, and the countless writers of patriotic songs who have veiled their identity under the mantle of silence; in science, Tyndall, Ball, Kelvin, Clerk; in travel and exploration, Dufferin, Warburton, Butler, Dunraven and Burton; in fiction, a small army of noted writers; in dramatics, Boucicault, Bickerstaff, Coyne, Sheridan, Croly, Hyde, Kenney, Wills, and Knowles; and so of all the other departments of literature. What department is there in which Irish names do not hold a place of distinction?

The publishers have given these specimens of Irish genius a splendid setting. The paper is of the best quality, the binding solid and attractive, while the illustrations, portraying, as they do, noted scenes from Irish history, famous historical characters or examples of Irish art, are all executed in the highest form of the book-lover's art. Altogether we have in this rare collection a splendid monument of Celtic genius and of Celtic power.



OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXXV.

In our last study we briefly outlined the great sources of strength in the life of the priest. We named them in the order of their importance, the daily offering of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the recitation of the Divine Office, daily meditation, the preaching of the Word of God, and the confessional. To these should be added the grace of the pastoral office.

The pastoral office brings to the priest an abundance of graces. His life must be the life of charity and self-denial. "God is charity; and he that abideth in charity abideth in God and God in him." (St. John, IV. 16.) God is the life of the soul and where this life abides the evil one has no power. So reasoned the great St. Paul, and so reasoned the saints of God during the Christian centuries. Every act of piety, every prayer of the heart, every kind thought, kindles the grace of charity in the soul of the least and the humblest of God's creatures. If this be so for the general run of men, how much more should it abound in the life of the pastor whose every thought, word, prayer and act is for the spread of the kingdom of God here on earth. Every Mass, every recitation of the Divine Office, every visit to the Blessed Sacrament, every pastoral act of his, augments grace and unites him more closely to the God-head and turns hope into love, and where the love of God is there is the love of souls. Where the fountain is there is the stream. As the stream flows from the fountain so the love of God pours itself out in love to man. Our brotherly love of our pastoral charge, of our kindred, of our friends and our enemies, is a splendid discipline and an aid in our own sanctification. It often exacts of us the greatest self-denial for we must be all to all where there is a question of the salvation of souls.

The work of the priest is everywhere blessed throughout the universal Church, but nowhere perhaps more so than here in these United States. In certain portions of the old world the work of the pastor is hard in the extreme. To watch a flickering and departing life is the saddest office of love and patience. In many portions of Europe for the past three hundred years the light of faith has been dying. This sad state of affairs is the result of the misguided reformation of the sixteenth century. It is a dreadful thing to see a once Christian people turning its back upon the light. The faithful clergy of these disrupted portions of the vineyard of the Lord have the happiness of knowing that they are on God's side and that they are contending for the rights of His Church. In all their sorrows they have the consolation that they are fighting the Lord's battles against the powers of darkness.

Here in these United States the Church is in no way hampered in her work. Fifty years ago we were but a handful, poor and scattered over a vast territory. Now we are a great and growing power, numbering more than one-fifth of the entire population. Fifty years ago we had few priests; now we have a grand army of faithful disciples of the great High Priest marshaled under a watchful energetic hierarchy. We have no state patronage nor state sup-

port. The Church is protected in its own independence and its liberty. We are pastors of a flock descended from martyrs and confessors whose forefathers laid down their lives for their faith. They would rather die than sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. Their exiled descendants have brought to these shores the faith and fervor in religious belief of their sturdy forefathers. They flocked here from every portion of the habitable globe. Most of them came poor and penniless, and hence we priests in a special manner are pastors of the poor. This was the lot of our divine Master who lived among the poor, and to share His lot is a pledge of His love. If He is with us, who can be against us?

II.

Next to the grace of God for a priest is the precious gift of time. Time is full of eternity. As we use it so shall we be. Every hour of the day has its opportunities and graces. This is true of every living soul. As a man soweth, so shall he reap. All men have their planting time and their time for harvest. This is for time and eternity. If we neglect the seed time we will lose the harvest. Another time may be given us, but that which is lost is lost forever.

Now, if time be so precious for the general run of mankind how much more so should it be for the priest. Happy is he who can give an account of his time. Unfortunately, there are some who never seem to value it; some never think of it; it runs away before they make an effort to use it. Some there are who knowingly waste it through indolence; and some are so irregular that time wastes itself. They are always in a hurry—yet always late, always unprepared.

Who can measure the value of a priest's time? Following the spiritual guides of the centuries in this important matter, we will try to measure its value. The first measure of our time is the Holy Mass. This belongs to God. The time given up to our preparation and thanksgiving ought never be given up to anything else. It is not ours to give away. This is our time to speak with God—to commune with our dear Jesus—to give thanks to the most blessed Trinity. The fragrance and fervor of a day so begun is upon us all day long—pervading it with a sense of our relation to our heavenly master and teaching us to be watchful in guarding every moment of this precious treasure. Our whole day is thus sweetened by the blessed atmosphere of the Holy Mass.

The second measure of the value of time is the amount of time the priest gives to study. How can the lips of the priest keep a knowledge of the science of God unless he be a man of study? The theology and philosophy of our seminary days are soon obscured by the failure of memory, and by the dust of a strenuous missionary life. To the hard-working missionary priest every moment is precious. He can always find a little time to devote to his old text-books—or even to go deeper into his earlier studies. Odd moments can thus be utilized. The busiest priest ought to have certain hours for sacred study. This is a splendid test of the priest's appreciation of the value of time. And it is not difficult. We can order the hours of the day so as to take out of them sufficient time for earnest study and a little desultory reading. The priest who values his time scarcely ever fails to find enough for everything. It is a generally admitted axiom that some of us do everything as if we did nothing, while others do nothing as if they did everything.

Some books need deep study and continuous attention: some of a lighter kind can be read during flying moments, and others may be taken up at any time. A close student once advised a friend of his "to always have a good supply of five minute books on hand." The advice

is a good one, for many a book can be read in a year by devoting five minutes a day to the same. All that is needed is to begin and to form the habit of attention. A little less time spent with the daily newspapers, prolonged conversations, visits which are neither pastoral nor beneficial, lingering and dreaming and doubting as to what we should read, will give the most fervent of us plenty of opportunities to consecrate a few hours each day to reading and study. To-day the priest who would exercise a healthy and helpful influence among the little flock committed to his care, as well as among the people not of the Fold, must be a good student, well-read, and up-to-date in literature, science, and history. He should also have a clear grasp of the current thought of the day. Then he will be able to safeguard the weak and immature minds entrusted to his care and be helpful to the community in which he lives.

Another standard of the value of time is our work in the confessional. There is no surer sign of the predestination to glory of the faithful shepherd than his love of this consoling work. It is not an easy task to sit in the confessional long hours, year in and year out, listening to the sins and sorrows of unknown multitudes. Preaching is a great aid to religion—but the confessional is even a greater help and far more difficult. Here there is no public display of self, no natural excitement, no allurement of a personal nature in listening to the stories of sin and misery, with all their harrowing details. It is a work that demands in the highest degree the repression of our personal infirmities of temper, impatience, and want of sympathy. Here the opportunity is offered every hour to be kind and sympathetic in word and deed. This care of souls is in the highest sense the pastor's work. What use of time can be compared to this guidance of souls? We know that we have the power of binding and loosing, and that in the confessional, souls which are perishing are washed in the waters of penance —and the penitent are helped on to perfection, and the innocent are guarded in their union with God and led to higher flights of sanctity, and that God is glorified in our poor efforts, and hence our work in the confessional should be a labor of love.

What I have said about the patience and charity of the confessor applies with greater force to the care of the sick and the dying. These poor creatures, can scarcely pray or think for themselves. The burden of a suffering, dying body dulls and deadens the mind. It is at that time of sorrow and fear that the voice of the true pastor, or his representatives, cheers and supports the helpless. His consoling words of faith and hope and love and contrition—the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and the comforting presence of the priest fill the mind that can no longer think, with light and peace and consolation. It is not enough to administer mechanically and even piously the last sacraments. There is needed also the sweet consolations of the good shepherd who knows his sheep and is known by them as their help and solace in the last passage to Eternity.

Another measure of the value of time is prayer. We must "pray without ceasing," says the great Apostle, St. Paul. A pastor's whole life may be a life of communion with God. The success of the lives of pastors and assistants depends upon and is measured by their prayers. They who pray most accomplish most. There is nothing we may not ask of the Almighty, and there is no blessing that He will not pour out upon us—for we are God's best beloved. We are what our communion with God in prayer makes us. Our faces shine or grow dim as we are nearer or farther from God in prayer. A calm, recollected

mind is the reward of prayer. The words of a priest always united with God have a life, a warmth, and a persuasion, which no natural gifts can give.

Perhaps the greatest value of the priest's time is the end for which he lives. He is a living witness for his divine Master in testifying to the truth. There is no uncertainty or ambiguity in his teaching. He is in word and example the staunch defender of the commandments and God and of Holy Mother Church. He is the light of the world and the salt of the earth. His mind and his life must give forth a steady light that will light up the pathway of life and thus inspire all with confidence. He is the salt of the earth that is to purify life and regenerate society. To successfully accomplish all this he must be pure in thought, word, and deed—and then his contact will be helpful to all around and about him. His field of labor is the world which is filled with wheat and tares. The evil-minded are less dangerous to him than the good and the virtuous, for these latter waste his time by their visits, devour it by their invitations, entangle him by their talk, encompass him by their receptions which, though sinless, are out of harmony with the life of the priest. Friendships spring up, personal attractions disturb the calm of his mind, and the equilibrium of his spiritual life is upset. A false relation is thus formed, and, though harmless, draws him away from his divine Master, the priest's only friend, to whom his whole heart was given at ordination. All this happens during the time the good priest has wasted. Against this and all other dangers the surest remedy is a wise disposition of our time. Every priest should have a fixed hour for rising and going to rest, for holy Mass and Divine Office, for study and writing, for the teaching of catechism, and going through the school, for visiting the sick, and for helping the poor, for hearing confessions, and for his visit to the Holy Eucharist. There should be a fixed quantity allotted to each of these divisions of time. In such an arrangement there will be little time left for the world or for society—for the priest's life is out of the world. His real home is in the sanctuary; the saints are his society; good books are his companions. Happy the priest who appreciates the real value of time.

(To be Continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Middel Ages—Sketches and Fragments. By Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L. New York. 1905.

In this volume Dr. Shahan keeps up the same high degree of excellence which was so marked a feature in the previous volume on the early church. The subjects treated are: "Gregory the Great and the Barbarian World, Justinian the Great, The Religion of Islam, Catholicism in the Middle Ages, The Christians of Saint Thomas, The Mediæval Teacher, The Book of a Mediæval Mother, German Schools in the Sixteenth Century, Baths and Bathing in the Middle Ages, Clergy and People in Mediæval England, The Cathedral Builders of Mediæval Europe, The Results of the Crusades, On the Italian Renaissance." In his thoughtful preface the eminent author states that he will "be amply rewarded if the various papers serve to arouse a wider interest in that thousand years of Christian history that opens with Clovis and closes with the discovery of the New World.

"Both in Church and State the life of today is rooted in those ten marvellous centuries of transition, during which the Catholic Church was mother and nurse to the infant nations of the West, a prop and consolation to the Christians of the Orient. Our modern institutions and habits of thought, our ideals and the great lines of our history, are not intelligible apart from a sufficient understanding of what men thought, hoped, attempted, suffered and founded in the days when there was but one Christian faith from Otranto to Drontheim. The problems that now agitate us and seem to threaten our inherited social order were problems for the mediæval man." How ably mediæval man met and grappled with these problems Dr. Shahan tells us in pages of surpassing depth of thought, of broadness of research, of unassailable accuracy, and of a style remarkably clear, eloquent and polished. What a blessing to journey through the middle ages with guides like Father Shahan of the University, and Father Peterson of St. John's Seminary, Brighton.

Not only is this volume an important contribution to our too scanty literature upon mediæval life, but it will prove a valuable help to the vast army of public school-teachers who have so frequently to discuss the many problems connected with the Middle Ages.

Pastoral Medicine. By Alexander Sanford. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. Price, $1.50.

On account of the close interaction between soul and body, it is absolutely necessary that the priest should be acquainted with what is called Pastoral Medicine, or with those facts of physical science, as developed by the medical profession, for the purpose of applying them in pastoral functions and in explanation and support of the teachings of faith and morals. With this knowledge, how powerfully the spiritual guide can aid the sufferer; without it how woefully he may fail to comprehend the real cause of a sick person's malady! All wise persons will grant the absolute need of a thorough understanding of the general phenomena accompanying certain physical disturbances on the part of those to whom the care of souls has been entrusted.

Principles of Sacred Eloquence. By John Placid Conway, O.P. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. Price, 50 cents.

There are many useful suggestions in this book, and sacred oratory would undoubtedly gain were these principles universally adopted. The sacred orator has the sublimest theme, why should he not clothe it in befitting language; he has willing hearers, why should he not sway them by the noblest emotions; he holds the loftiest office, why should he not speak with utter fearlessness and emphasis? But this cannot be done without deep and prolonged study and without the aid of those principles which experience has shown to be most helpful in the domain of public speech.

Wit and Humor of Well-known Quotations. Edited by Marshall Brown. Boston. Small, Maynard & Co. 1905.

Expressions that have become part and parcel of a nation's daily language surely claim our serious attention. In these we perceive the wisdom of past sages, and the fruit of broad experience. What a pleasure, then, to travel back through the history of a clever saying, to study its growth and the varied robes wherein the same thought has been clothed! Mr. Brown has brought together a large number of interesting variations of proverb-expressions in a way certainly fitted to "quicken the intellect and to add something to the joy and wisdom and betterment of life."

Brother and Sister. By Jean Charrnau, S.J. Translated by S. T. Otten. St. Louis. Herder. 1905.

A charming story of the highest order — a story for the priest and for the laymen, for the lettered and for the ignorant, for the dweller in luxury and for the poverty-stricken breadwinner. Full of stirring in-

cident, of striking adventure, of skillful situations, and of deep pathos, this story will never weary, but will always instruct and please. It is a remarkable portrayal of a gifted man's strange wanderings and of a true-hearted sister's unfailing loyalty, How often we have met the like in daily life! How strongly Père Charrnau has drawn the scenes! How impressively and yet how artistically the lesson is driven home! Altogether we have here a volume which will read a lesson of wisdom to the tried and true, and a lesson of warning to the heedless, gay younglings who are captivated by the gilded baubles of a sense-seeking world.

QUESTION BOX.

How are we to explain the brazen serpent which was to be a sign for the Israelites, after they had murmured in the desert? Since the serpent is usually taken to represent the devil, how can it be said to represent Christ?

It is true that the serpent, lithe and crafty, gliding along in a manner that escapes notice, striking with its poisonous fangs its unguarded victim, has ever been regarded as the image of the spirit of evil. It had been the instrument of the Tempter in the beginning; it had been the form through which the ruin of the race had been wrought; it is to all the image of evil personified. Why, then, was it taken as a symbol of deliverance? First of all, inasmuch as the people had been afflicted by the bite of serpents, so there was a certain congruity in bringing them relief through a symbol of the foe, because therein was God's overwhelming power better displayed. Moreover, the serpent was to be lifted up, and in this uplifting we have a representation of the uplifting of Christ upon the cross. "It was lifted up; He was to be lifted up; it was to be looked upon with the gaze of faith and of repentance; He is to be regarded. as He hangs upon the cross, with the contrite look of faith, through whose merits we are cured from the poisonous bites of mortal sin." Again, as this serpent had the form and appearance of a serpent and yet was perfectly harmless, so Christ took upon himself the form of sinful man, yet being Himself without sin. This is what Christ refers to, when He says (St. John, III, 14): "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert; so must the Son of Man be lifted up." In other words, as the brazen serpent represented to the Israelites the instrument of their chastisement, so the looking upon it at God's command denoted acknowledgment of their sin, longing for deliverance from its penalty, and faith in the means appointed by God for healing. In the serpent of brass, harmless itself, but made in the image of the creature accursed above all others, we rightly see a figure of Him, who though absolutely and essentially immaculate, robed Himself in the form of sinful man and took upon Himself the burden of our iniquities."

Where is Arimathea?

Eusebius and St. Jerome suppose it to be the same place as Ramatha mentioned in the first chapter of the first Book of Kings. Its exact position has not as yet been ascertained, but many suppose that the present Ramleh occupies the site.

When are *windows* first mentioned in the Bible?

In the sixteenth verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis: "Thou shalt make a *window* in the ark."

I have heard it stated that the Holy Scriptures make mention of the art of printing. Is this true?

Read the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses of the nineteenth chapter of the Book of Job. "Who will grant me that my words may be written? Who will grant me that they may be marked down in a book, with an iron pen and with a plate of lead, or else be graven with an instrument in flint-stone."

Who was Abdiel?

The faithful seraph who withstood Satan when urged to revolt. Thus Milton speaks of his loyalty:

> "—the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
> Among the faithless; faithful only he
> Among innumerable false; unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal."

Will you kindly give me a list of some books written by Catholics on Philosophy and Science?

We refer you to the list published by the International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn. If you mention any special point, we could possibly give you several definite references:—Christian Philosophy: God,

Rev. John T. Driscoll; A Treatise on the Human Soul, Rev. John T. Driscoll; Data of Modern Ethics Examined, Rev. J. Ming; Family Life, C. S. Devas; Natural Law and Legal Practice, Rev. René Holaind; Medical Jurisprudence, Rev. C. Coppens; Aquinas Ethicus, Rev. J. Rickaby; Political Economy, C. S. Devas; Logic, Richard F. Clark; First Principles of Knowledge, Rev. John Rickaby; General Metaphysics, Rev. John Rickaby; Moral Philosophy, Rev. Joseph Rickaby; Agnosticism and Religion, Rev. George Lucas; Psychology, Rev. Michael Maher; Natural Theology, Rev. Bernard Boedder; Faith and Science, Henry F. Brownson; Science and Revealed Religion, Cardinal Wiseman; Catholicity and Pantheism, Rev. J. De Concilio; The Buddha and His Religion, St. Hilaire; Industries and the Wealth of Nations, Mulhall; The Reaction from Agnostic Science, Rev. W. J. Madden; What Catholics Have Done for Science, Rev. M. S. Brennan; On Truth, St. George Mivart; Genesis of Species, St. George Mivart; The Groundwork of Science, St. George Mivart; Socialism, Rev. Victor Cathrein; Political and Moral Essays, Rev. Joseph Rickaby; First Principles in Politics, W. S. Lilly; Right and Wrong, W. S. Lilly; Grammar of Assent, Cardinal Newman; Idea of a University, Cardinal Newman; Apologia, Cardinal Newman; Essays, Critical and Historical, 2 vols., Newman; A History of Philosophy, Rev. Wm. Turner; Religion and Morality, Rev. James Fox; Moral Philosophy by Hill.

What is the Chinese Pentateuch?

The five books of Confucius:—(1) *The Shoo-King*, or Book of History; (2) *The Lee-King*, or Book of Rites; (3) *The Book of Odes*, or Chinese Homer; (4) *The Yih-King*, or Book of Changes; and (5) *The Chun-Ts'eu*, or Spring and Autumn Annals.

What is a Minute Gun?

A signal of distress at sea, or a gun fired at the death of a distinguished individual; so called because a minute elapses between each discharge.

Where is Tintagel?

It is a strong and magnificent castle on the coast of Cornwall, said to have been the work of two giants. It was the birthplace of King Arthur, and subsequently the royal residence of King Mark. Dunlop asserts that vestiges of the castle still exist.

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LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., Publishers,

NEW YORK.

Vol. LIII. No. 4.

Issued Monthly. Price, 25c. Subscription, $2.00 a year.

Donahoe's Magazine

April, 1905

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.
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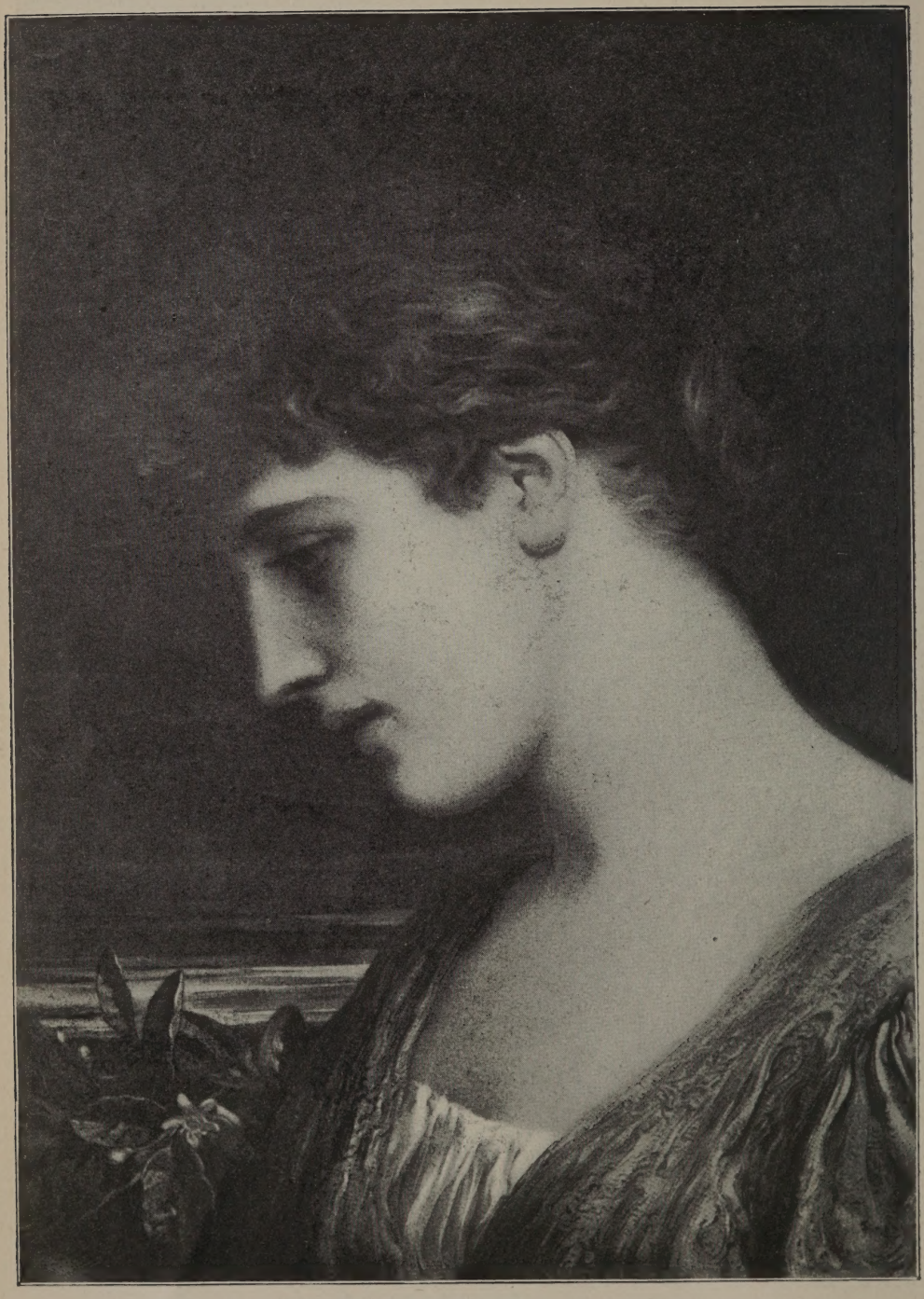

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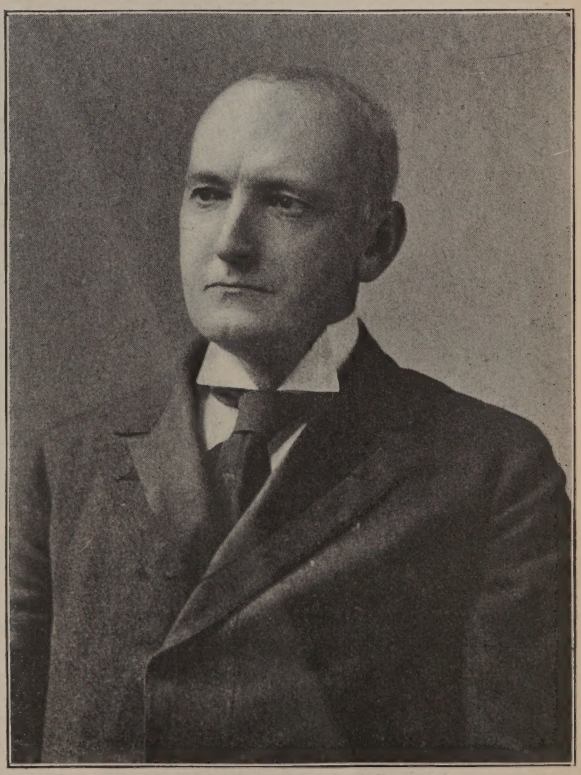
VOL. LIII. APRIL, 1905. No. 4

IS ORATORY DEAD IN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT?

BY JOSEPH W. GAVAN, LL.B.

Though the Federal legislature is generally acknowledged to contain a great deal of the ripened talent and mature experience in politics and in government of the American people, and to be the most illustrious field which the country affords this day to a public speaker, the press has helped to convey the impression that in neither House has oratory risen near to the degree of splendor which it attained during the period known as the "Golden Age of American oratory."

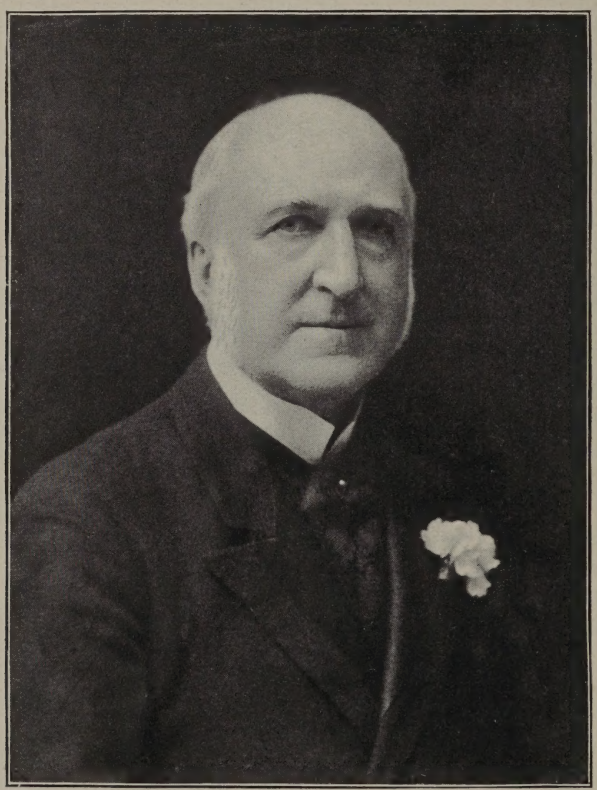
Now, though this reasoning be in many respects true, it must be understood with some limitations, because conditions have changed very much since the days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Hayne, Sumner, Blaine and Conkling. During the flourishing period of congressional oratory, speaking was very much more elaborate, formal, and empty than it is to-day; there were fewer magazines, newspapers, debating societies, lyceum bureaus, and railroads; style was more an object of attention; passion, the mother of eloquence, rose more easily; the issues were more vitalizing; oratory, particularly in the southern states, was a serious contention, for that public leading which was the great object of men of ambition; leisure was regarded not only as essential and sacred, but expected to be as fruitful as labor; the audiences were less critical, cool, and more easily persuaded than those of to-day; the duties of legislators were less onerous and exacting than they are now, and consequently there was more leisure to devote to the study of poetry, romance, history, and the solid achievements of mighty men, than is possible in the rest-



HON. SAMUEL S. McCALL,
Massachusetts.

less activity of our commercial, political, and professional life.

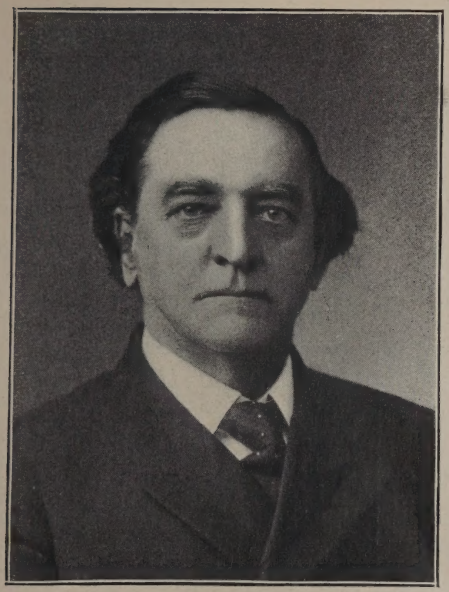
But nowadays, owing to the multiplication of educational institutions, the frequency of intercollegiate contests in oratory, the unprecedented and growing incentive to self-improvement and self-advancement, the enlargement of the field, and the broadening of the spirit of



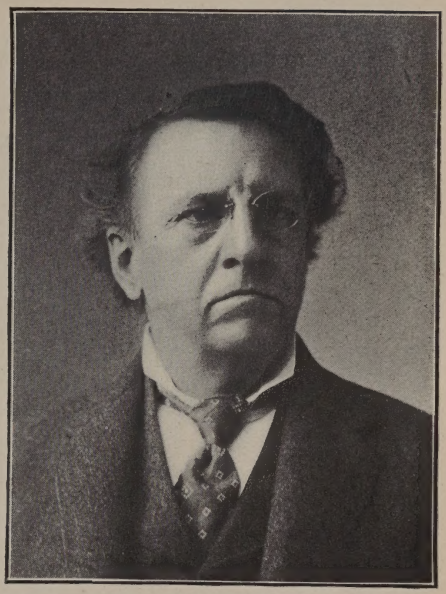
HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
New York.

national activities, the increased quantity of intercourse, the development of newspapers throughout the country, railroads, telegraph, telephone systems, and other methods of transmitting intelligence by which Americans are incessantly cultivating each other's acquaintance, old things are passing away, all things are becoming new, the multitudes have more opportunity for comparison, criticism and correct thinking than they had at an earlier period; the speaker is heard more coolly, he is followed more critically, and accordingly, modern eloquence is more temperate, argumentative and rational than that to which the followers of the vehement, passionate and ornamental style of ante-bellum days aspired.

Besides these considerations, we must not forget the incursion of the business type of statesman into the Federal Congress, and the commercialization of politics, as factors of our evolution, which have proved disadvantageous to the growth of congressional eloquence. In olden times—one speaks of "olden times" though in reality it is little more than a



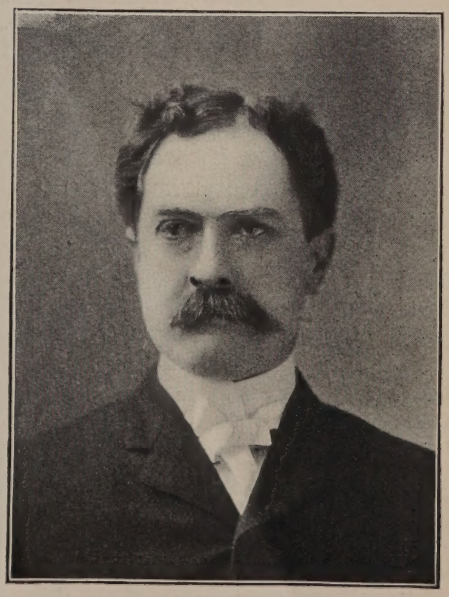
HON. JOHN W. DANIEL,
Virginia.



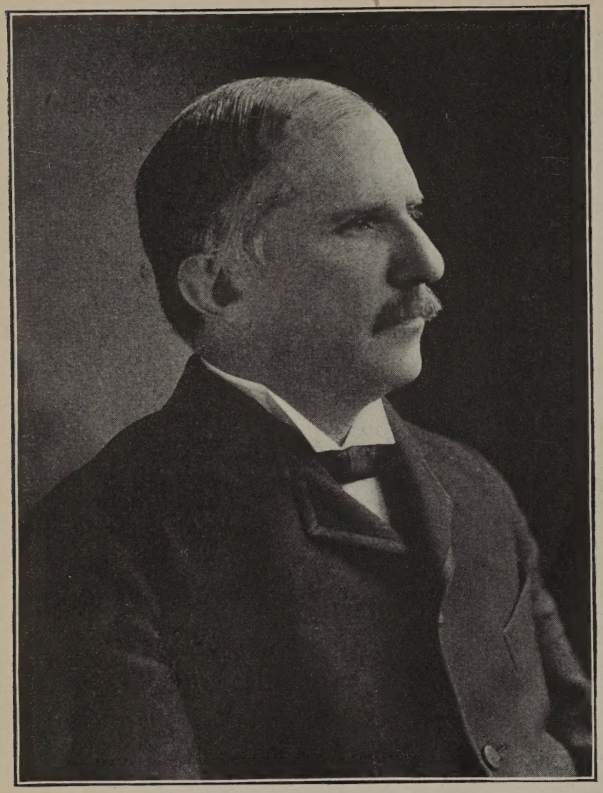
HON. JOHN C. SPOONER,
Wisconsin.

quarter of a century ago—men were sent to Congress only after they had attained some kind of political or military eminence. The theory was that men were made senators and representatives because they were the really representative men of their several states and districts—the persons best fitted by intelligence, experience, matured judgment, and the well-earned confidence of their fellow citizens to do their work with fidelity and singleness of purpose, with honest convictions, and an unflinching sense of its value and its importance. The new race of legislators is commercial by training, office-mongers and patronage-brokers by necessity, and provincial in tone and in mind. Hence it is that we hear so much about the Federal Congress degenerating in character, dignity, and ability; that the habit of drawling and hesitating over sentences is almost universal among the members of the House, and that congressional eloquence is languishing, if it is not already one of the lost arts.

It is an observation made by several writers that no man can be eloquent who has no further aim than to please and



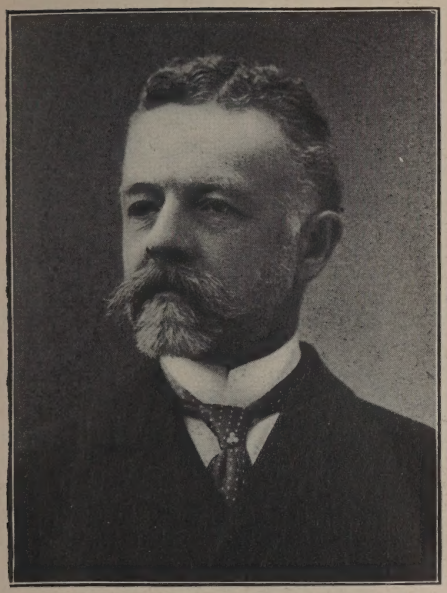
HON. EDWARD W. CARMACK,
Tennessee



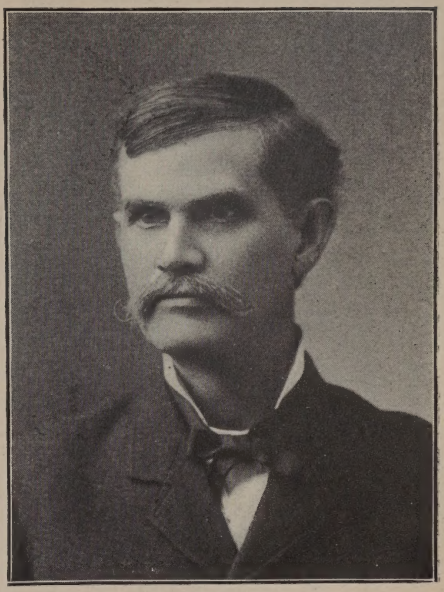
HON. ISIDOR RAYNER,
Maryland.

tickle the ear. Earnestness is essential to success. The story is told of Lyman Beecher, who on his way from church with his son, Henry, on one occasion said, "My son, I think I never delivered such a poor sermon before." "Why father, I never heard you preach so loud." "That's just it, I always halloa when I haven't anything to say." Emerson said that the essential thing in an orator, "is heat and heat comes of sincerity."

Until senators are elected by direct popular vote, we shall not be free from the evil tendency to fill the upper branch of Congress with incapable, rich men, who, in the words of Senator Bailey, "are paid more than they are worth," and who, in order to get there, use their wealth to crowd out strong and fit men. Every newspaper correspondent and almost every fairly informed person can name a score of senators who would never have ventured to submit their ambitions to the test of a popular vote, and others whose public utterances have been qualified by their likely effect on the ambition of the speakers, and by their desire to conciliate great bodies of voters outside, the object being to make as strong a record in alluring directions, and as little on doubtful or delicate questions of legislation as possible. You can count on the fingers of one hand all the congressional speeches noted universally as models, that have been delivered since James G. Blaine electrified the country by his eulogy of President Garfield. The speeches of Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, in connection with the Statehood bill in the Senate, and of Representative Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts, against the Townsend rate bill in the House, on February 7th, seem likely to become classics. It was the peroration of Blaine's address which won for the "Plumed Knight" splendid repute as an orator. Singularly enough, it is the peroration of Bailey's speech which will be used by professors of rhetoric, and writers of text books on that subject. Blaine prepared his address in a spirit of sympathy and of love; Bailey's speech was delivered impromptu, and the admiration which it elicited for the Texan's genius as an orator and a thinker, was exceeded only by the amazement that such an intellectual achievement should have been inspired while Bailey was on his feet discussing an altogether different subject.



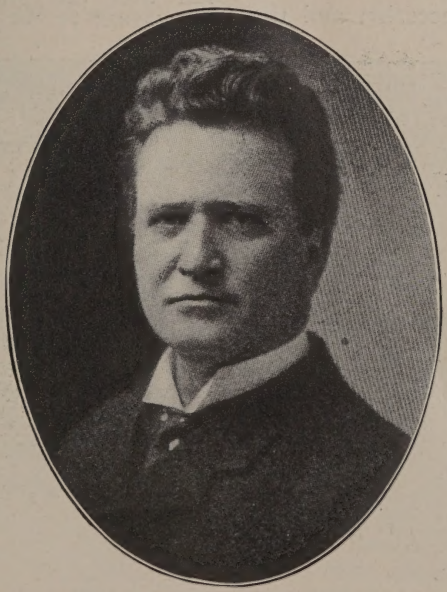
HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE.
Massachusetts.



HON. J. S. WILLIAMS,
Mississippi.

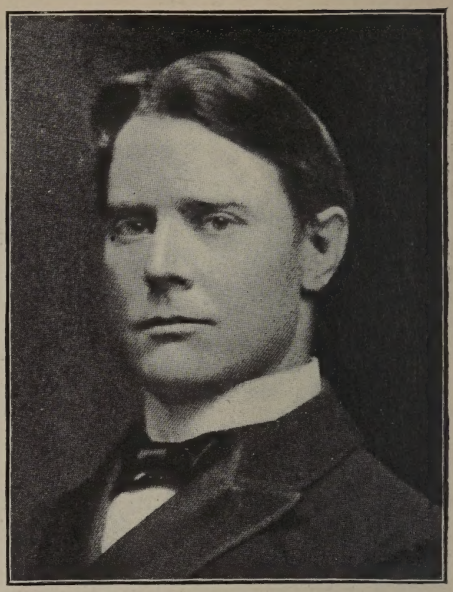
Having stated the reasons which induced him to oppose the consolidation of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory into one state, Bailey abruptly switched off, and thus replied to a sarcastic allusion to Texas made by Senator Proctor of Vermont:

"But, Mr. President, while from her proud eminence to-day Texas looks upon a future as bright with promise as ever beckoned a people to follow where fate and fortune lead, it is not so much the promise of the future as it is the memory of a glorious past which appeals to her against division. She could partition her fertile valleys and her broad prairies; she could apportion her thriving towns and growing cities; she could distribute her splendid population and her wonderful resources, but she could not divide the fadeless glory of those days that are past and gone. To which of her daughters, sir, could she assign, without irreparable injustice to all the others, the priceless inheritance of Goliad, the Alamo, and San Jacinto? To which could she bequeath the name of Houston, and Austin, and Fannin, and Bowie, and Crockett? Sir, the fame of these men and their less illustrious but not less worthy comrades can not be severed; it is the common glory of all, and their names are written upon the tables of her grateful memory so that all time shall not efface them. The story of their mighty deeds which rescued Texas from the condition of a despised and oppressed Mexican province and made her a free and independent republic still rouses the blood of



HON. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE,
Wisconsin.

HON. JOSEPH BAILEY,
Texas.

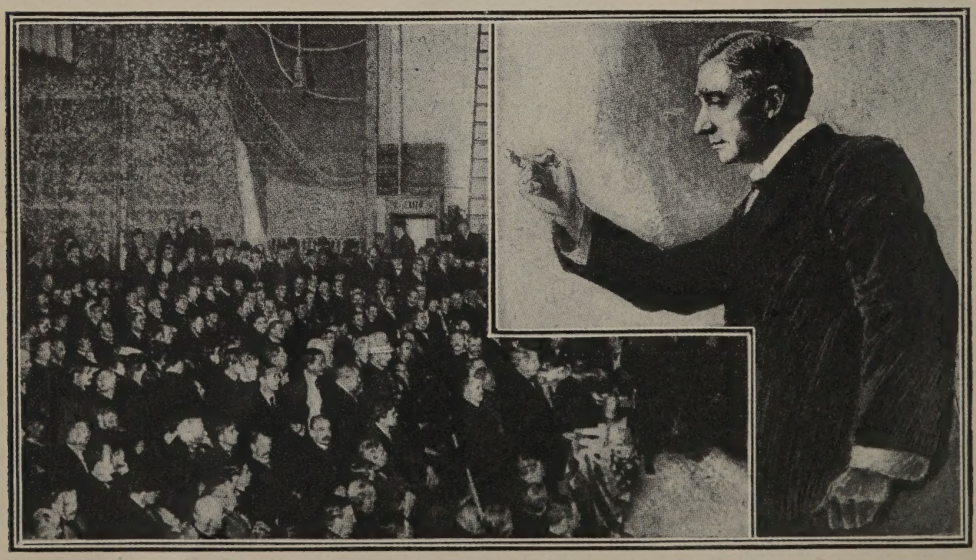


HON. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE,
Indiana.

her men like the sound of a trumpet, and we would not forfeit the right to repeat it to our children for many additional seats in this august assembly."

Then with gestures and a voice and manner suited to the occasion and the situation, Bailey closed with the following peroration:

"The world has never witnessed a sublimer courage or a more unselfish patriotism than that which illuminates almost every page in the early history of Texas.



HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN ADDRESSING AN ASSEMBLY.

Students may know more about other battlefields, but none was ever consecrated by the blood of braver men than those who fell at Goliad. Historians may not record it as one of their decisive battles, but the victory of the Texans at San Jacinto is destined to exert a better influence upon the happiness of the human race than all the conflicts which established or subverted the petty kingdoms of the ancient world. Poets have not yet immortalized it in their most enduring verse, but the Alamo is more resplendent with heroic sacrifice than was Thermopylæ itself, because while Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none.

"Mr. President, if I might be permitted to borrow the apostrophe to liberty and union pronounced by a distinguished Senator, I would say of Texas: 'She is one and inseparable now and forever.'"

This speech elicited a burst of sympathetic applause in the galleries and thrilled and astounded his confreres.

Bailey is no respecter of persons. He is of tall, dignified and commanding appearance. He was born in 1863 and is therefore seven years younger than was Daniel Webster at the time of his famous reply to Hayne, of South Carolina. The rigid self-control which Bailey endeavors to exercise while addressing the Senate makes his oratory seem cold; nevertheless, few or none of his speeches are destitute of vigor and high art. Bailey is never at a loss for words, or arguments, and now and then is as bitter as Ingalls. His face is shaved, his hair is carefully combed, and nothing is wanting to add to his physical impressiveness when he rises to address the Senate. Bailey's future in national politics is a matter which temperament rather than ability will have to decide.

Worthy to be classed with Bailey's splendid address was the speech of Mr. McCall. Contending that the enormous concentration of power involved in the attempt to have a single government run our railroads, and inferentially those great industries that produce interstate commerce, would inevitably engender at Washington a despotism destructive of the last semblance of individual liberty, the Massachusetts congressman said:

"Stifle by your puny statutes that splendid opportunity for enterprising human endeavor and you will profanely lay your hands upon the very shrine of American liberty. I do not care to see created at Washington a 'little father' as there is one at St. Petersburg. For my part I prefer the American system of distributed power, with as much as possible left to the individual, rather than the Russian system of centralized power."

The pre-eminent intellectual ability displayed in this address was a matter of universal comment in Washington, and the concensus of opinion was that McCall is one of those persons who are born for public speaking, as some men are for music, poetry, or the sciences. McCall is one of the most intellectual men in Congress. Devoid of the arrogance and blustering manner of Bourke Cockran, his speeches on the floor of the House are more persuasive and convincing than those of the eloquent New Yorker. Democrats as well as Republicans are a unit in commendation of McCall's clearness of thought, his painstaking industry and his unwearied investigation of every matter committed to his care. He is one of the few members of either House of Congress, whose speeches never betray them into any unnatural manner, or lose strength in the fulness of their illustration.

Though brilliant, amiable and engaging, with a world-wide reputation as an after-dinner speaker, a powerful mind, profoundly versed in constitutional law, and disciplined by study and observation, it can hardly be said that Chauncey M. Depew has fulfilled the expectations held of him as an orator. He has delivered but few comment-making speeches during the six years he has been in the Senate, and none which mark an epoch. Like Blaine, his most eloquent specimens were not political. One of his most recent oratorical efforts was a mem-

orial address on the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, in which Depew ridiculed the idea that the statesmen who made the upper branch of Congress famous in the earlier periods of our history, have not had any successors of equal merit or genius.

"The Senate does not change," said Mr. Depew, "but the questions which it must discuss and decide are new with each generation. There is a broad distinction between the elucidation and solving of problems which relate to the foundations and upbuilding of institutions, which are vital to their preservation and perpetuity, and the materialistic issues of finance, commercialism, and industrialism. The one arouses in the orator every faculty of his mind, every possibility of his imagination, every aspiration of his soul, and every emotion of his heart, while the others demand mainly the aptitude and experience of the college professor or the expert or student on subjects which affect the fortunes of the factory, the mill, the furnace, and the farm.

"Webster could command the attention of listening Senates and of an anxious and expectant country with orations which have become part of our best literature and educate the youth of our schools on interpretations of the Constitution of the United States upon which depend the life or death of liberty. But Webster could hold only temporary interest and a narrow audience on tariff schedules upon wool or lumber, upon iron or cotton fabrics, or upon bimetallism or the single standard."

"Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, the senatorial triumvirate, who attained the zenith of senatorial fame, made their reputations and that of this body upon the discussion of implied powers in the Constitution, affecting not only the nation's life but the destruction or perpetuity of human slavery. Webster, in that immortal speech, which educated millions of our youth to rush to arms when the Republic was in danger, preached from the text of 'Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.' Calhoun saw clearly the extinction of slavery with the growth of the country and brought to the defense of the system resources, intellectual and logical, never equalled; while Clay postponed the inevitable through compromises which were adopted because of his passionate pleas of marvelous eloquence for peace and unity. So in the acute stage of the controversy which resulted in the civil war and ended in the enfranchisement of the slaves, Seward here and Lincoln on the platform, were appealing to that higher law of conscience, which uplifts the orator and audience to a spiritual contemplation of things material."

Depew prepares his speeches with great care, but they are of the flowery rather than of the persuasive types of eloquence. He is wanting in emotion and those strong sensibilities of the mind which Webster, Blaine and Conkling so frequently employed, and which have proved so advantageous to the growth of eloquence in the United States and in all countries.

With all the "go" of a typical Westerner, young, handsome, and stylishly attired, Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, has attained widespread reputation as an orator, astute politician and statesman. Dolliver has a rich, melodious voice, a rapid delivery, and a vast and accurate knowledge of economic subjects. He is five years older than Bailey, and twenty-four years younger than Depew. Dolliver stands high in the councils of the national leaders of the Republican party and is one of its most popular spellbinders. He is in the prime of life; he has an admirable personal and mental equipment, an unsullied record, a sunny disposition, pleasant manners, and with a little more emotion than he has hitherto displayed in his public addresses, the chances seem to be before him of writing his name upon the roll of American men of action and of the many eloquent speakers which the West has produced.

Few members of the National Assembly are more distinguished for oratorical merit than Senator Carmack of Tennessee. Possessing most of the essentials to the perfection of oratory—an agreeable presence, profundity of thought, earnestness, lucidity of argument and attractiveness of presentation, Carmack maintains the traditions and prestige of the Senate at their highest point. Suitable to his forcefulness of thought and utterance is his vehemence of gesture and action. He is a little above medium

stature, not so impressive in physical appearance as Bailey, not so handsome as Dolliver, but in oratorical power and grace, he is scarcely excelled by either of those fascinating orators. His speech on the murder of Father Augustine, the priest who was done to death in the Philippines a few years ago by a company of United States soldiers under the command of a Vermont officer, revealed all Carmack's charm, as an orator, the dazzling beauties of his rich and splendid vocabulary, the elegance of his diction, and his marvelous power to concentrate in an epigram a description and a denunciation of the evils against which he inveighs.

In some respects John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, author of the Isthmian Canal bill, the brilliant successor of Matt Carpenter in the United States Senate, is the most masterly debater ever developed in the Federal legislature. Spooner is below medium height and without any of the physical characteristics that help an orator. He was a railroad lawyer when he was first elected to the United States Senate, and he is credited with having the finest legal mind in Wisconsin. Notwithstanding his size, Spooner is an eloquent talker. He is, as might be expected, illuminating in the matter of constitutional law, and has voted against his party on more than one occasion. Spooner has the courage to say what he thinks in a manly, outspoken way—the courage that is supposed to be characteristic of the men who have conquered nature's opposition and made the West great.

Virginia has made many valuable contributions to our national life and history in the worthy and honored men of public affairs that have been born within her boundaries. It is doubtful however if "the Mother of Presidents" ever sent a more eloquent man to represent her in the upper branch of Congress than John W. Daniel. Mr. Daniel is regarded by many as the best orator on the Democratic side of the Senate. He is a statesman of the old school, an author, a scholar, a man of principle, a bon vivant and a skilled lawmaker. Few public men exceed him in the gifts and graces of eloquence. He invariably appears in the same dress—solemn, smooth, black coat and cravat. His face is close shaven and the jaws have a curious strength suggestive of determination. Daniel stands out from all the rest of the Senate as much in appearance as in dress. He is obliged to carry crutches, owing to a wound which he received at the battle of the Wilderness while serving as major and chief of staff of General Jubal A. Early. He is a charming word-painter, like Depew, but his language is flowery and ornamental, calculated more to please and to soothe, than to convince or to persuade. His hold upon the people of Virginia is very great, and it is likely that he will spend many more years in public life.

Scarcely inferior to any of the leading debaters in terseness, lucidity, and logic, is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. Lodge has all the excellencies and all the defects of the historian and literary man turned politician. He has carried into public life the intellectual arrogance of the scholar and the writer, and that presence of mind which enables one to control his faculties, and to stand in full possession of himself in the presence of a hostile assembly. Lodge invariably receives the tribute of strict attention while addressing the Senate, notwithstanding the fact that his cynicism and apparent pretension to social and intellectual pre-eminence do not graft well on the Senate stem. Nothing so offends both Houses of Congress as arrogance, and the experience of Lodge during the past few years has conclusively demonstrated the fact that senators will not submit to being

driven to conclusions. Lodge inherited superb intellectual endowments and has delivered many speeches in the Senate which will provide passages for declamation. Firm and imperturbable at all times, he shares with Bailey the distinction of never attempting anything like pleasantry in the Senate chamber. Lodge has the power of clear expression based on a firm grasp of essentials, and his diction is symmetry, grace, and power incarnate.

Great oratorical achievements are expected of Isidor Rayner, who was sworn in on March 4th, as United States Senator to succeed Louis E. McComas of Maryland, and whose brilliant defense of Rear Admiral Schley carried his fame all over the country. I was present at the speech Mr. Rayner made for Schley before the court of inquiry in 1901, and I must say the peroration struck me as one of the most remarkable bursts of eloquence to which I had ever listened. I take the following passage as illustrating what I mean of Rayner's power and merit as a public speaker:

"The thunders of the Brooklyn as she trembled on the waves have been discordant music to the ears of envious foes, but they have pierced with a ringing melody the ears of his countrymen and struck a responsive chord at the fireside of every American home.

"And what is more than all which has been revealed in this case, as matchless as is his courage, and as unsullied as is his honor, is his beautiful character and the generous spirit that animates his soul, and the forgiving heart that beats within his bosom. Yes, we cannot strike him down. Erect he stands as the McGregor when his step was on his native heather and his eye was on the peak of Ben Lomond. His country does not want to strike him down nor cast a blur upon the pure escutcheon of his honored name.

"For three long years he has suffered, and now, thank God, the hour of his vindication has come. With composure, with resignation, with supreme and unfaltering fortitude he awaits the judgment of this illustrious tribunal, and when that deliverance comes he can, from the high and exalted position that he occupies, look down upon his traducers and maligners and with exultant pride exclaim: 'I care not for the venomous gossip of clubs and drawing rooms and cliques and cabals and the poisoned shafts of envy and of malice. I await under the guidance of divine Providence the verdict of posterity.'"

Unlike Depew, Bailey, or Dolliver, Rayner is without many of the physical traits essential to oratorical triumphs. He has not a commanding stature, for he is just about the middle height; he has a certain inclination to stoutness; a shyness and a highly sensitive nature which have interfered with his political career on more than one occasion and for a time closed it altogether. The relations between him and Senator Gorman, who did not want an orator for a colleague, and who did all he could to defeat Rayner, will be watched with interest.

There is nothing more difficult than to build up a great reputation in Congress. Success there is mainly a matter of ambition and industry. The whole tendency of American life is towards a method and a manner appropriate for immediate effects. Unless a senator or a representative manages to fasten his name to some measure of constructive legislation, or focus public attention upon himself by rising to sublime heights of forensic oratory, he will have but a fleeting fame. Probably no man in his day had won a higher reputation than William M. Evarts, yet Evarts is remembered not as the brilliant champion of William H. Seward, at the Chicago convention in 1860, nor as the worthy successor in the United States Senate of Rufus King, William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, Daniel S. Dickinson and Roscoe Conkling, nor as secretary of state, but as a great lawyer. History is replete with similar cases. Buffon said of genius that it consisted in a great aptitude for patience, and nearly all men who have accomplished anything of note in the Federal Congress have been distinguished by this gift. Beveridge, of Indiana, whose childhood was passed in

penury and removals from place to place, unaided by the advantages of family inheritance of wealth, influence or fame, is one of the most interesting of the younger Republicans in the Senate, and Robert M. La Follette, whom the Wisconsin legislature recently selected to succeed Mr. Quarles in the upper branch of Congress, carved out his brilliant and successful career from the unknown and the poor, to one of the highest ranks in human achievement, by his own energy and application. La Follette is, in the Aristotelian sense, a politician by nature. He is far happier at smiting than at smiling. The story of his political triumph last November, over Senators Spooner and Quarles, Postmaster-General Payne, Chairman Babcock and practically the whole Republican delegation in Congress, from Wisconsin, has been told over and over again. La Follette has but one idea, which is that there is ugent need of railway legislation and that there is no room in this country for rebates, secret rates, or favoritism of any kind. He speaks remarkably well, has a clear penetrating voice more powerful in persuasion than a thousand printed arguments, and the power to carry his audience with him.

The demeanor of the two branches of Congress, during debate, sufficiently brings forward the difference between them in connection with the obstacles which they present to an orator. The confusion on the floor of the House is enough to drive a nervous speaker to distraction. At times there is an incessant uproar, talking and walking. But it is a singularly good-natured assemblage, and shouts of laughter frequently mingle with the, "Mr. Speaker, I desire five minutes more," a torrent of motions, amendments, and heaven knows what. Notwithstanding the fact that the House is a very noisy and sometimes frivolous assembly, the appearance on the floor of John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, General Grosvenor of Ohio, David A. De Armond of Missouri, and other eloquent speakers and noted debaters, commands instant attention and brings swarms of their colleagues from the corridors and the cloakrooms, eager to hear every word they say.

In the frigid atmosphere of the Senate, applause is almost as completely unknown, as in the House of Lords. Nor is there any disorder or commotion beyond the occasional clapping of hands for the pages, and the rushing to and fro of these youngsters. Debate in the Senate is practically unrestricted. In this it is the very antithesis of the House. Senatorial courtesy obliges the members of the "Millionaires Club" to listen to volumes of talk from every man there, without any recourse but a motion to adjourn. The contest often resolves itself into one of physical endurance. This was the case with the Elections bill, and the $60,000,000 Rivers and Harbors bill which Senator Thomas H. Carter talked to death a few years ago. Despite the tradition of unlimited debate, however, the time always comes when the minority is compelled by the sentiment of the Senate to desist from talking and allow a vote to be taken.

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER V. (Continued).

"Good heavens, Mollie," in a vexed tone, "what have I done? Nothing—nothing at all."

She straightened up.

"Let me manage by my own self," she pleaded. "I'll do everything by my own self. There's a place for me an' I'm going to find it without any one else's help. I told mom that. I told mom to say nothing to me, but to watch me. To jest let me alone, and watch what I would do for her. Mom said, you know, that I was for a judgment—"

She lifted her eyes and the glance was full of a wistfulness that showed how the words rankled. "There's no such thing, is there?"

"A judgment?" He was puzzled. "For what? On whom?"

"On father. You see—"

She paused, conscious that she was saying aloud the thoughts that surged within her—and to a stranger. He understood, but he was too interested to let her stop.

"Am I not your friend, Mollie?" he asked, very quietly. "Go on."

"He—he was bad to mom, you know, and after I was born he got worse and worse all the time until he died, because I used to frighten him, staring at him. And mom says she always thought I was for a judgment."

Overwhelming pity stirred the young man's heart.

"No," he said, solemnly. "That is not true. God put every one of us here on this earth for some wise purpose of His own—some wise purpose, Mollie. As He made you, He made me. We are all fashioned of the same clay; the only difference between us being that which the world creates. To God your soul and my soul are the same. Remember that always, Mollie, and I want to help you to be something in the world if you will permit it. There's no such thing as a judgment like that, Mollie. God is too loving and too kind. So don't you worry, little girl."

"I won't," she said. She put up her hot hand and caught his where it rested on her arm. "I won't and I thank you again, Dr. Rollinson." That wondrous glow suffused her face. "I've been trying to tell myself that—just what you've said, but I can't say it like you. Some day I'll be able to say it like you, only nicer, even, because it will be about my own self and come right from the bottom of my heart. Don't be mad at me that I won't let you do any more than you have. Not a judgment am I going to be but a blessing, and through my own self. Through my own self."

She dropped his hand quickly and ran away from him, leaving him standing there alone.

"By Jove!" he said, under his breath. It was fully a minute before he recovered himself sufficiently to go on down the stairs. Again and again that day his thoughts went back to her. "Not a judgment am I going to be, but a blessing!" He felt the hot clasp of her fingers, and saw the passionate determination on her face. "By Jove!" he said many times, for he could not put the memory away from him.

Years afterward he had occasion to prove those words to his own happiness—but he never forgot them. Often and often his nerves tingled at the memory of that firm, childish voice and the glowing light in her eyes.

"A judgment, poor little girl, a judgment!" he said, again and again. "What

a bitter thought for one so young. God keep her. God make her a blessing wherever she may go."

* * * * * * *

He saw her only once or twice after that. The weeks ran into months, the months into a year; the year to two and three and four. He knew, however, that her will was conquering. He knew that she was succeeding. Dan Farrell came home, stayed home idly for some months, then disappeared. Nor was the disappearance to his discredit, evidently, for the mother, though tearful, seemed happy enough when speaking of him. No one knew where he went to, and she gave no inkling of his whereabouts.

And if, after a time, the memory of Mollie became less keen, when John Rollinson heard of a noble deed or worthy action, or needed an incentive to self-sacrifice, he thought of that little "Joan of Arc"—of the little passionate child who had rejected his favors and won his admiration on that bygone day.

So passed Mollie from girlhood into womanhood.

CHAPTER VI.

John Rollinson, His Friends, and Some of His Philosophy.

It was Edith Selleck's day "at home," and little as John Rollinson cared for entertainments of this description, Edith Selleck was the daughter of a man whom he esteemed highly, and this man's younger brother was his best friend. So he went to her "at homes," meeting Mac Selleck there, as a general rule, and carrying him off with him.

"Thursdays from two-thirty until four o'clock," read the dainty card—but this was meant only for her casual acquaintances. Her hospitality was most thoroughly appreciated by those of her friends who stayed the delightful hour after four. John Rollinson had never been one of these, even though he and her uncle were on such intimate terms. Miss Edith made no advances, being a little in awe of his serious manner, for he was seldom at his best in society. In fact, no one saw him at his best but Mac, and, when occasion warranted, "his people."

So he repelled Edith Selleck by that manner, as all light, bright things are repelled by silence or gravity, nor was she able to discern the flicker of sunshine that dissipated the thoughtfulness of his face at times. He never became jocular, and she mimicked his solemnity, asking Mac if he ever laughed, or if anything in the world could cause him to unbend.

Yet she was most punctilious in her conduct toward him; if he missed a Thursday she made inquiries, and when he came she greeted him even more warmly, feeling that he must have few pleasures in his life, and that for Mac's sake she must be nice to him.

"Oh, how sensible he is!" she said to Mac, wrinkling her nose. "And how proper and decorous and grave! If I could only get behind him, Mac, and *shake* him, *hard!* He is so *stiff!* I feel childish and of no consequence when he comes down out of the clouds and talks to me! I immediately want to put my finger in my mouth and grab at my braid as I used to do some years ago."

Her uncle—it seemed absurd to call him that, he was so near her own age, and, in fact, Edith never could think of him as holding such a relationship, since they had been brought up together almost from her babyhood—looked at her now and laughed. The next moment his face was all earnestness.

"How can you feel so, Edith? I guess you don't understand him. He's no trifler—not the sort of a fellow the girls in his set—you, for instance, will rave about, but if you think him *stiff!* Lord, I wish you could see him with those

little youngsters on the East Side! I wish you could see how their mothers worship him! I've only been with him once—and then I got the chance by accident—he couldn't shake me. He's as big a kid with kids as any man can be."

Edith frowned at the slang, but the speech impressed her. She was an impulsive, affectionate and light-hearted girl—inclined to be artificial, but with enough true womanhood to be interested in such an anomaly as Mac presented now to her. That this grave young man could unbend, made her wish, indeed, to have him unbend with her. And she liked the fact that he was kind to children.

So when, the following Thursday, John Rollinson rose to go after his duty call of ten minutes, she looked up at him with all the earnestness that her soft, gray eyes could express.

"Mac has promised to be back in a few moments," she said, "and the rest will leave soon. Won't you stay a little longer? Miss Cairns will remain, and Mrs. Ridpath, and we can have a half-hour's conversation with sundry cups of tea interspersed between the periods—or commas, if you wish. Intellectual badinage, Mac calls it. I know you will like Mrs. Ridpath, she is so sensible, and—so settled down."

There was a mischievous flash in her eye, and a most bewitching dimple trembled in one cheek. Alas, for eyes and dimple! John Rollinson saw neither. He was confused at this invitation, especially as he had an engagement. So he hesitated.

"I should like to stay very much," he said. "But you see—"

"I *beg* your pardon," hastily. The gleam went out of her eyes, and a mask of ice seemed to freeze the cordiality of the pretty face into the most fashionable unconcern. "I forgot, for the time, that you were a professional man, and that duties might intervene. And you *must* go? So sorry."

Now, John Rollinson was not altogether obtuse, and Edith's manner conveyed very plainly the displeasure she felt. When he met Mac Selleck next day he mentioned the occurrence.

"I do hope Miss Edith was not offended, Mac," he said. "I should hate to do or say anything she didn't like."

Mac laughed.

"So should I," he confessed, naïvely, "Tell me how you think you displeased the lady?"

John Rollinson did so. Mac gave him a quizzical glance.

"You see, John, Edith's pretty, and a good deal spoiled—but there's no sham about her, and when she says anything she's apt to mean it."

"Always?" asked Rollinson.

"Occasionally always," replied Mac. "The prettiest girl I've ever met, if her old father happens to have me for a young brother. Good luck is poured out on some people in this world—think of having a daughter like Edith and a brother like me."

"Wonderful," said Rollinson. "Especially—the brother."

"The prettiest girl I ever met, if she *is* a relative—and she doesn't give a snap of her fingers for any fellow she knows. If she'd asked the others they'd have jumped at the chance. But you—refused."

"I did not, Mac. I merely said—"

"You hesitated. So much the worse. We've been friends a long time, old fellow. You know me and I know you. Gregory knows you and likes you. You like him. Can you listen to a few moments' serious conversation?"

"Serious conversation is scarcely in your line. Still—"

"Why don't you and Edith hit it off?"

"Why—don't—I—and—Edith—hit—it

—off?" John Rollinson stared. "You mean—"

"The thing struck me forcibly this last couple of weeks," went on this cheerful usurper of a woman's dearest privilege. "I want to be frank with you. You're twenty-eight now—almost thirty, remember, and it's time you married. And there's Edith—twenty-three—pretty as a picture, lovable—and if you make up your mind, old man, she'll like you. Why don't you try? Any girl would be interested in you," clapping him on the back, "and you'd have me for an uncle. Get busy."

John Rollinson stood up. He did not smile—his face lost none of its gravity.

"Don't, Mac, don't," he said. "Don't bring her name into a conversation like this—it's positively indecent. She's too good and sweet a girl to have us even hint at such a thing. Why, I can't begin to consider matrimony yet—it's too sacred a subject with us Catholics—in fact," he was much confused, "I can't think of it at all. You know all about me, Mac—you're the only one living who does, and you know the romance and the tragedy of my father's life. He met my mother in an office downtown, employed with hundreds of other girls. She was the one woman in the world for him after his first glimpse of her. It was her beautiful face that took his fancy, for she hadn't even an average education. You can imagine the result. He had no religion then to speak of, but he would have promised anything to get her—and he kept his promises; for I am a Catholic, and he died one for my mother's sake. Just as soon as the first of his liking wore off, he grew tired. She stood it for a while, but when I was only a few months old she went away from the two of us, leaving the most pathetic, most heart-broken little letter ever penned by a woman's hand. We never found her. If she's alive or dead I do not know. And until I do, I must not think of home ties or of a wife."

"I don't see it," said Mac Selleck. "This much rest assured of—once you meet the girl you love, you cannot take this stand. It will be impossible."

"And why? Could I be happy with a duty unfulfilled?"

"Your old duty, then, would be superseded by the new—and the new duty will be to the girl. For in love, especially, it is written that he who doctors himself has a fool for a patient."

"I don't agree with you, Mac."

"What of it? Disagreements make life interesting."

"Mac," said John Rollinson, irrelevantly, "did you ever think that people go through this world strangers to themselves?"

Mac, the careless, twisted in his chair. The earnestness in that slow voice touched a chord somewhere in his happy nature.

"Strangers," repeated John Rollinson. "I've read a lot. I'm supposed to know more than the ordinary fellow. My calling brings me into proximity with all of life's phases—its follies, its vices, and its virtues."

"Yes," said Mac.

"Well, then," said Rollinson. "I am satisfied with myself. I know—myself. I know what to avoid and how to avoid it. My temperament is a calm one, not given to extremes of joy or sorrow; I am free from unnecessary emotional influences; I am well-balanced."

"Extremely so," said Mac. "Phlegmatic is a better word."

"There are a number of men like me."

"This world is made up of ordinary human beings," mused Mac.

"There are many like me, well-balanced, reasoning men like me, in this world."

"I trust there are," said Mac.

"Satisfied with their own lot; drifting

along in the easy content of their present existence; doing what comes to hand to do; marrying—living happily and unhappily; dying; satisfied, I tell you; placid. Good enough in their own way—good in the eyes of the world, good in the eyes of God, I hope, since they try to do their duty."

And then he stopped talking. Mac waited. Nothing further came.

"What's the answer, John?" he asked—but the curious note in his voice belied the flippancy of his words. Rollinson turned his head.

"What's the answer?" he repeated, dreamily. "I shall tell you, Mac, when the veil is drawn. My soul is covered up. It is a blessed possession but I am a stranger to it."

"And when," asked Mac, "will you be made acquainted?"

Rollinson laughed.

"You never have to ask a man that question: you know it. Some tell it to the world, and the world calls them heroes. Sometimes, as I have said, it never comes. Perhaps I am not good enough. It's rather hard for a soul to struggle along, and make any headway, hampered with the follies it is led into by evil inclinations."

Mac shrugged his shoulders.

"When people praise my brother Gregory he quotes a philosopher whom I shall quote to you: 'If the best man's faults were written on his forehead he'd have to wear his hat well down over his eyes.' Do not despair."

Being in a confidential mood some nights later Mac recounted most of the conversation to Edith—excepting that part in which her name had been mentioned, for Mac knew when discretion was the better part of valor. She was deeply interested. She saw John Rollinson through a romantic haze, which elevated him a hundredfold. The color flashed into her face.

"Poor fellow, how hard it must be on him!" she said.

Mac looked at her thoughtfully—then the conversation went off to other things, and not until Mac was leaving to go to his room did Edith bring up his friend's name. He had his hand on the doorknob when she called to him.

"Tell Dr. Rollinson to come to see me professionally an afternoon this week," she said. "I am so nervous lately—I suppose I'll have to consult some one and I just hate old Dr. Bering."

"All right," said Mac. "Only don't think John goes around with ideas like these I've been giving you printed on his forehead. He's as aggravating, sometimes, as a disappointed sneeze."

She smiled at him over the top of her chair.

"That's a simile! All your own, Mac?"

"All my own—coined to suit John Rollinson."

"Poor fellow!" And then in a soft voice—a voice with a ripple of merriment in it, "Don't worry about your John Rollinson—and me. I can handle him, as you say, with gloves."

Mac walked along the hall to his own room, whistling softly under his breath. His face was a study.

"It would be mighty funny, if Edith—"

He chuckled.

"Edith isn't what she is for *nothing,*" he said. "Jingo, wouldn't I like to see her and John married!" And then he shook his fist. "If this keeps on you'll have to get out a match-maker's license. Quit it, idiot—you're making a donkey of yourself. But say, it would be *all right,* that's straight."

* * *

So John Rollinson found himself, one pleasant afternoon later in the week, alone with Edith Selleck. He would have had to be more than human not to have taken pleasure in watching her.

Perhaps that recent conversation with his friend had quickened his perception a bit, for he found himself acknowledging that she was all Mac claimed her to be. For one of the few times in his life the young man forgot duty for pleasure, paying homage to her charms with his whole attention, listening to every word she said with evident delight. Yes, he forgot that his call was one of duty, and he awoke to this fact with a start.

"I believe Mac said you had not been well. What's the matter?"

"A little nervousness, I think," she answered, somewhat taken aback at the way in which the amused smile left his face, and the professional gravity came into it. He held her wrist in his strong fingers. It was such a dainty wrist, and the hand was perfection. It was the hand of one who did not know the meaning of the word toil; it was the sort of hand that Dr. Rollinson seldom touched. But with all its beauty he let it go just as gravely as he had picked it up, and, after some further questioning, looked at her as if she had been any ordinary patient.

"Your digestion is impaired," he said. "You have been out too late at night—and you sleep too late in the morning. You hardly need medicine. Give this up and go away for a while."

"Go away!" cried Edith Selleck with a gasp. "And the season just started! Don't be absurd, Dr. Rollinson!"

He laughed drily.

"Is it absurdity? The best thing in the world for you. You have a splendid constitution, Miss Edith. Don't spoil it."

"I don't see how I can. I am very careful. I don't exert myself—"

"That's true. You don't—at the right time. You should get out with the sun and take a bracing walk. Your father ought to send you to—"

"Dr. Rollinson!" She sprang up. "Think of telling my father that you have been here professionally! Why, he'd pack me off without a question—or make my life miserable until I went away myself. Oh, you have no idea how *stern* father can be at times!" She smiled, and shook her pretty head in a way that would scarcely convince any one of the sternness of the gentleman in question. "How perfectly absurd!" She perched once more on the arm of the chair with the grace and freedom of a well-loved child. "Let me tell you a secret," she went on. "Father, at my heartfelt solicitation, and after colossal difficulty in securing it, has just expended a most *frightful* sum for a box at the opera." She looked at him triumphantly. "After that, you *can't* be hard-hearted."

John Rollinson laughed. He saw now one of the reasons why Mac loved her so dearly.

"If you dance all night and eat late suppers you'll have to give up sooner or later, Miss Edith. You want to come down with my people a bit, and learn how good digestion waits on appetite. Most all the trouble with you fashionable folk lies in the stomach. You eat too much."

Miss Edith wrinkled her pretty little nose. It was so vulgar to have one's stomach mentioned. He, really, honestly, didn't have a particle of romance in him, no matter what Mac said.

"I'm afraid you think only of your poor people," she said a little petulantly. "From what Mac tells me, you must live among them."

"I do, virtually. I know all their little sorrows and joys and share in them with the sort of enthusiasm that Father Laurence does. You don't happen to know Father Laurence of Our Lady of the Angels? A splendid man, a fine fellow."

"He is stupid," thought Edith Selleck, "positively stupid, until you talk poverty to him." Aloud, she said, "I do not know any Catholic priests, nor have I

any acquaintance among the poor. They would take what I have to give with outstretched, greedy hands, and I should be nothing, not even a memory, when my gift was consumed. In my eyes the office of almoner has always been a thankless one."

She spoke coldly. This from the daughter of Gregory Selleck, one of the noblest, best-hearted, most charitable men that ever breathed! Rollinson felt as if he had been personally insulted.

"My people are not beggars," he said. "They have hard lives, but they are as proud as they can be—fearfully proud, some of them. I am sorry you do not know *my* people. You would not talk like that."

Her mood changed. She looked at him with real interest now, he spoke in such a hurt tone.

"You must be so content, so satisfied," she said. "You have some great object in life. Think of all the good you can do."

But John Rollinson would not encourage any such conversation as this.

"Nonsense!" he chided. "You have enough to do—your mission is to make the ones who care for you happy. We have too many tract distributors. Those who give away shoes and ladle out soup too often help to lower the poor by making them the recipients of a useless charity."

"Is this a new idea?" asked Edith Selleck.

If it was her intention to try to beguile John Rollinson into any sort of a discussion she failed, for he rose at once.

"No," he said. "I have been here so long that you must be tired of me. I shall call in to see you again within a week or two. Remember, it will be your own fault if the air of New York does not agree with you."

"That is a threat, isn't it? I shall try to be good."

She knew, with a woman's intuition in such matters, that she was as far away from this man's interest as any casual acquaintance he possessed might be. But she resolved, also, with a woman's inborn wish to reach out for things denied to her, to make him care. So she stood, smiling up into his eyes, very sweet and very young, and very desirable, indeed. What she would do with him when he acknowledged her spell she had not made up her mind. But that he would acknowledge it she promised herself—standing there with that innocent glance meeting his, those red lips childishly smiling, those dainty fingers held out to him.

"Your next visit need not necessarily be that professional one, you know," she said. "And I can only promise to be very, very good—and not to eat so much!"

"I did not mean that for you," he said, embarrassed. "It is not the quantity but the quality."

She raised her finger.

"We fashionable folk eat too much," she said in a droll voice. "Dr. Rollinson, you said it. Even I. Look at me." She poised her slender body on tiptoes. "At least, if I eat too much, one cannot accuse me of being vulgarly obese."

"I *never* said that!" he exclaimed.

"*Good* afternoon,—good afternoon! Do not explain. The explanation would be worse than the remark, I know. Good *afternoon,* Dr. Rollinson!"

CHAPTER VII.

A BEGGAR PRINCESS.

John Rollinson sat quite a while thinking of that afternoon and of Edith Selleck. He was trying, also, to trace the resemblance bethween Mac and his brother Gregory—and the young lady. There was very little actually.

John Rollinson was fond of Mac Selleck—the light-hearted, and it must be confessed, lazy, philosopher. In Edith he saw Mac's light-heartedness without his philosophy. Beneath his friend's flippant manner there lay a world of earnest purpose,—undirected, but there for some future good, he felt assured. Perhaps Mac's wish concerning Edith, so lightly expressed, so strenuously set aside, had more weight with him than he imagined. Her face rose before him, fair as a flower; the eyes radiant and beautiful; the slender figure swaying like a blossom on its stem.

John Rollinson lounged back in his chair. Marriage? Surely, it was time for him to marry, as Mac Selleck put it, if he ever married. He could make a woman happy. He could offer a woman much that was desirable; he could offer her, too, a clean heart, a blameless life. There was no self-gratulation in the thought. It was the duty of every man to offer these to the woman he made his wife.

And yet—

"Could I love you?" he asked that beautiful face, those radiant eyes. "Granted that you would, or could, care for me, could I love you—as my father loved? You would know me, indeed, at home and abroad, but would you sympathize with me, in my pursuits and my ambitions? Could I help you make the best of yourself? Would you help me make the best of myself? Would you, without repugnance, take up the tasks of life with me as well as its pleasures? You beautiful, snowflake woman, leading the existence of a sheltered flower, what will be your life ten years from now? Still a pursuing of amusement, a sipping at folly's brimming cup, a snatching at the gaudy wreaths of pleasure—or the deeper things?"

He straightened. Whither was this day-dream leading him? Into the realm of impossibility. Later in life his mind returned to this moment, while he marveled still further at the greatness of a God Who doeth all things well.

* * * *

The four years that had brought so few changes to John Rollinson brought others of an almost wonderful nature to the little girl who had created surprise and wonder in his bosom that memorable day on which she had declined his assistance, and told him of her resolve to find and fill the place the world had for her.

Mrs. Farrell, as he had foreseen, never worked again, so that necessity made her daughter a battler in the ranks of wage-earners. With a man's courage she lifted up her burden, making up her mind first of all to do "what was right;" and then to improve herself mentally and physically. In fulfilling these two resolutions a growth in moral strength naturally followed. Perhaps God rewarded, in this wise, the pitiful, childish prayer, "to make her better." He showed her the path, and the will, the strong, determined will that He had given her, helped her to help herself.

It chanced, on a certain afternoon, that she stood leaning against the counter in one of the departments in the big store employing her. And as she leaned so, a lady paused, hesitated, looked again, then walking back a few steps so that she might be unseen, at least for a little while, watched her covertly.

Mollie's thoughts were far away, and she was frowning as she stood there, for she had just figured out, mentally, her expenses for the week, and no striving could make both ends come together. The lady, white-haired, intellectual-looking, and with an air of great refinement, paid no attention to the bargains spread before her. Her eyes were intent upon the little face of the maiden who should have been attending to duty, and wasn't.

Mollie became conscious of her defection suddenly.

"Please excuse me?" she said with a start. "I didn't know you were there. Can I wait on you, ma'am?"

The lady nodded pleasantly enough, but the quick lifting of those dark eyes rather startled her. She dallied over some of the articles much longer than was necessary, trying meanwhile to inveigle the little saleswoman into a conversation. No oyster in his shell was more uncommunicative, and, after proving this, the customer purchased a few trifles and passed on.

But something in that wistful face, and in the dark eyes so much too large for it, had attracted Eunice Warden. Educated, clever, a worker—one of that large class who earned a livelihood by the daily exercise of mental talents—never given to fancies of any sort, or vain imaginings, she found herself literally haunted by that one small countenance; the strength in it appealed to her own strength, and the hint of sorrow in its every melancholy line appealed again to the sorrow she had known. Beautiful, Mollie Farrell never would be, but individual always. So Eunice Warden found her—going away from her, indeed, but taking that face with her. She would not yield to the fascination it had for her; she resisted the impulse, but was forced to give in finally, and at least once a week managed to pause at that little table. Her doing? No, but God's—who carried Mollie Farrell's life, as He carries yours and mine, in the hollow of His hand. And Mollie learned to know her, even to expect her, and her whole face would light with pleasure when she came. For Eunice Warden was honest; she was real; she was earnest—and all of Mollie's love of the three qualities sprang up to welcome hers.

Several times during that year of Dan's imprisonment Dan's sister almost succumbed in the awful struggle—and it was during one of these despairing moments that Mrs. Warden caught an inkling of her history. It added sympathy to interest, and she, too, would fain have extended a helping hand to the girl who was fighting fate. Mollie Farrell owed John Rollinson a debt of gratitude, therefore she rejected his offers of aid as gently as she could. She was under no such obligation to Mrs. Warden, and that lady did not soon forget the haughtiness with which her assistance was declined.

"Why, here is truly a beggar-princess," she thought, in an amused fashion. "Silly baby not to recognize that we hold our own good fortune in trust, and that to help those less fortunate is a duty."

But this almost insolent independence pleased her well. She knew that Mollie was ignorant and uncultured, with nothing to obviate these undesirable qualities but a passionate longing for knowledge. She also discovered—was not God bringing this to pass?—that they lived only a few blocks distant from each other. In certain parts of the city one has but to cross an avenue to find one's self transported from poverty to comparative comfort.

After that the work was easy. Mrs. Warden found the vulnerable spot in the girl's armor, and to some purpose. Attending to household duties after her return to her home at night made much study out of the question, so Mrs. Warden gave her only simple tasks at first. She did not know Mollie. Her desire for knowledge, once she drank at the Pierian spring, grew with what it fed upon. Her ambition outstripped her physical strength, so that her instructress was put to it to guard her from excess; with her experience of her almost sixty years of life the older woman opened the treasures of a thoughtful mind to this "little wonder," as she called her lightly. No

great accomplishments were Eunice Warden's. She knew no other language than her own, but she knew that thoroughly, and the masters of prose and verse who had beguiled her weary hours were interpreted by one who loved them well to one who learned to love them even better.

Once in a while Mrs. Warden paused to ask herself a question: Where did the girl get this desire? What motive compelled this greedy seeking? What was the force that sent her, night after night, to tasks that would be distasteful to many, but which Mollie loved? In four years' time she had learned all that she could teach her. She wished she could get some clever master to take charge of her—to bring her higher and higher until that bright brain could reach its full development.

But those four years were so long, so long! Dan came home before the end of the first year, his term shortened by exemplary conduct. The "fellows," though cordial enough, greeted him with a restraint plainly noticeable when he joined them or tried to participate in any of their pleasures. He was not spoiled enough to mingle with the rougher element that would gladly have welcomed him and placed him in their front ranks, pointing to him proudly as the murderer of his man. Had it not been for Mollie he might have drifted to them in the end, forced there by respectability that was only respectable because occasion had not presented itself. There are classes even among the masses, and Dan Farrell found no place in any.

Ah, but worse, most hideous torment of all! The mother of the boy he had killed annoyed him, and worried him, seeming to take delight in following him about, rendering his life miserable with her bemoanings and accusations. People made allowances for her, knowing that she had brooded so long over her son's death that her brain was turned. Small comfort this to Dan. He had meant to be a man when he returned, to make up to his people for the suffering he had brought upon them. And he had never forgotten that death-bed scene—often during the long nights he would toss upon his pallet, the tears streaming down his face. And now—now that he had come home, home to Mollie and his mother, there was *this*—there was *this* to face. What wonder that he grew desperate?

But he still had Mollie—Mollie, his strength; Mollie, his consolation; Mollie, his redemption. When, at last, after two months of idleness, she found him lying, with his head on his out-stretched arms, such sobs as only a soft-hearted lad could utter rending his whole figure, she put her arms about him.

"Poor Dan!" she said, her voice vibrating. "It's so hard—and I suffer, too, when I hear her tormenting you. I've been thinking it over a long time, Dan. You can't live it down here—not until you live up somewhere else. I know a way. Listen to me."

What she said then and how she said it no one but he and she ever knew. She had loved him always, but greater than her love was her belief in him. When she finished, Dan Farrell looked with new eyes at his future. He would live down, but he would live up first.

Not long afterward he disappeared. The good people who knew him and his story were kind enough to prognosticate all sorts of evil. They went to his mother. They questioned Mollie. But neither insinuation nor questioning ever gained the slightest knowledge of his whereabouts from either. Talkative at times she might be, but on this one subject the mother's lips were sealed; and this one subject sent Mollie to her daily toil with uplifted head and shining eyes. When John Rollinson inquired for the

lad, whom he considered, partly, his protégé, the mother looked at him:

"That's Dan secret," said she. "I would tell you, docther, if I dared. But it ain't mine to tell—it's Dan's."

Sometimes, as the years slipped by, and John Rollinson took not of the growing comfort of the Farrell home, he wondered how his little "Joan of Arc" was faring. He never spoke of her—her name was mentioned briefly in the conversation; sometimes he would ask if she were well. Here, too, reluctance was apparent in Mrs. Farrell's manner, and he respected her wish not to discuss her affairs, feeling that it was Mollie's wish. The mother was on his list of pay-patients now, and had been so for a long time.

"Not a judgment am I going to be, but a blessing!" He looked at Mrs. Farrell's happy face, and knew that she had kept her word, and that her mother's remaining years, in so far as God spared the girl to her, would be restful ones. A blessing she was proving herself, indeed. He never heard Mrs. Reilly's praise, or Mrs. McCabe's laudation. Responsibility adds to a person's value, ability to show ability commands respect. Yes, Mollie Farrell had mounted to a little pedestal of her own, in the eyes of those who had known her and despised her.

That November morning when the young man so resolutely put Edith Selleck out of his thoughts, and started on his round of duty, it would be safe to say that Mollie Farrell did not exist for him. He had some one to visit in the neighborhood, and in the kindness of his heart thought of paying Mrs. Farrell a friendly call. During the earlier and more dangerous part of her illness, though she was even now subject to severe attacks, he had tried in vain to see her every day without Mollie's knowledge—for he knew that the girl's means must be straitened. He protested vigorously against accepting fees at all, but Mrs. Farrell only shrugged her shoulders, with a patient look on her face.

"It's Mollie's way, docther, an' you nor me can't change it. Tain't no use for you to refuse, neither, for if you did, she'd on'y find it out on me, she's that sharp. I can't keep e'er a thing from her."

To his somewhat peremptory summons now, no answer came. He was intimate enough to enter without knocking a second time. The little kitchen fairly shone. It had evidently just had a thorough cleaning, but Mrs. Farrell was nowhere to be seen. The chair at the window, usually occupied, was vacant, although the huge work-basket rested on the broad sill as if its owner had just set it down. John Rollinson looked about him irresolutely. Then, the sound of voices reaching his ears, without further ado—or even without a thought on the matter—he walked into what was now the sitting-room—the very apartment in which, that never-to-be-forgotten night, Mollie Farrell had waited for her brother Dan.

He drew back at the sight that greeted him. Mollie Farrell was sitting on the floor, and lounging against her a child of some six years. John Rollinson knew the little one. She was Nonie McCabe, and Mollie Farrell's darling, though he did not know that. One glance told him that he was looking at Dan's sister. The years had not lifted the melancholy from the dark face, or lightened the shadows in the sombre eyes. Yet her lips were smiling.

"When you do sit in the dark," Nonie was saying.

"When I *do* sit?" corrected Mollie.

(To be continued.)

DUBOIS HALL. BRUTE HALL. McCAFFREY HALL.

Original Building.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S, 1895.

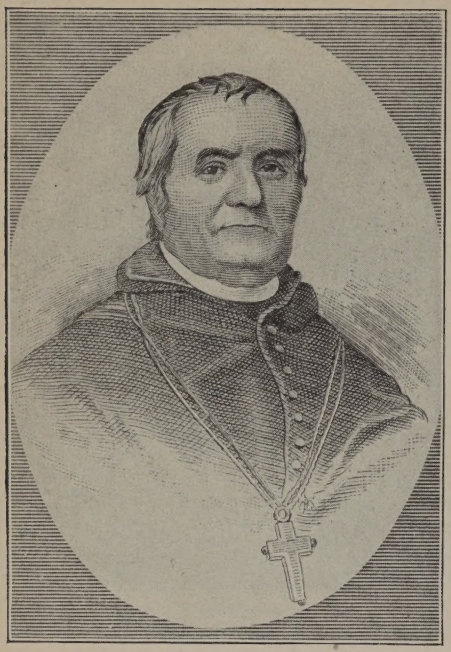
MOUNT SAINT MARY'S.

THE CENTENNIAL OF AN HISTORIC CHURCH.

BY A. V. D. WATTERSON.

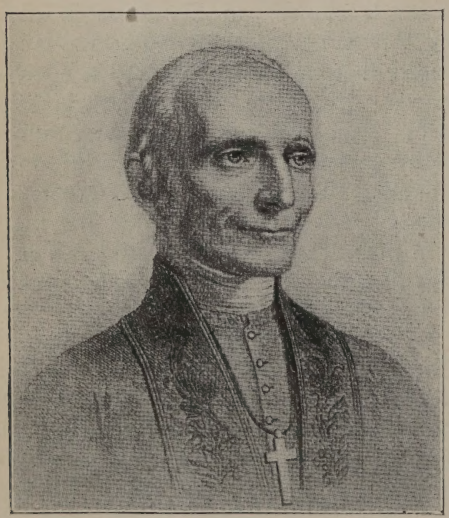
Along the slopes of the entire Appalachian range there is no locality possessing more charming attractiveness, more serene peacefulness, and more glory of church history, tradition, and heroic endeavor, than Mount Saint Mary's, Maryland. The visitor in this classic nook is no sooner ensconced in his quarters than he realizes that there is something quaint, something magnetic, something hallowed, in the atmosphere and in the surroundings, and he at once feels an instinctive yearning to ascertain the source of this unusual charm. He is aware that here is the seat of Mount Saint Mary's College, but, he is familiar with other colleges, and at home in their surroundings, and he cannot believe that this hoary-headed institution can be the source from which emanates this mystical spell, because it cannot, in his opinion, differ much from others of its kind. He is surprised that he has discovered a spot, so near the great cities of the east, which has escaped the prevailing taint of commercialism, where there is no suggestion that the dollar is mightier than the cross, and where every man is taken at his moral worth, and he asks himself, "Where is the presiding spirit which has rendered this possible?"

Still unsatisfied and groping, he makes other and closer researches; but the more he explores and the deeper he delves the more forcibly is impressed upon him the conviction that in the venerable "Mother of Bishops" he has his reply. He then realizes to its fullest extent that the founders of the "Old Mountain" were, after all, more than mere "hewers of



RT. REV. JOHN DUBOIS

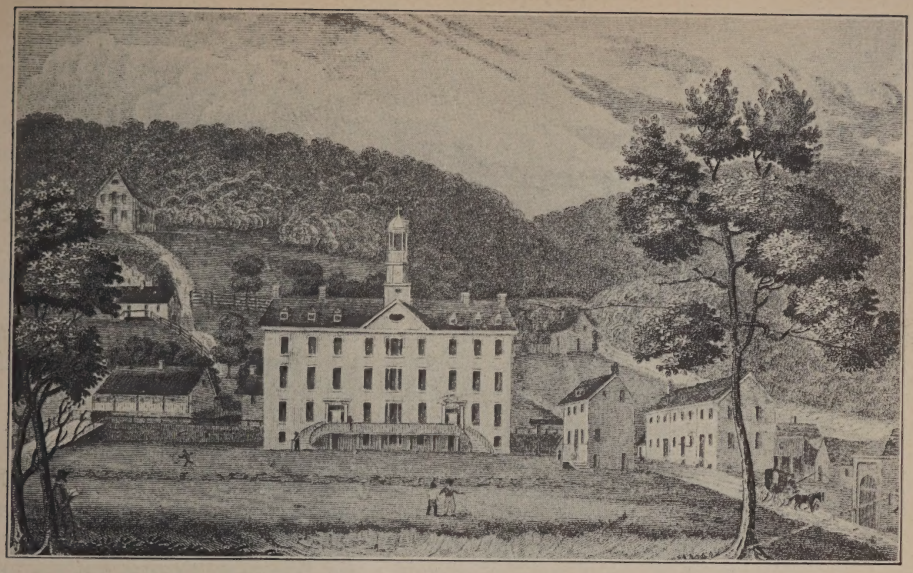
wood and drawers of water," and that they left behind them as an eternal heritage to Mount Saint Mary's College and to its environment a spirit of faith and of trust in God, of love and tenderness for the Mother of God, and of sturdy devotion to the one true Church, which neither time nor all the powers of darkness shall ever efface.



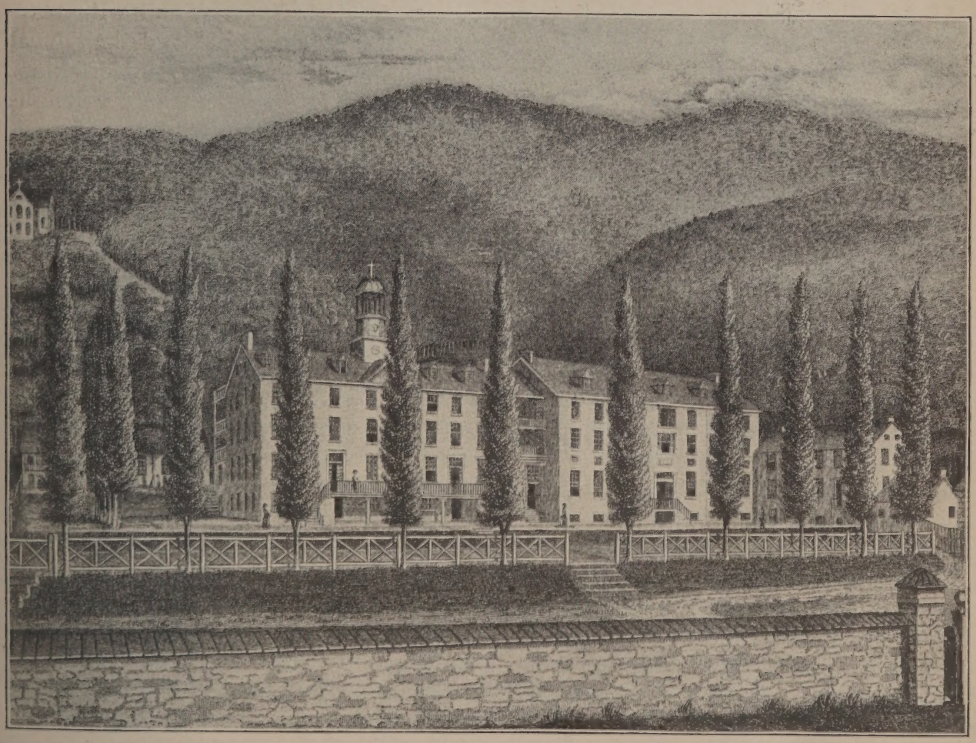
RT. REV. SIMON G. BRUTÈ.

The Elder family, ancestors of the late Archbishop of Cincinnati, were the first Catholics to locate in the neighborhood. They came up from Saint Mary's County, Maryland, in 1734, and gave the name "Saint Mary's Mount" to the majestic hill which stands out so boldly from the Blue Ridge range. Not far distant Mr. Elder built and fitted up a chapel, in the very heart of the primeval forest, and this crude log building, familiarly known as Elder Station, ante-dating our revolution almost two score years, was used by his family and his neighbors for nearly three quarters of a century. About it clustered the little band of heroic Catholics who had located in the surrounding country, and here was the only opportunity these sturdy pioneers of the faith possessed to enjoy the advantages and comforts of their religion, until 1793, when a considerable migration of Irish Catholics to the village of Emmitsburg necessitated the erection of a church in that place.

In the following year, Bishop Carroll directed Rev. John Dubois, of glorious memory, afterwards the third Bishop of New York, to take charge of Western Maryland and Northern Virginia. This heroic priest, the only one with a regular charge between Baltimore and St. Louis, entered upon his duties with the utmost earnestness and enthusiasm, ministering to the people of Frederick, Elder's Station, and Emmitsburg, and making journeys to every point in which he could learn of a Catholic family. After eleven years of unremitting labor he deemed it advisable to unite the Emmitsburg Catholics with those in the neighborhood of Mount Saint Mary's, and to build at the latter place, a church sufficiently large for both congregations. Up to this time he had made his head-



MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, 1826.



MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, 1843.

Church. Dubois Hall. Brutè Hall. Original Building.

RT. REV. JOHN MCCAFFREY.

quarters in Frederick, but he now determined that a permanent residence at Mount Saint Mary's would enable him to accomplish with less expense and more facility the building of the church he had in mind and the establishment of a flourishing congregation.

The church which still stands on the side of the mountain above Mount Saint Mary's College, and which will celebrate on November 19th of this year its one hundredth anniversary, is the realization of this dream, a dream, alas, too vast and splendid for even the wildest flight of fancy of the simple-minded country folk who comprised his flock, for they soon complained that the structure was too handsome for the locality and much too large for even the future needs of the congregation.

From a roadway in front of the church a view may be had, than which there are few more glorious, comprising in its extensive range the beautiful and fertile Valley of the Monocacy and all the country from Round Top and the battlefield of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania to Sugar Loaf Mountain, separated from Virginia only by the Potomac.

Upon November 19, 1805, in the presence of all the people he could assemble, Rev. John Dubois felled with his own hands the first tree on the spot selected for this now historic edifice, and, as the majestic oak crashed to the ground, the people cheered the hardy energy of their indomitable pastor, and with tear-dimmed eyes pledged their loyal support to his holy undertaking. A barbecue, such as the neighborhood never before witnessed, followed, closing a day which should ever be remembered in the annals of the Catholic Church in America, for then and there was really the beginning of not only the "church on the hill," but of Mount Saint Mary's College, with her long career of usefulness and devoted service to the Catholic Church — although the buildings were not commenced for several years afterwards. The church was vigorously proceeded with and was soon ready for occupancy, thus ante-dating by several months even the laying of the cornerstone of the Cathedral in Baltimore, the first Catholic cathedral in the United States, which was not dedicated until May 31, 1821.

The good judgment and foresight of Bishop Dubois were speedily demonstrated, for, by the year 1811, the congregation having been so largely augmented

and the college having so greatly increased the number of its students, it was apparent to both pastor and congregation that the church required enlargement. To devise ways and means to accomplish this end, Bishop Dubois and a committee of the congregation held several meetings. However, the undertaking was abandoned, as was a similar one in 1813, and it was not until 1828 that the much needed enlargement was accomplished. This was done during the presidency of Rev. Michael de Burgo Egan, who, on September 7, 1826, succeeded Bishop Dubois, and became the second president of Mount Saint Mary's College. The original church was composed of logs and stone, but, in the construction of the new addition, it was considered advisable to use brick for the walls and to cover with plaster the outside of both the old and the new portions, so as to produce uniformity of appearance. The new addition was about thirty feet wide and seventy-five feet long and was built in the rear of the original church, forming a building with two wings. It stands today practically as it was then completed, what changes there are being the work of time.

OLD LOG HOUSE IN COLLEGE GARDEN.

This is the house in which Mr. Hughes, the gardener (afterwards the great Archbishop of New York), lived while he was the college gardener and was studying for the Church.

In this modest temple of our holy faith, whose cupola, surmounted by a gilded cross, shelters a statue of the "Mountain's" heavenly patroness, time and again have knelt and prayed those mighty men whose "burning and shining lights" have been "placed on the golden candlesticks of the Apostles," men like Dubois and

"The Angel Guardian of the Mount—
Brutè."

Bishop Simon Gabriel Brutè was a re-

REAR OF THE COLLEGE, DUBOIS HALL. VALLEY FROM THE CHURCH.

markable man, viewed from any standpoint, and he seemed to be especially designed by God to aid Bishop Dubois in his arduous efforts to establish a worthy educational institution in America.

Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, in his "Life of Bishop Brutè," says that "it is no disparagement of those holy and eminent men who have adorned the annals of the Catholic Church in this country—of a Carroll, a Cheverus, a Dubois, and a Flaget, to say that no one has ever exerted a more beneficial influence in favor of the Catholic religion than Bishop Brutè. If Mount Saint Mary's, in addition to all the other benefits it has bestowed upon Catholicity in this country, has been in a remarkable degree the nursery of an intelligent, active, zealous priesthood, exactly such men as were needed to supply the peculiar wants of the Church in this country, every one at all acquainted with the history of that institution will allow that the true ecclesiastical spirit was stamped upon it by Bishop Brutè. His humility, piety, and learning made him a model of the Christian priest, and the impression his virtues made upon both ecclesiastical and lay students surpassed all oral instruction."

Keep in mind a man, who, "after celebrating Mass, started on foot" from the Mountain for Baltimore, fifty-two miles away, "without a cent in his pocket," and who read on the way "388 pages in Anquetil's History of France, 14 pages of Cicero de officiis, three chapters in the New Testament, his office, and recited the chaplet three times," arrived in Baltimore before ten o'clock the same evening, saw the Archbishop the next day, accomplished his purpose, "laus Deo," started homeward on foot the same afternoon, "stopped over night six and one-half miles from the city, where the storm obliged him to take refuge; said Mass and preached the following morning (Saint Patrick's Day) on the text 'filii sanctorum sumus,' read as he tramped his weary way only a "pamphlet of 25 pages and his office," because the "wind and rain were in his face, sometimes so severe as almost to take away his breath," and arriving at the college in the evening. Keep this man in mind and you will have a living picture of this remarkable personage, drawn by himself.

There was absolutely no duty in life too arduous for his accomplishment. This he demonstrated not only during the period of his life spent at Rennes, Paris, and other places in France, where

he witnessed all the horrors and privations of the awful days of the Revolution, which so tried men's souls, and which made him so strong in his faith, but also during his more peaceful days at Mount Saint Mary's, and afterwards in the West as Bishop of Vincennes. It is very certain that his influence on Catholic affairs was more vigorous, more extensive, and more permanent than that of any other man of his time.

He is truly the "Angel of the Mount," for his spirit is ever present, animating each student with the sturdy faith which was more than life to him, and instilling into the heart of each that love and devotion for the dear old spot which is at once the wonder and admiration of the college world.

"Glance around—
The terrace at our feet is hallowed ground:
Climb that green hill,—those levelled walks that glide
Around the Chapel, by the torrent's side—
That shaded mound, where still the Grotto stands—
All these are relics now, touched by the hands
That led alike the shriven soul to grace,
Or smoothed the frown from Nature's erring face.
Question the valley — hear how oft there trod,
Missal in hand, along the weary road,
A swift, frail shape, on some new mercy bent,
That seemed to smile with angels as it went.
Go farther — pierce the aching world beyond
The circle of those calm, blue lines, that bound
The Sanctuary — count the mitres — scan
The vast results of that one Heaven-sent man.
Ask mountain laymen, deep in stocks and deeds,
Why still they wear their medals, tell their beads;

MOUNTAIN BROOK, MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

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INTERIOR OF CHURCH.

"ST. ANTHONY'S LAKE" FROM BANK ABOVE PIKE. CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAIN

Ask that grey band of priests what trumpet call
Beneath Christ's standard ranged and armed them all;
Ask either prelate, whose command controls
The Christian being of a million souls,
Who first inspired his half-unconscious feet,
To tread the heights where flamed the Paraclete?
Hark! prelate, layman, priest, together say—
'The Angel Guardian of the Mount.—Brutè.'" (Miles).

Is it any wonder, then, that such a spirit produced the results which afterwards followed?

A leaf in his note book of 1826 gives the names of the priests and teachers of that year, numbering in all twenty-nine, nine of whom, including himself, became prelates. Their names are as follows:

Rt. Rev. John Dubois, Bishop of New York; Rt. Rev. Simon G. Brutè, Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana; Most Rev. John Hughes, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. John B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati, Ohio; Rt. Rev. George A. Carrell, Bishop of Covington, Ky.; His Eminence, John McCloskey, Cardinal Archbishop of New York; Rt. Rev. William Quarters, Bishop of Chicago, Ill.; Rt. Rev. Richard V. Whelan, Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va.; and Rt. Rev. Francis X. Gartland, Bishop of Savannah, Ga.

In addition to these the American hierarchy has been enriched by other sons of the "Mountain," all of whom have lived up to the spirit of the "Mountain" and to the ideals of right living and high thinking inculcated by her founders. The list includes Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. William Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, Ohio; Most Rev. Robert Seton, Archbishop of Heliopolis; Rt. Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana; Rt. Rev. John Conroy, Bishop of Albany, N. Y.; Rt. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock, Ark.; Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio; Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rt. Rev. F. P. McFarland, Bishop of Hartford, Conn.; Rt. Rev. William McCloskey, Bishop of Louisville, Ky.; Rt. Rev. John Quinlan, Bishop of Mobile, Ala.; Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Ill.; Rt. Rev. John Ambrose Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, Ohio; Rt. Rev. J. M. Young, Bishop of Erie, Pa.; Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker, Bishop of Wilmington, Del.; Rt. Rev. Henry P. Northrop, Bishop of Charleston, S. C.; Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern, Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa.; Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, Ala.

To these must be added a long list of illustrious priests, men like Very Rev. John McCaffrey, a veritable giant in intellect and erudition, who twice, at his own earnest solicitation, escaped the tremendous burdens of the mitre, and who as president of the college and pastor of the "church on the hill" shaped the destinies of the "Mountain" for more than thirty years; Rev. Henry S. McMurdie, a most eminent philosopher, and yet humble, devoted, affectionate, blessed; Very Rev. John McCloskey, who sat his coal black horse, a truthful likeness of George Washington, always simple, stately and distinguished; Rev. Charles C. Pise, accomplished, learned, the handsomest man in the United States, and Chaplain to Congress for two years; Rev. John O'Brien, author of "History of the Mass;" Rev. William J. Hill, warm-hearted, brilliant and progressive; Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Byrne, V. G., Boston, self-sacrificing, generous, and indefatigable in his efforts to promote the welfare of the college; and in very truth an army of others, dead and living, all of whom have performed or are accomplishing noble services in behalf of the Church, the Mountain and Christian education.

Add again her sons of the laity, governors, senators, assemblymen, judges, lawyers, doctors, litterateurs, poets,

scientists, artists, architects, merchants, manufacturers, and men in almost every part of the world, in every avocation of life,—a veritable host, men who love and revere the "old church on the hill," whither they climbed in the happy days of youth; and to these add the friends of the institution, and it can be readily understood what a goodly assemblage should be present upon this most memorable and auspicious occasion.

The history of Catholicity in the United States cannot be told without reference to this historic church, and, when the day of her centennial celebration, the 19th day of November, 1905, comes, the orators of the occasion may, if they will, recount facts and circumstances which will add lustre and renown to the Catholic Church in the United States, fame to the "Mountain," and glory to the "old church on the hill."

NIGHT SONG.

BY GEORGE W. VANDEGRIFT.

Come with me where branches sway
In the light of the summer moon;
And breezes born in the lap of day
In the long oak vistas swoon.

Down o'er the sloping meadows sweet
With breath of westward wind;
Away to the forest's dim retreat,
And leave the world behind.

Alone in the wildwood aisles, alone
With bird and tree and flow'r,
When thoughts of strife and sin have flown,
Find God for one sweet hour.

THE SÈVRES CUP.

BY MAUD REGAN.

It is very still to-night at Plains of Peace. The children, those small guests of Cousin Betty's, gathered in from such strange by-ways to fill the stately, oak-panelled rooms, whence drifted one by one their predecessors of the Sainton name, have sunk to rest in lavender-scented beds, sacred of yore to more aristocratic slumbers.

Through the drawing-room windows, open on vine-clad galleries, flower censers waft a fragrance of blended rose and honey-suckle and jessamine, to vie with the faint, spicy breath of the rose leaves with which the Sainton ladies loved to fill punch bowl and rose jar, and those great Chinese vases round which the dragons writhe, vigilant, and terrible.

A few candles set in massive sticks upon the mantel-shelf reveal the philanderings of a Dresden shepherdess and her attendant swain, and illumine the prim landscape of a willow pattern plate, where fond Mandarin and almond-eyed maid pursue their eternal courtship. Stray gleams linger round Cousin Betty's favorite cup—a graceful trifle of old Sèvres, all of a quaint green shade, save where a flowing gold scroll-work encloses a medallion whereon some old artist has painted a daisy field down which a dainty Marquise be-flowered and be-flounced trips to a tryst unguessed by Dresden shepherdess or almond-eyed maid. Long ago tragedy reared its head among the daisies, and a cruel crack running across the flowered bodice shows that for all her smiling the little Marquise carries a broken heart.

Through the open windows the moon's silver rim is just visible above the black mass of the shrubbery, and the mocking bird, like an awakened minstrel, greets her with a flood of liquid melody. Scents and sounds of the summer night trouble the peace of the faded room. Lovely ladies and gallant beaux gaze wistful-eyed from their tarnished frames, as if they pondered.

"What a gift their life was, ages ago." Old roses in the punch bowl long done with the joy of blooming and the pain of fading stir restlessly in their spicy tombs, and dried petals flutter through the window on a vagrant breeze, as though, like other ghosts, they would revisit scenes that once were dear.

They will find the garden little changed, but will vainly seek the merry girls who used to stray along the paths where they rioted in pink or white or crimson splendor. Nor will they see Cousin Betty, clad all in white, as they remember her tripping down the avenue to meet Cousin Tom Paxton just ridden over from Cotswolde on his roan, "Scapegrace," nor feel the old jealous thrill as he fills her arms with dewy clusters of "Giant of Battles," which she preferred to all the roses that bloomed at Plains of Peace. Cotswolde and Plains of Peace! How rich are the mere names of these old plantations in memories of ante-bellum splendors, and how persistently the glamor of the old days lingers, despite untilled fields, and empty pastures, and broken fences which sturdy creepers have done their best to mend or hide.

For three generations before the opening of our tale, the estates had marched acre for acre across the richest of the Bluegrass country. Three generations of Paxtons had dined at the mahogany board, brought by the first Sainton from the old Virginia home, sipping wines,

that years had mellowed, to friendship which with each generation grew more strong.

An inter-marriage in some remote ramification of the family pedigrees had established a vague connection which nowhere save in Scotland or the scarce less clannish South would have constituted the cousinship to which each family laid claim. For five years had "Cousin" Tom Paxton weathered the winds, fittingly tempered to the single ewe lamb of an aristocratic fold, before the June morning when a dusky and excited herald galloped up the Cotswolde avenue with the intelligence that a fourth generation of Saintons had wailed her way into the ancestral halls, where her advent occasioned scarcely more rejoicing than in the Paxton abode. When in the fulness of time it became incumbent on this small stranger to enter on her Christian heritage, under a name fragrant with the virtues of the Sainton ladies time out of mind it was the Judge and Mrs. Paxton who pledged the new Elizabeth to a fulfilment of her duties in the exalted sphere whereto Providence had called her. Tom fell asleep over the christening supper, to grace which function his sturdy form had been indued with a black velvet suit of exceeding magnificence, but not before he had sipped a mouthful of port to a toast of the Judge's proposing, "To the union of the families," nor before Betty, in all her christening finery, borne, by her proud mammy, on lace-frilled pillows had made the round of the admiring company and vanished through the door in a blaze of glory.

The capricious fate which so often wreaks its spite on such well-laid schemes of parental devising smiled benignly on the plan so enthusiastically toasted at Betty's christening. Looking backward through the years she strove vainly to recall a time when Tom had not been the central figure in her youthful world. She was not far advanced in her second year when Mr. Sainton succumbed to an attack of pleurisy following a chill consequent upon a hard ride to hounds, so to Betty he was only a name standing for all things brave and generous, and the cause of certain innocent heresy in her childish interpretation of the Lord's Prayer. But Tom! How his sturdy figure dominated her nursery days! He was the guide of her uncertain steps on those first venturesome journeys when the vine-draped gallery stretched a pathway perilous to the very ends of the world; the admiral of the fleet whose high seas was the duck pond; the architect of marvelous card castles whose erection beguiled many an enchanted twilight. Nor with the passing of nursery days was the bond weakened. For ten months of the year Tom might be exiled to a Lexington college, and Betty sent to acquire new graces of mind and manner from the Visitation nuns at Georgetown, but there remained those golden "long vacations," when the comrades fell quite naturally into the old relations.

Roaming merrily over two plantations, it would have puzzled an outsider to say which home either claimed, Cotswolde, or Plains of Peace. In Tom's twentieth year a calamity befell which for a space diverted the idyllic current of their days. A malignant form of typhus invaded "the quarters" at Cotswolde, and, like the ministering angel the southern mistress generally proved to the children of her great household, Mrs. Paxton passed among the sufferers, fearless as though she bore a charmed life. And like some jealous monster not to be appeased save by the sacrifice of the best and fairest, the fever claiming this one victim spared the teeming life of the quarters, and went upon its way.

In the first bitterness of their grief, a common impulse prompted husband

and son to flee scenes so memory-haunted. Plans were feverishly pushed for a European sojourn of indefinite length, and Betty's note, tear-stained and incoherent with woe, traveled from Georgetown only to find her old comrade on the eve of departure.

For more than three years the keys of the state rooms lay untouched in the office of the Cotswolde overseer. Spiders weaving grey festoons from cornice to chandelier, and mice tunneling their way behind the carved wainscotting, divided an empire where no one seemed to dispute their rights, till one late spring evening their fate was sealed by one of those odd chances on which so often hinge the fates of mice and men. 'Twas merely the faint breath of violets wafted from a flower stall on a Parisian boulevard down which Fate sent straying the rightful owners of those deserted halls, which awoke in the Judge a sudden nostalgia for Cotswolde.

"Why it's a whiff of the South, lad," he said, inhaling the fragrance rapturously, while the lighted streets faded, and he saw instead the great boughs of the Cotswolde oaks, outlined against the softly flushed evening sky where one great star hung like a sanctuary lamp over a grave where just such violets matted.

"Tom my boy, your old father is wearying for his home," he said as the vision faded. "I can't tell you what good news that is to me, sir," heartily rejoined Tom, in whose mind a similar picture had existed, chiefly as a back-ground for a slender girlish figure with a mane of rebellious chestnut hair—"There's no place like Cotswolde!"

Golden September brooded over the Bluegrass before the wanderers were once more established in the old house. The morrow of his return beheld Tom, on his roan hunter, spurring eagerly towards Plains of Peace, upon whose halls a golden age had seemingly descended. Betty, tall, graceful, radiantly lovely, emancipated from the school room and frankly delighted with her tentative excursion in that land flowing with milk and honey known in convent parlance as "the world," was a vision of exquisite girlhood for which his memories had hardly prepared him. The house was taxed to overflowing by a company of witching maids and gallant beaux among whom Betty reigned acknowledged queen. In a month was to be held the ball which would signalize her crossing of the social rubicon, and that nothing might lack to the happiness of such an event, behold cousin Tom Paxton spurring gaily through the haze-draped landscape to assume his rightful place in the happy company. And in the first moment of their re-union when, with cheeks exquisitely flushed, Betty's eyes drooped shyly from the ardent gaze that strove to hold them, it was seemingly established that his proper place was just where the moment happened to find Elizabeth Sainton.

None dared though many would fain have disputed his right to read to her in the shadowy library, when the September sun poised hot and golden in the noonday sky, or to walk beside her through box-bordered garden paths holding her basket while she cut sheaves of late flowers to deck the mahogany board which had never known a blither company in its four generations of festive assemblages. Neck and neck in the hunting field sped the roan hunter "Scapegrace" and Betty's white "Swallow," while the crisp autumn air deepened the roses in Betty's cheeks, and sent loosened tendrils of chestnut hair whipping into eyes dark with excitement. Rising to the fences like swallows, skimming across hill and hollow, skirting flame-touched thickets, hounds baying, horns sounding, laughter ringing, what could match for Cousin Tom the enchantment of those moments!

What, if not those yet more golden, when in the scented dusk he would stand beside the old piano, trimming the candles that made a soft nimbus of her hair, while she sang with unconscious pathos those quaint old songs about "parting," and "forgetting" and "broken hearts." Then, perhaps, with a capricious change from grave to gay, her soft contralto would take up the air of some old favorite, like "Sigh no more ladies," and the young people would straggle into the drawing-room and fresh voices catch up the refrain, till the whole air pulsed with melody,

"Be ye blithe and bonny,
Ladies sigh no more."

And thus the happy days drifted towards an inevitable issue, and on the evening of the great party, it surprised no one to hear that Tom Paxton and Elizabeth Sainton were formally betrothed.

The Judge, tempted from his library to honor so auspicious an occasion, embraced Betty with Old World chivalry and wringing Tom's hand exclaimed huskily, "It would have made your mother very happy, my boy."

A mist of tears dimmed for an instant the radiance of Mrs. Sainton's smile, while her truant thoughts strayed back through the shadowy aisles of memory.

But no regret could long withstand the overwhelming tide of gaiety which swept through the old house on that night of nights. Such tapping of light feet on polished floors, such flashing of dark eyes, such scraping of tuneful fiddles, and whispering of tender speeches, such carnival from cabin to great house was never known in the history of Plains of Peace. The wedding day was eight months distant, but preparations for the proper equipment of the bride were immediately begun. Wedding finery must come from Paris, old laces be unpacked and mended, plate burnished, linen woven, and lavender-scented hoards of former brides rifled of their choicest treasures for this last of the Saintons, who, ignoring such mundane concerns, roamed with Tom Paxton in an Arcadia of her own.

Riding gaily through an autumn-painted landscape, chatting merrily before glowing grates in the winter dusk, wreathing the ancestral portraits with their Christmas holly and mistletoe,—in such wise the days sped golden and fleeting. And yet beneath their harmony ran an undertone of unrest. Almost ten years before there had loomed on the national horizon that little cloud "No larger than a man's hand," destined to burst at last in all the horrors of Civil War.

Drifting steadily on, deepening, darkening, its shadow overspread the land till even those two dwellers in Arcadia shuddered with foreboding of impending disaster. Patriotism, which in the extreme North and South was simplified to a mere drifting with a tide trending irresistibly to union or secession, was in Kentucky a term for personal interpretation. No where were southern sympathizers more intolerant of those whom conviction arrayed against a cause to which blood and tradition alike bound them, no where did more unwritten tragedy underlie the marshalling of blue and grey.

And so, the flaming brand of war, that on a soft April day severed a nation, barred also the gate of many a quiet Eden. And at one such portal, scarce realizing the finality of their exile, stood Tom Paxton white-lipped and resolute, and Betty indignant and amazed.

Loyal, hot-headed daughter of the South, she had listened incredulously while *Cousin Tom Paxton* proclaimed himself recreant to all the traditions of his race. "Conscience!" "Conviction!" She hearkened impatiently while he strove to explain the motives which

pledged him to the Northern cause. "Slavery was a blot on the civilization of his country and his age." Thus had he spoken to the adored young mistress of a teeming plantation.

"Why, Tom, its incredible that you should view matters in such a light, you whose ancestors were all slave owners, you whose mother gave her life for her slaves. Do you mean to say *our* servants aren't happy?"

"Sweetheart, you cite only the fortunate exceptions to a pernicious system. My out-look is a broader one. Betty, Betty, can't you realize what all this is costing me?"

"Do you realize that if you persist in this madness it means the end of everything between us?" said Betty, her lips a scarlet line of immutable resolve.

"Betty, you can't mean it! You couldn't be so cruel!"

"I was never more serious, and it is you who are cruel. Surely Tom, you will not sacrifice both our lives to a mere chimera."

Love and duty, the world old problem, worked out with poor suffering human units from age to age, fronted Tom relentlessly that day of spring. Right, the grim abstraction, pitted against the girl, wayward, lovely and inexpressibly dear.

Miserable but resolute Tom made his choice, while the solid earth seemed to reel beneath him.

"Betty, dear, I must go," he forced his stiff lips to say. A moment later there lay in his hand the diamond circlet which had been his mother's betrothal ring, and Betty was saying in the tones one uses to a casual acquaintance, "In that case nothing remains but to bid you good morning, Mr. Paxton."

"Is that your last word for me," he pleaded hoarsely?"

"I have nothing further to say to a traitor." Her clear level tones falling like whip lashes, she turned from him in icy disdain, that melted in a storm of sobs when she reached the library, and the haven of her mother's arms. Meanwhile Tom, smarting, hurt, despairing, was spurring for the last time down the elm-bordered avenue of Plains of Peace.

The news of Tom's degeneracy, and the consequent breaking of his engagement to Elizabeth Sainton, lived scarcely more than the traditional nine days in a little world where each heart held its own anxiety or woe. As the months sped, and with varying results the war-tide ebbed and flowed, the old house became a haven for the Nancys, and Sallys, and Alicias of the clan—girls supremely blessed, in Betty's estimation, that their fathers, brothers, and sweethearts, were fighting in the ranks of Lee, or Johnston, or Beauregard. Pale, anxious ghosts of their former laughing selves, they waited in the quiet rooms for news they scarcely dared to hear. In time the general financial depression added yet another drop to their cup, and only at the cost of rigorous self-denial, were hampers still despatched to hospital and camp.

In the kitchen, Dinah, a cook famed through all the Bluegrass region, moaned distressfully over the Spartan fare on which her talents were wasted, only saving some shreds of self-respect by the expedient of increasing the splendor of the plate and china, in an inverse ratio to the meagreness of the fare.

The appearance of the Sèvres service marked her ultimate protest when coffee gave place to chicory in the breakfast urn, on the very morning when the Cotswolde messenger rushed in with the dire tidings that Gettysburg was fought and lost, and Cousin Tom Paxton was among the fallen. No cry burst from Betty's white lips, but a sudden trembling seized her and the cup slipping unheeded from her numb fingers, lay in two great fragments on the floor. "Will they

bring him home?" some one seemed to ask from a great distance. "We are not sure, we think so." "The Judge has gone—" the words trailed off into silence, and Betty striving to steady herself against the table suddenly abandoned the effort, while the whole room grew black. For many days the merciful darkness enfolded the sad, tired girl, and when, frail and shaken, she groped her way back to the strange, changed world all that was mortal of Cousin Tom had been laid to rest beside his mother.

Even amid his desolation the Judge's thoughts strayed tenderly to Betty. "Poor little girl!" he said to Mrs. Sainton, when all was over, "at her age its hard to face a grief like this. For me—well it's only a step to rejoin them both, and the door can't be locked much longer. You will give her my love, and tell her all we know of my boy—how when 'Scapegrace' was shot beneath him, he struggled to his feet, fighting stubbornly while his company was cut to pieces around him, and how, quite suddenly and painlessly, a Confederate bullet ended it all. You must tell her how noble and glad he seemed, lying here beneath his mother's portrait. I had them cut all the Giant of Battle roses till the room was red and sweet with them, like the garden on the June morning when old Caesar rode over to tell us Betty had come. His mother made him cut a great cluster, 'With Cousin Tom's compliments, for Miss Sainton'—how serious he was, and how we laughed over them, but always after he called the Giant of Battles 'Betty's roses,' and will you say, 'Tom sent her this,' " and he handed Mrs. Sainton a packet addressed in bold flowing characters, to "Miss Elizabeth Sainton." "We found it in his tent, afterward."

So that was how there drifted back to Cousin Betty a frail spar from the wreck of her happiness, slight indeed to one who had deemed joy an inalienable birthright, but something to hold fast amid the universal desolation.

"Oh, Tom, you have come back to me," she said with a little sob, as she brooded over her treasures, the diamond circlet she had scornfully tossed him, the letter worn with much handling she had written when his mother died, and a carte-de-visite photograph of a smiling girl in a spreading gown, and gipsy hat, from whose shade dark eyes looked out happily on a world which so far had yielded her its best. Across the back was inscribed in school-girl hand, "Elizabeth Sainton," and beneath in the free characters she knew so well, ran two lines from a poem Tom had once read to her with keen appreciation—"I had not loved you dear so well, loved I not honor more." A date followed—the day before Gettysburg. It was Tom's vindication to one who too late understood.

Well, Tom's work was splendidly ended—hers lay ahead through gray days that at eighteen seem to stretch onward, an interminable vista. The dawn of a new resolve was in her eyes, as putting behind her selfish grieving and vain regret, brave little Betty turned again to face the strange, changed world. One fancies she struck the key-note of the after-years, on that very day when she entered the breakfast room and gathering the fragments of the Sèvres cup from the mantel-shelf where Dinah had carefully laid them, she set about cementing and riveting them together with deft steady fingers. To her kinswoman, Sally Carter, who came upon her just as the task was completed, she held up the cup with a brave attempt at her old gaiety.

"If you didn't look very closely you'd scarcely know it had been broken, and it's going to be a very useful cup after all." And the little Marquise in the daisy-field with the great crack across her heart, bravely smiled her appreciation.

I am confronted by the difficulty of making clear to one who did not know her, just how Cousin Betty's life came to count for so much, a life made up of such small matters, and spent within the confines of the Bluegrass. That it did count would have surprised no one more than Cousin Betty.

While the war lasted there was much to be done. Many a soldier too ill to rejoin the forces found in the quiet rooms a haven, in their mistress, a ministering angel who never questioned whether the suffering form wore blue or gray, for the large charity of Plains of Peace enfolded all. How deftly Betty's white fingers fashioned coarse garments of flannel and serge, how skilfully they cut and rolled lint and bandages till the linen presses were all exhausted, and there remained only the carved chest where her dower linen lay fragrant with rose leaves and lavender. And though sometimes a tear may have fallen on the gleaming damask, it went the way of all the rest. "It was often hard, dear," Cousin Betty admitted of the days that followed the war, when the South, stunned and bleeding, strove to adjust itself to the changed conditions. "Happily one was too busy for thought. So many of our servants had drifted away, and those remaining were too few to cope with the universal disorder and still too many for our slender resources to maintain. I was haunted by a dread of having to send some of them away and it seemed doubly cruel in the face of their pathetic belief in one's omnipotence."

"But we pulled through somehow. The girls' letters were gleams of sunshine—you remember hearing of Alicia Carey and Nancy Fairfax and Sally Carter who stayed with us during the war-time. They all married, of course, and were constantly urging me to make them long visits, but there never seemed to be a time when Plains of Peace could spare me.

"By and by their children would come to me for the long vacation. Even they are grown now, and I'm quite an old woman with a very little while to wait, as the dear old Judge would say for 'the unlocking of the door,' that has swung wide for all the home folk."

Cousin Betty's story would hardly be complete without some mention of the children for whom she was a glorified being, half angel, half fairy godmother.

Can any of them, grown, alas, and waging life's daily battle, the nobler surely for Cousin Betty's accolade, forget those golden vacation times at Plains of Peace? Can they not feel across the years the mounting ecstasy as the dilapidated and dilatory accommodation train drew near the little station where dusky Cato waited with the rather ramshackle phaeton, dignity and delight warring in the face of the old retainer and producing such a succession of grins and frowns as were never visible on another face!

Can they forget Cousin Betty, framed in the doorway, a slight, grey-clad figure, waiting to fold each in a quick, laughing embrace! Cousin Betty who held the key to a world beautiful and showed them new wonders of sky and field and fresh meanings in—"the violet by the river's brim." Can they forget the supper of fried chicken and beaten biscuit and positively unrestricted jam, and the great fragrant four posters where sleep descended ere they had well sunk into the yielding depths!

Were her stories ever matched, those tales through which, shorn of their school-room terrors, moved kings and knights and paladins on their splendid quests, with heads held high above all sordidness and guile.

Sometimes with a new light in her eyes, and a voice that vibrated strangely, she would begin the story they loved

best of all: "There was once a very brave man to whom honor was dearer than all the world beside," a hero they came to associate with a certain grave-stone at Cotswolde, where, when Giant of Battle roses were done blooming, one might read the inscription, "dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

"Many are the children of the desolate." The text might have been written just for Cousin Betty. Small waifs, who would else have never known the delights of green fields and babbling brooks, she gathered round her in the summer weeks, a strange company for those high-ceiled rooms with their old Chippendale and Sheraton, and their ancestral portraits gazing down in chronic amaze.

I have lingered over these memories, having a curious reluctance to write the ending of Cousin Betty's story, calm and happy as that ending was. It was well enough for other Saintons to pass from the old place, but that Plains of Peace can still exist and Cousin Betty be gone, seems daily more incredible. She was such a hard person to pet or nurse, she whose life had been a long ministry to the needs of others.

When with infinite craft I would have lured her to the chintz-covered couch beside the glowing grate, amid her protests against such coddling, and have tip-toed to my room in the vain belief that she would rest, how surely would she steal to my door, a frail, gray-clad figure, to see that my tea was waiting, my lamp shaded, my fire burning, or those countless hospitable offices fulfilled, which she had never delegated to another. Cousin Betty! Cousin Betty! These were the subjects of sole disputes but how often they recurred! She was never really ill, even at the last. "Just a bit lazy, dear, and you are all in league to spoil me," was her cheery reply to all questioning. Almost her last words referred to the Sèvres cup from which it was her fancy to sip, what nourishment she could be prevailed upon to take. Running her finger gently over the old seam as though the frail china were some hurt sentient thing, she said dreamily—

"How badly it was broken, but what a useful cup it has been after all!" And the little lonely Marquise in the daisy-field smiled up at Cousin Betty, as though they had a secret in common.

INVER.

BY DANIEL SHIELDS.

Flow, flow ye tides on Inver, up from the deep to Inver,
Send green waves high on Inver as ye were wont to do
Or steal with voice of crooning, across the Bar fall softly
For I can hear in low notes the haunting songs of you.

Shine on bright Bay of Inver, Oh pleasant Bay of Inver
Atlantic tides to Inver come cool out from the West.
Say is there music floating in dusk and in twilight?
When fisher songs ring fitfully out upon your breast.

Oh! there are braes on Inver, the white sand duns of Inver
And bent grows tall on Inver, and white, and it is fine
Where winds pipe into flute notes thro' waving bent and grasses
Or breathe along their passing the scent of sea and brine.

For I have been on Inver, on level sands of Inver.
I know the waves of Inver, their anger or their joy
And they but bring the hushed voice of one who came to love me.
No more he goes beside me, my handsome fisher boy.

Once there was grief on Inver, the stormy Bay of Inver
When half the pride of Inver went down into the deep;
And some boats came to shoreward, and some out to the ocean.
Their crews lie there uncaring, lulled with the ocean's sleep.

And Donnall's boat on Inver lies high and dry on Inver
That morning's light on Inver grew pale and very dim
When white waves with dashing bore to the sands his body.
Oh but I kissed the sea-foam from off the brow of him.

So I would go to Inver, across the hills to Inver
An o'er the sands to Inver, my love is sleeping there.
The west winds cannot wake him; no griefs of mine disturb him
But he may know my footfalls or hear my voice in prayer.

They took him up to Inver, to holy quiet Inver
The singing tides of Inver were silent for him then.
The mountains gray in grief were, because he loved their shadows
And all the birds were silent in woods of Bonnyglen.

I'd wait awhile in Inver, and pray awhile in Inver,
Above a grave in Inver 'tis there the grass is green,
The ruined walls give shelter where Donnall in his sleeping
May hear the sea-winds harking with sobs of me between.

Then flow ye tides on Inver, the saints keep guard on Inver
And kindred dust in Inver is round the one I loved.
Where bright the sea below is, the green hills up above are
Lonely for our laughter where I and Donnall roved.

And I'll go far from Inver where Ainey runs to Inver
On all the banks of Inver, God's blessing I will pray.
The shining sands are grey now, the white gulls calling lonely,
'Tis far the kindly mountains will take me on their way.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY OF THE PENSION BUSINESS.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

From the points of many pens countless barrels of ink had been shed over the Civil War, and the time was rich with recollections when I joined the mighty throng of children who listened to stories of what happened "during the war." How those stories fired our imaginations! How we wished that we had lived then—the boys to be soldiers, of course, and the girls to "help the poor soldiers!" It took years to rid many of us of the idea that war is romance. Our war with Spain, and its aftermath, convinced some that stern realism is the dominant note of conflict and that romance is pitched at an octave too high for the average warrior.

My awakening came in the shape of pensions, and in pensions also came the answer to my childish desire to "help the soldiers." In the four years spent in a pension attorney's office I could never once lose sight of the fact that the men who "had fought, and bled for the Union," were the most important citizens that this country ever had, or would have; that the Commissioner of Pensions was a villain of the deepest dye, who sought to "defraud old soldiers out of their just and mighty rights;" that Congress was the laziest body of men ever assembled under one roof, that it was more of a disgrace to the Capitol than Coxey's Army was to the grass around it; that the President (this when Cleveland was serving his second term) was a drafted man who bought a substitute, and if the country could only pay a substitute for him in the White House the old soldiers would get their pensions settled at once! And that, if we, as attorneys, didn't have that claim settled at once he would take it away and give it to another attorney, who would, so there!

When letters in which the above sentiments were written first came to my attention, I began to hear the laurel wreaths crackle with the heat of indignation which came from the heroes of the Civil War. Were these grumbling old men my boys in blue, who fought so bravely, marched so gallantly, sang so gayly in camp? They were—some of them. I came to the conclusion that, as the ones who growled the loudest made the least effort to secure sufficient evidence to substantiate their claims, they were, in all probability, the kickers and the shirkers of their regiments, and after all, had no place in my affections, real or imaginary.

Before the act of June 27th, 1890, it was necessary for every soldier to prove that the disability for which pension was claimed originated in the service and line of duty. This was no light task in many instances; in others it seems almost an impossibility, for the reason that there may be no hospital record of the injury or disease, the soldier had no medical attendance, or the surgeon, who attended him, is dead; the commissioned officer, who might be able to testify, and the comrades, too, are dead, or their address is unknown, hence the claim comes to a standstill. While this is the first link in the chain of evidence, it is sometimes supposed to be missing temporarily, and the attorney usually advises the claimant to secure the balance of the evidence needed, showing continuance of the disability from the time of its incurrence up to the time the claim was filed. Again, it is no easy matter for those who have put in a claim years after the war has closed to find witnesses to prove that during each and every year of that time they have suffered from the disability men-

tioned and that it was always attributed to the service. The claimant may have had no regular attending physician to swear this, in his behalf; the friends who might testify are gone, he has moved about from one town to another; he has not been one to murmur much over his complaint, and hence few knew of it, or those who could testify, will not.

There are fortunate ones who can prove, with little effort, their claim; and their cases are settled comparatively early after they have appeared before the Board of Examining Surgeons in their district, and the physicians have reported favorably on their claim. These men are the envy of their unfortunate comrades, who, upon hearing that another claim has been settled and that not theirs, take "a pen in hand to make complaint, and to ask why my neighbor's claim is settled and mine is not. I filed a claim long be fore he did and now he is pensioned and I still wait." It is when such a letter as this arrives in the mail that the clerk who is given it to look up sighs as he, or she, settles deeply in the desk chair and turns over the big stout "jacket" that envelopes the hopes and despairs of the Original Pension Claim, No.—— of William Black, late of Co.——, Regt., Penn. Vols., who claims pension on "Rheumatism" and who lives somewhere out in Nevada now. The address may have been changed a great many times, showing that William is a wanderer on the map of the United States. Sometimes it is shown that a letter calling for additional evidence was duly sent William several months ago; that it was returned by the postmaster with the word "Removed" written thereon; that a letter was written to the postmaster asking if he knew whence William had gone. He replied in the negative. The Pension Office was also asked if William had sent address there, and so on, but no light is shed, until this badly-spelled, laboriously written letter comes out of the west to ask that eternal question: *"Why is my claim not settled?"*

In such a case as that of wandering William, who also has made no effort whatever to get the evidence called for, the clerk usually gives his fat jacket a thump, mentally wishing it was the one that covered William, and emphatically repeats instructions to him, and also reminds him that this is a great and growing country, and that unless he keeps his attorneys advised as to his whereabouts, nothing can be done for him, as it is impossible to keep track of him. This letter may make William move a little in the matter of evidence, and in a short, or a long time, when it suits his convenience, he may send the evidence. Probably the affidavit covers a period of a few months, when one covering a period of twenty years is wanting. The clerk groans and prods William again. William bites back and replies after this form, approved, it would seem, by disgruntled claimants:

"Honored Sir:—Yours to hand. I sent you the evidence and you still ask for more. I aint got none. I have spent a small fortune on that case already. Other men have spent a few dollars for proofs and treats therefor, and got a big penshion, back and all. (Back pension.) Aint you or the Commishioner ever agoing to settle my claim? Please let me hear from you at onct or I will put my case in another lawyer's hands.

Yours respeckfully."

After this respectful threat, and seeing that the claimant is not going to exert himself for some time, the attorney files with the Pension Office a notice to the effect that he is making an effort to secure the evidence necessary and has no intentions of abandoning the claim. For the Pension Bureau, as much as it is

abused by the old soldiers, has their interests at heart, and no attorney who wilfully neglects a claim can hope to retain attorneyship therein. On the other hand, no claimant can place his case in the hands of another attorney while the one to whom he originally gave power to prosecute his claim, is doing all he can to bring it to a favorable settlement. When we consider that no fee need be paid unless the claim is favorably settled, and that the fee is limited by law, this is a fair deal. There have been some unscrupulous attorneys who have demanded and received sums of money, from time to time, from their clients, but this matter, if brought to the attention of the department, would disbar them. A small sum for postage is permissible, but few attorneys ask that more than fifty cents be sent in any one case. True, this amount is not used in some cases, while others take five times that amount. Besides answering the client's inquiries, postage is spent in writing to witnesses, hunting up missing comrades, preparing and sending out affidavits which have been drawn from statements contained in some witnesses' letters, etc.

Besides the jackets filled to the gaping point, by letters from clients who are forever complaining and inquiring, there are other fat jackets that call forth a sympathetic sigh from those who have them in charge. One claim at the start may seem a clear case. The soldier sent in his discharge showing his honorable service, a service which probably stretched from the spring of 1861 until that of 1865. He claims for disabilities which may come to those who never know what war is, and these are hard to trace. So many men have rheumatism, so many have heart disease, so many have dyspepsia, and yet *his* were incurred in the service. He remembers when he first got the rheumatism, wading through the rivers of slush and sleeping on the wet ground; he remembers when they went for days with but little food, and that of mouldy make, but where are the comrades who remember, too? He finds some, and their affidavits are sent in. He probably paid at least two dollars before they were properly executed and christened—the christening taking the form of a treat at the village bar. But the affidavits are utterly useless. Sometimes one is led to believe that the witnesses were in a cloudy state of mind when they wrote them. They run to the effect that the witness was in the same company and regiment as the claimant, they knew him to be a good soldier, and that he is sick and deserves a pension, and it is a shame if he does not get it, etc.

The clerk writes to the claimant and explains how useless such evidence is; that it must be clearly stated when, where, and under what circumstances his disabilities were incurred, and, if the witness can give any other facts surrounding the case it will make it much stronger. By and by, a ray of sunshine may come in the shape of a good, clear affidavit, written by an intelligent man who served with the soldier. Sometimes, he is fortunate enough to find that one of the officers of his company remembers his case and then, indeed, does the clerk who files the evidence, rejoice. If the soldier only knew how jubilant a clerk, either in the Pension Bureau or in a pension attorney's office, is when such clean, good testimony is presented, he would be disabused of the idea that they didn't care to do anything but "draw their salaries and draw their breaths."

For years, the Record and Pension Division has helped many soldiers find their old comrades. This branch of the War Department keeps a record of the soldiers whose whereabouts is know to them and this information is given upon application of the claimant or his attorney. Many attorneys also keep a file

called "The Army and Navy Survivors," containing the names and addresses of all soldiers and sailors coming to their notice. Every affidavit from a soldier is examined to this end, and the man's name and address enrolled at once. Very often a soldier who fought in a certain company and regiment will not know the whereabouts of a single member of his old regiment. Then this list comes in and puts the claimant in touch with men whom he has not met in years. Often many happy reunions are brought about. In cases where the necessary witness is found but proves to be somewhat illiterate an affidavit is prepared, partially from the claimant's statements, partially from the witness', and sent to him to be sworn to, if he can conscientiously do so. Of course, some will swear to remembering anything, and, strange as it may seem, the longer the years that roll between the sixties and the present the more clearly do they remember!

It is this willingness to "remember" in order to oblige, that puts the Pension Office on guard, and the willing witnesses are apt to receive a visit from one of the special examiners of the Pension Bureau, and when the client is advised that his claim is being specially examined, he grows extremely anxious while his attorney rests and waits.

One might think that, when the Act of June 27th, 1890, was passed providing for a pension of twelve dollars per month to those who are totally disabled from the performance of manual labor, whether their disabilities were incurred in the service or not, that the soldiers would have welcomed it as a relief from this testimony-hunting back to the time of the war. Instead, the attorneys who suggested this to many of those who seemed unable to prove their claims under the old law, were deluged with letters protesting against this "Pauper Act." Many widows of soldiers also joined in the outcry against a pension act which would deprive them, and their children, of the glory of receiving a pension because their husbands were entitled to it for disabilities received in the service. It took many letters and much logic to bring this class around to the filing of an application under this act. One cannot help but admire the spirit which says, "We will receive pensions for disabilities honorably received, but we do not want charity." This is the rock upon which many of the "service pension" relief ships have been wrecked.

Among the letters written about that time, was one from an old soldier who said: "I am in need of my pension, but rather than receive it under that pauper act I will go live on the town!"

The Commissioner of Pensions, while a much-abused and hard-worked man, does not see one per cent of the letters directed to him, either through the attorneys or the Pension Bureau. If he did, he would probably have many smiles as well as heart-aches, but the greater part of the cases brought to his attention are heart-breaking ones. Time and again have attorneys received letters from claimants with enclosures from them to the Commissioner of Pensions, often with the instruction, "Be sure to hand him this by your own hand."

The following is a copy (save for the name), of one received by an attorney some years ago, with instructions for same to be brought to the attention of the Commissioner. Unfortunately, for the Commissioner, it wasn't, and I am sure he missed a laugh that would have helped him digest his dinner, even had he grown dyspeptic in the service.

Dear Sir:

I would like to know what's become of my penshion case? Has it been put to sleep until the next administracion or has it been turned down? It has been a long time since I heard from it. I need the money now and need it bad. It won't do me no good after

I am dead and gone, nor when my gals is all married. Them gals is an awful expens to me, and it is the duty of the president to give me a penshion on their account at onct. I can trace their origin to the service alright. If I had not gone to war to save my country I would not have been shot in the leg and would not have met the woman who nursed me and would not have married her nor no other woman. I wouldn't have had much of a opinion of any woman unless I got so sickly and found them so sympathetick. It was her sympathy that ketched me. Now, I want you to notice what an expens them gals of mine is to me, here is my exack acct. for July:

Here a leaf torn from a yellow paper account book was inserted, showing how the old man had kept tabs on his girls.

EXPENS FOR THE BUCK GIRLS.

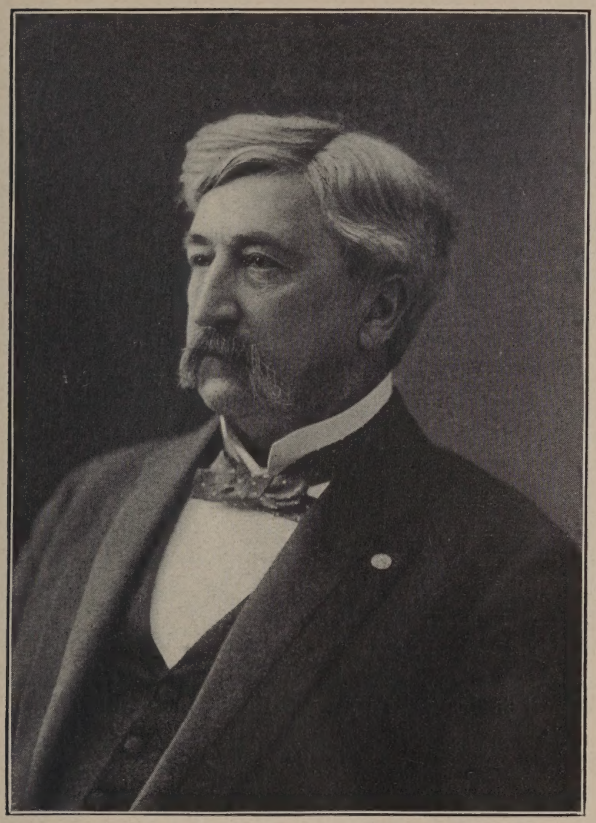
2 prs. brown stockins	.30
1 hat	1.85
1 pc. caliker	.98
3 pts. coil oil (gal's compny)	.12
1 water melun (gal's campny)	.25
1 pc. cented soap (gals)	.10
10c. for treat	.10
Instalment on orgin	4.00
Old Hundred (tune)	.10
Farwell my own luv!	.20

You will see by above that growin' gals is expensiv, and please take this to the honirible commishoner of penshions and ask him to hurry up my penshion after he reads this. If he had growin' gals he will appreciat my fix."

And, up in that little Pennsylvania town from whence this letter came, no doubt the Buck girls waited for their father's pension to come so that they would be delivered from the financial straits which threatened their youthful happiness.

The average young man, and the average author, may think they know all about the woes of rejections, but unless they have been in the pension business they have but a faint conception of what that word means. When a pension claim has been rejected, then appealed to the Secretary of the Interior, only to be reopened and rejected again, this time, hopelessly so, then, that is the acme of woe. There may be other sweethearts and other manuscripts, but there is but the one pension case. Many poems were written on the subject of the bullet fired on the battle-field which struck a heart thousands of miles away. It is an old story, and an old comparison, but it came to me many times when I wrote the letter which killed hope in the breast of some soldier, or a soldier's widow. On those days I felt that the world was all awry, that Glory had become a mendicant, and that Justice had best pull the bandage from off her eyes and take a look at things. Then, nothing less than a diverting letter from a grouchy old soldier or a whining one from a widow who had had three pensions on account of three other soldiers, could make me smile again. I believe that ex-Commissioner Ware must have felt this way when he said he had not smiled since he went into the Pension Office. What he needed was a good batch of the humorous letters and affidavits which come under the eyes of the pension clerks, to offset all the tales of woe brought to his attention. People will be poor, and sick, and in trouble, so long as this world shall last, and the Pension Office cannot help all of it; but this is what is expected, it would seem, from some of the letters which proclaim the end of things because the Commissioner does not settle the claims at once, and without any evidence whatever.

The cases which are of the most interest to the lover of romance are those of the widows. Those who married decades after the war was closed, and while their husbands were pensioners, we dismiss without further comment than that they deserve little sympathy, and seldom get it from either the practical or the romantic. But, what tender histories we find in some of the jackets containing the papers in the case of the widow who was either the wife or the sweetheart of the soldier when the war was being fought! Here are letters, yellow, creased and stained with



COL. VESPASIAN WARNER,
Commissioner of Pensions.

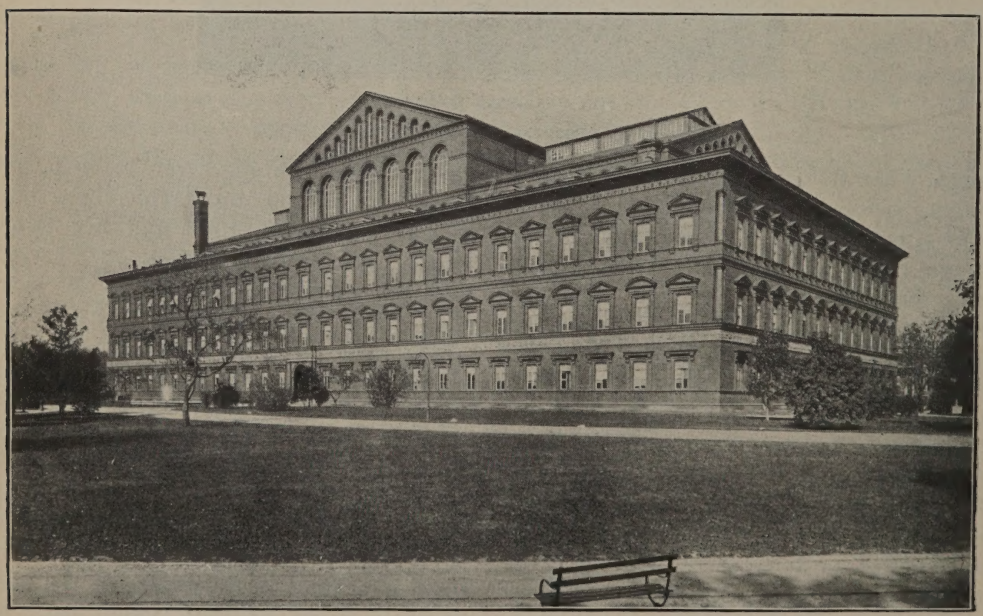
tears. They tell of long marches, rests in camp, sickness in hospitals, a battle about to be fought, some money sent home, or of a promotion. Here are letters that the soldier carried next his heart, telling how the stork came on such a day and brought the child for which pension is now claimed. It may be the one bit of proof of date of birth the widow had to present, for in those days few public records of birth were kept, and much of the burden of the proof rests upon the family doctor, an emergency nurse, or some good neighbors who tell in quaint, homely ways how they remember when John or Fanny was born. One remembers it was during the first snow-storm that year and she herself, caught cold running over to help her neighbor out; another remembers that it was preserving time and her apple butter got burned while she stayed with the young mother, and so on. And then those old marriage certificates, which came now and then to cast the glamor of Cupid over the musty old files! Many of them had engravings of clasped hands at the top, and cooing doves and garlands on the margins, others the ship of Love starting out on the sea of Matrimony. Others, pictures of the bride and groom inserted in small oval mats in the centre of the certificate. Many of these dated back to days long before our war with Mexico, others—a great many others—bore dates

in the first half of the sixties, whilst those with which we had very little sympathy were very recently filled out.

Again the enlistment papers which the soldiers often sent—what pictures they painted on the walls of imagination! Here is one six foot tall, black eyes and hair, aged twenty-three; and here is another five foot, six inches, who has red hair and blue eyes, and aged eighteen. We can see them march down the village road and off to war, as we read. Then it is we find again the boys in blue of our romantic childhood! Then, here is a tangle to unravel, of one who enlisted under an assumed name, and if he never regretted it before he surely does now when he has to furnish stacks of proof, sometimes hard to obtain, to prove that he, Timothy Burns, is one and the same man who enlisted under the name of John Smith. Such a suspiciously large number of the Smith, Jones and Green families went to war!

The Spanish War has brought many new claimants before the Pension Bureau, but it is very doubtful if the claims will be as diverting, or provoking as those of the Civil War. We are living in the age of records and detectives, and it is rather difficult for one to be born, married, or to die, without the Board of Health knowing it. As for going around under assumed names, that is left to burglars, royalty, actors, authors, and other timid persons, and not looked upon kindly by brave soldiers and sailors. So, the Pension Bureau may take hope that, some decades from now, its work will be greatly simplified.

The new commissioner, Honorable Vespasian Warner, who assumed control at the beginning of Roosevelt's second administration, gives one the impression of having a great big heart that will sympathize with the pension claimants and yet be controlled by a wise head. This is a rare combination, for most large-hearted persons worry their brains over things that they cannot help,



THE UNITED STATES PENSION BUREAU.

COURT OF PENSION BUREAU, DECORATED FOR THE INAUGURAL BALL. OFFICE ROOMS ARE BACK OF THE BALCONIES.

and to consume much of the energy that might be directed to some use. Though Colonel Warner will be sixty-three years of age this April he does not look a day over fifty. He is alert, and evidently as eager to try the trials of a commissioner of pensions as he was, in June 1861, to experience those of a soldier. When he enlisted it was as a private, but in June 1866, he was mustered out as a captain and brevet-major, after having served the last year of his enlistment out on the plains, in a campaign against the Indians. After leaving the service, he attended Harvard University and graduated therefrom in 1868. He commenced the practice of law in Clinton, Illinois, and was colonel and judge-advocate of Illinois during the administrations of Governors Hamilton, Oglesby and Fifer. He was a Republican presidential elector in 1888, and was elected to the 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th and 58th Congresses. From the House of Representatives he passes into the Bureau of Pension with the good wishes of both Republicans and Democrats, some of whom are inclined to commiserate him for accepting the thankless and troublesome position of Commissioner of Pensions.

Colonel Warner is a modest man and does not like to talk of hoping to succeed where others have failed, but there is a twinkle in his eyes, which shows he is blessed with the gift of humor which will do much towards lightening his burden as Commissioner of Pensions, even were he not to be sustained by the courage and sympathy which he acquired with, and for, the boys in blue, during his five years of service in the army of the United States.

"TELEMACHUS." ACT I. MEETING OF THEODOSIUS AND AMBROSE.

A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

There is no lack of dramatic novelties in New York, but as a rule they are not to be found on the regular stage; only on side streets, unadvertised, where some lonely idealist, abandoned by fate, puts his pet theory to the test, and perishes amid jeers, if he does not succeed in capturing the skeptics. *Everyman* came into prominence from a side street. When seasoned critics of rhinoceros hide began to grip their chairs over it, the obscure novelty became popular. This method of getting before the public in spite of the managers has received a scientific shape since Arnold Daly used it to introduce George Bernard Shaw to the Americans. Another clever actor, Mr. Frank Keenan, is now using it for his own lofty purposes with the best effect. The daughter of the late James Herne gave lately a few matinees of her own first play in the Ibsen style, a few weeks ago. It will become the final resort of the tired dramatist. Managers no longer read plays, and really have not the training or the ability to tell one play from another. They are too dry-rotten with routine to invent a method of testing untried plays. The ambitious dramatist has found it, and we shall yet have a theatre and a company whose chief business will be to test the new plays.

Mr. John D. McCarthy, a Jesuit scholastic connected with St. Francis Xavier's college, happened to be in possession of a college theatre when he

wrote his modern miracle play of *Telemachus;* a very good theatre too, with the modern appliances for producing illusions; and he managed to provide the city with a novelty, worthy of audiences, financial return, and criticism. The audiences were both surprised and pleased, the financial return was fair, and the criticism may now be judged from this article. The virtues and defects of the play can be better seen by following the acts and scenes as they presented themselves to the audience. Most people know what to expect from a college drama, more declamation and pose than action and feeling utterance; and a display of costume which enables one to understand how little costume really has to do with character. Nevertheless the collegian is always interesting, like the incubator chicken, because there is apt to be so much of the incubator in him. I went to *Telemachus* prepared to renew my youth as a college actor, and also to sleep if the environment was not intoxicating. "Don't you often find environment intoxicating?" said the poetic lady to the other woman. "Indeed I do," was the vehement reply, "but I just turn my glass down at the start, and never get a drop of it."

The curtain rose upon a street in Milan in the time of the great St. Ambrose. To the right stood the cathedral, scattered about was the mob, excited and loquacious, and in front was its mouthpiece, the dignified and bibulous Glabrio, of one eye and one appetite. Did you ever see a college mob? It is all legs, long, muscular, nervous legs, carrying about short bodies and small heads. Oh, wise nature! that matched these legs with stomach rather than brain, and thereby attached them to home by appetite rather than intelligence! This was a well-trained mob. Glabrio

ACT II GLABRIO AND HIS COMPANIONS

explained its excitement. The Emperor Theodosius was coming to the cathedral to attend Mass and to seek pardon for the murders of Thessalonica, whose population he delivered to massacre because they revolted against the governor and slew him. Ambrose is wrathful against him, and the people are curious to see how the archbishop of Milan, famed for his severity and his courage, will deal

ACT II. ANGEL CROWNING TELEMACHUS

with the great emperor, Telemachus enters, just freed from prison by the emperor, for he was one of the unfortunates of Thessalonica. He hears that Theodosius is to attend Mass and to venerate the relics of the martyrs. He bursts forth into a speech which shows his condition.

"Herod, who to make sure of killing Christ slew some forty or fifty infants, is held up by the Church as the type of all that is anti-Christian in a king! But this man, this Christian emperor, this Herod with a devil! who, to punish some few fanatics, massacres nearly twenty thousand of his subjects, is to be received by the archbishop when he comes to venerate the relics of the martyrs! Oh, mockery of all that I held to be sacred! damnable mockery! I had some doubts till now! The last threads that bound me have been snapped. There is no Christ . . . . no Church . . . . no religion . . . . only mockery and hypocrisy . . . . because there is no Christian justice, or charity, or piety or courage . . . . only mockery and hypocrisy!"

As Telemachus lost his mother and sister in the carnage at Thessalonica, this language is none too strong for his feelings. The crowd rebukes him, which

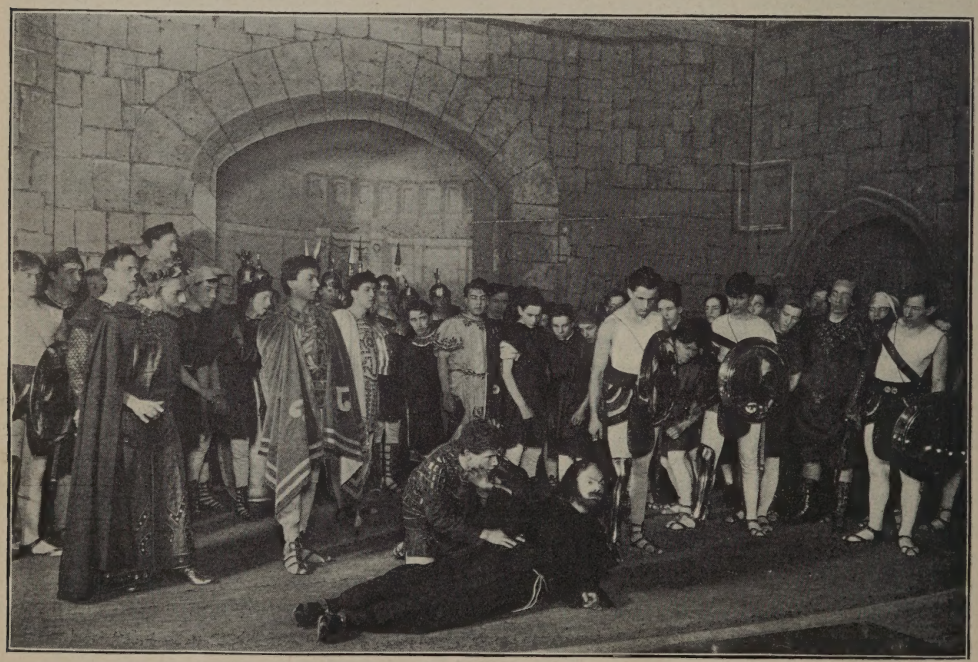
ACT III. PRUDENTIUS FLYING FROM ROME.

only drives him to fiercer utterance; and thus the audience is properly and deeply stirred to expect events when Ambrose the bishop, and Theodosius the emperor, two stars that shine still in history, meet like tempest clouds charged with lightnings. In fact both the hero and the mob played their parts with such earnestness, and Glabrio gave Ambrose such a character, that the audience were almost ripe to do a little mobbing act on Theodosius on their own account, had Ambrose failed in his duty. Then rises the cry of the mob that the emperor is coming. With the clank of armor among the guards Theodosius enters accompanied by his courtiers. As he proceeds to the cathedral entrance the doors open and Ambrose with his retinue of clergy stands on the threshold. With a gesture of command the archbishop cries: "Stop, Emperor!"

The scene which follows is of intense interest, and was very well played. Theodosius stood in the centre of the stage amazed and confounded. He made a faltering protest before the vigorous arraignment of the prelate, who described his crime in the plainest language. The courtiers were loud in their wrath, drew their swords against Ambrose, and were on the point of clearing the entrance when Theodosius confounded them by his command to withdraw. He meekly accepted the rebuke and the penance imposed upon him, and returned to his palace. The astonished Telemachus saw all this with confusion. He fell at the feet of Ambrose, revealed his doubt and his despair, but could not bring himself to forgive the man who had massacred his dear ones. Ambrose set himself to heal this wounded heart with the same earnestness he had used upon the emperor. He won a second victory, and the curtain descends upon the humble and repentant Telemachus. The audience was quite carried away by two things in this act: the cleverness of the dramatist and the good acting of the

mob. The legs of the mob got a better proportion when they faced the archbishop, and their activity, expression, and conflicting emotions could hardly be beaten by the best stage mob of the regular theatres. Their training was well nigh perfect. The dramatist had used suspense and contrast, two essential factors in a play, with fine effect. No one could tell how Ambrose would act up to the moment of his appearance; no one could foresee the submission of Theodosius until he uttered it; his courtiers felt so sure of his anger that they organized an attack on Ambrose while the emperor was struggling with his own feelings. The contrast between the two chief incidents of the act, the repentance of Theodosius and the contrition of Telemachus, was well made, so that everyone felt its force. There was just one weakness. The play should have ended with the greater victory of Ambrose instead of the lesser. Had the curtain gone down on the submission of Theodosius, after the lively scene with the mob and the courtiers, the effect would have been more profound. Yet this could hardly be called a serious fault, except from the popular point of view. Ibsen is fond of the quiet climax, and no one questions his mastery of the art of stage management.

The Milan episode put the audience in a happy mood. They accepted the dramatist at his own valuation, and were ready for wonders in the second act. This act had much the character of an interlude. The first scene was given up to the humors of Glabrio and his boon companions. It was of the Falstaff brand, unctuous, really funny. The second scene showed the cave of Telemachus in the mountains of Asia Minor. He had become a hermit, and for fourteen years had led the life of



ACT III. SCENE IN THE COLISEUM.

the anchorite. The change of scene, the lapse of time, and the disappearance of all the characters of the first act except Telemachus and Glabrio, would hardly have been attempted by an experienced playwright; yet it caused no jolt to the general interest, as the humor of Glabrio, and the illusions of the dialogue, carried the attention by degrees to the new situation. The point of the act was the information given the hermit of the revival of the gladiatorial games in Rome by order of the Emperor Honorius, the son of the great Theodosius.

Telemachus. — Gladiatorial combats! What? Is Honorius, the son of Theodosius, to give gladiatorial combats?

Glabrio.—Yes indeed!

Telemachus.—How can it be? How can he do it . . . he . . . a Christian? And how can a Christian people sit and applaud their fellow men, cutting and slashing each other to death? Oh, Lord God, forbid it!

Glabrio.—It's the custom, man.

Telemachus.—Custom! With such reasoning you could sanction all the other abominations of paganism! Custom, forsooth! It was once the custom to offer human sacrifices to Moloch. Pagan Rome re-named the god and called him Pleasure. It now seems that a Christian emperor wishes to retain the cult, but under what new name I know not and care not. The fact remains: a crime against humanity, a monstrosity, a slap in the face of God, who wrote amid the thunders of Sinai the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill.

Glabrio.—I guess you're Telemachus.

Telemachus.—Yes, you are right. I am Telemachus, the boy Telemachus, only a boy, uttering a vain, childish lament upon a barren mountain, when I should be doing the deeds of a man of God!

It proved to be more than a lament, for the thought of reviving pagan barbarities so worried the deep-souled hermit that he began to consider the possibility of preventing the bloody sports about to take place in Rome. While Glabrio sleeps he debates the question with himself in a noble soliloquy. Good sense finally inclines him to the right decision; being only a simple hermit, without power or friends, it is his duty to remain in his cave, and raise his voice in daily prayer for the sinful world. He kneels then and utters a most fervent petition for the appearance of a hero, a champion, whose renown and power will put an end to the combats of the Roman arena. As he prays an angel descends from the skies and places upon his head a crown of laurel, uttering the words: "I crown thee victor of the last gladiatorial fight in Rome." The curtain descends upon the astonished hermit, gazing upon the angel, and slowly comprehending the mission of glory and death for which he has been divinely chosen, at the moment of his deepest humility and resignation.

It was a true miracle-play effect, this incident of the descending angel, and the audience received it with the simplicity of its deliverance. There must have appeared at this point, even to the dullest observer, the unity of the drama, in spite of the change of scene and characters. The crime of Theodosius had informed the first act; its consequences had shaped the life and destiny of Telemachus, and therefore influenced the second act; and now the result of a great crime and a singular personality was about to be poured out on the son of Theodosius and to effect the whole empire, in the third act. Some of the metropolitan critics found the play a series of historical episodes, without

much unity; but then the critics have a strong resemblance to Homer in this: they nod much oftener than he does.

The third act opened with the poet Prudentius flying in righteous rage from Rome, because of his failure to stop the combats which that day, with the permission of the emperor, are to stain the arena with human blood. He encounters Telemachus, hastening to the capital on his great mission. The hermit persuades the poet to return with him and to get him audience with Honorius. They do not arrive in time to reach the Emperor before he enters the Coliseum, and the crowd now makes access to him impossible. They get into the quarters of the gladiators—which provides the second scene; and here the action continues and ends amid incidents which place the play and its author high in the esteem of the craft. The simplicity of the miracle play marked the two preceding acts. Here a network of cross-purposes invaded the drama, in modern fashion, and out of their development the dramatist had to evolve his tragedy smoothly, effectively, and in a given time.

One can imagine how college boys would take to the gladiator scene. The best theatre in town could hardly improve on it. There were the brawny fighters, their attendants, guards, and officers; arms of all kinds were scattered about; Glabrio was present talking at large; the manager of the combats strode about savage and commanding; and without the inner gates could be heard the roar of the people. Telemachus had come to the end of his hope and his resources; there was no getting at the Emperor; he could only pray that God would discover to him the right way. A bit of characteristic Roman brutality helped him. The master of the combats called out two gladiators, Tigellinus and Arbogastes, for the fray. They protested against fighting against each other, on the strength of an agreement made with the officers, because Tigellinus was the husband of the sister of Arbogastes. The master laughed at their protest. He had selected them because of their relationship. A great row arose in the quarters; Prudentius and Glabrio and Telemachus hurled their protests at the master; and the sturdy Tigellinus declared with an oath that if every thumb in Rome was turned down he would not kill Arbogastes.

Telemachus pleads with the fighters to resist the commands of the master, and to refuse to fight at all. Being pagans they smile at him with compassion. The rude but sincere Tigellinus answers him: "Monk, I am a pagan, and therefore see not why I should withdraw. But I ask you: why is bread made? why are houses built? Because they are wanted. And why do pagan heroes fight? Because Christian cowards wish to sit at ease and see brave men die." With this parting shot the band of gladiators rush through the now open gates into the arena, amid the thunders of the people, they salute the emperor after the usual fashion, and the combat begins. Telemachus stands silent in the quarters pondering over the last words of Tigellinus. From them he gets his inspiration. The people wish to see a brave man die. Then they shall see it in the arena for the last time. He rushes to the gates, throws them wide, and plunges into the arena between the two rows of gladiators. They fall away from one another in astonishment, and suddenly the aim of the hermit becomes clear to the enraged people. Yells of hatred and blood arise, missiles of all kinds are flung upon Telemachus, and the mob at last rushes into the arena to kill him. The imperial soldiers, the gladiators themselves, and the friends of the hermit crowd to the rescue. For

five minutes the arena and the quarters are the scene of as lively a scrimmage as real life could have provided. The tumult and the fighting are not only in the mass but among the individuals. The turmoil resolves itself at last into a group standing about a crushed and wounded hermit, Tigellinus the gladiator in the foreground, gazing with pity on the dying monk, and the astonished and grieved Emperor Honorius listening to the protests and explanations of the indignant Prudentius and others. The death scene is most impressive, in the true miracle play style. Telemachus is gone from this world quite, and murmurs the Lord's Prayer with no regard for imperial dignity, although the Emperor appeals to him for a word of forgiveness. He dies with his eyes on heaven, and the fruit and reward of his great sacrifice spring at once into being, in the declaration of the Emperor that henceforth and forever the bloody shows of the arena are ended. The soldiers place the dead body of Telemachus on their shields and carry him forth to burial like a soldier.

It would be difficult to overpraise the action and the wording of this third act, looking at it from the technical point of view. Its charm was acknowledged by the breathless attention of the audience. The rapidity and variety of the incidents were startling. Every actor had something to do and to say; intense feeling filled each breast; and was expressed with angry vehemence; and Telemachus kept his purpose to the front with the lofty determination of the real hero. It was an astonishing feat for an amateur dramatist; and the staging of the act, as well as of the whole play, was a second wonder. It seemed impossible that college boys could act a tragedy so well. Such dash and spirit, such feeling, intense and sustained, are not often found in declaimers. Telemachus was natural and yet lofty, Ambrose uneven but dignified, Glabrio an unvarnished Falstaff, Theodosius imperial but not impressive, the courtiers and the gladiators simply admirable. Seeing the Latin play at this college many years ago, I thought it not to be surpassed. Telemachus far surpassed it.

The literary expression of the miracle play is not marked, because it was written in haste; but the literary feeling is so emphatic and so fine that a little labor will make it a literary gem. Among other things the play demonstrated its author's ability to write an acting drama. The playgoers who saw it were all rather amused at their first failure to observe the absence of woman and love in this drama. So keen was their interest in the history of Telemachus that this ancient, inevitable, and supposedly essential convention was not missed. Neither is it missed in the Ibsen drama. Perhaps we are really approaching the time when there will be no conventionalities in novel or drama. Another thing: the audience left the college theatre exalted, ready for better things, in love with Telemachus. They leave the average play with the taste of ashes, or sin, or meanness in the mouth, so trivial has the metropolitan play become.

HIS RELINQUISHED OPPORTUNITY.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

It was the evening before election day in Cornville and the town had reached a state of almost hysterical excitement.

Young Frank Burroughs had left the noisy town with its crowded, excited bars, pool-rooms and lunch-counters and had reached his home and thrown himself wearily into a chair in the little room he called his office. He was tired but not depressed. It had been an exhausting struggle and a severe test of energy and grit, but hope had buoyed him up ever since his nomination and now, on the eve of the final struggle, he felt more cheerful and confident than he would have liked to confess.

His youth, which so many of his friends had feared would prove an obstacle, seemed, on the contrary, to have helped him. A majority of the voters could easily remember when he had worn knee trousers and attended the high-school a few years ago and the novelty of having for the City Recorder the youngest lawyer in the county seemed to have appealed to them irresistibly. Frank was indeed young but he possessed ability as a speaker and had the confidence which usually goes with it. He had been admitted to the bar in his twenty-third year, and even before that, while studying in New York, he had done some clever "stump-speaking." His ambitions were high and by no means stopped at the office of Cornville Recorder. The salary was sufficiently small, and he had undertaken the thing at first with a feeling, the earnestness of which was just sufficiently tinged with indifference to make his success most probable. The man who is not over-anxious often wins. But now that success seemed in sight his estimate of it was suddenly increased and he began to feel tremulously certain that this was a turning-point, a significant period in his career. He thought of his father and mother, with whom he lived, and of the brothers who were not in professions but whose assistance had helped to make his education possible and he knew just how happy and proud they would all be if he succeeded.

He reflected, as he leaned back in his chair, that unless the fourth ward went against him his election was probable. And the influential man in the fourth ward was Joe Boles, a man who had never yet shown any antagonism towards him.

He sighed happily as he left his chair in answer to a ring at his door. As he opened the door the bulky form of a large, middle-aged man stepped in from the street, and he recognized in his late visitor, Joe Boles.

"Hullo, Frank," he said. "Thought maybe you'd got home by this time, so I just stopped in to see you for a minute."

"Walk right in, Mr. Boles, and take a chair. A nasty night."

Conducting his visitor into the little office, the young lawyer took a chair opposite to him, waiting for him to speak. Joe Boles had taken his cigar from his mouth, and held it between his fingers, looking at it as he spoke.

"Yes, it is a little bit rainy. Well, things look pretty good for you to-morrow, Frank, eh? Yes, it looks like a pretty sure thing."

He paused and the younger man murmured politely and waited.

"Of course," the other went on, "you know how the wards stand and you know as well as I do, I suppose, that it all de-

pends on the fourth. It simply means that our ward can elect you or defeat you in this fight."

Young Burroughs bowed his head in acquiescence and still waited. Something in the man's manner made him listen almost breathlessly, and when Mr. Boles leaned forward confidently, glancing at the same time about him uneasily, the candidate hastened to assure him that they were quite alone and would not be disturbed.

"Well," said Mr. Boles, clearing his throat a little, and again surveying his cigar, "I suppose you know that what I say goes with my ward people. It's the same as if I was the ward myself. Now, if I elect you, I suppose you won't object to doing me a favor. Just as a regular business arrangement, you know,—that's the kind of a man I am—you do a thing for me and I do a thing for you. Understand?"

"Yes," said the young man slowly. "And you want me to—"

"It ain't much. Just a little thing that won't hurt you in any way. County Court's been going on here for the last few days and was adjourned to-day till after elections. Now, there's a case coming up for trial the day after to-morrow that I'm sort of interested in. I mean Jack Durkin, who was arrested for stabbing the Italian saloon-keeper in Cowton, a few months ago."

"Yes." Young Burroughs nodded.

"And I understand," the other went on, "that you're going to defend him, and show the jury its only circumstantial evidence, and try to convince them that he's innocent."

"Yes," said Burroughs again, quietly.

"Well, of course, it ain't much of a case, anyway," Boles told his cigar with some energy, "I mean it don't amount to much, only a low-down, bar-room mix-up that nobody cares even to hear about. But I got reasons of my own why I want —I want Durkin to suffer for it; not hang, I don't mean, but go to jail for manslaughter or whatever it is."

"You mean you think he was guilty—that it was he who dealt the fatal blow?"

The other man's eyes left the cigar, from which he had just drawn a mouthful of smoke, and his glance met the lawyer's squarely for a moment.

"No, I don't," he said slowly. "I don't mean that. I don't know a thing about it. But I want him to go to jail. I want him to suffer. I got a grudge against him and I'm going to get even, that's all. He's in a hole, and I'm going to jump on him," he ended with rough directness.

Young Burroughs raised his eyes slowly from the floor, at which he had been gazing steadily, and looked at his visitor. He was used to exercising self-control and he wanted to be sure that he understood.

"You have a grudge against this man?" he said, "and you ask me, in return for your using your influence for my election to-morrow, to—to not try to prove his innocence?"

"That's it," said the other, eagerly. "All you got to do is—do nothing." He laughed, "And not say too much. You see I know, we all know, how you can talk when you want to, and it'll just about take your prettiest talking to get Durkin out of this scrape. If you don't try too hard, it'll go hard with him. And that's all you got to do—not try too hard."

Young Burroughs' head went up proudly with a contemptuous hardening of the features. Did this big, dense storekeeper think that he would consider such a proposition for a moment? Did he imagine that the practice of law meant such miserable, dirty business as this? The thing was not merely insulting and sickening, it was ridiculous and laughable. But he would be calm, he assured

himself, and dismiss this person with freezing politeness.

"It's up to you," Boles was saying, his eyes searching the younger man's face furtively. "It's for you to say. I get what I want and you get what you're after. Maybe you don't want the office of Recorder as bad as what this comes to. But I guess you're too shrewd a young fellow not to see the thing right. Some young politicians start in with high-flown notions that handicap them for a few years till they get sense. But they find in the end that this compromising's got to be done and they do it—or they're dead ones."

Young Burroughs had turned his head partly to one side and his glance was fixed on the window against which a fine rain was beating with a faint, tinkling sound. He had stopped formulating sentences with which to dismiss his visitor and was picturing to himself his failure as a candidate. The thought was a bitter one now, for he had been contemplating earlier in the evening a picture in other hues. The pity, the misery of it was that to the public, to the large majority the real cause of his failure would not be known.

He was not used to defeat any more that he was used to success and the power of the one to hurt was as great as the other to please. It was an easy thing, he reflected deliberately, that he was asked to do. The strong speeches that he delivered before juries with such force cost him more effort than people thought. The eloquent pleading that seemed so natural and almost easy represented the thought and labor of years. His ambitions had always lain in a political direction for the reason that his talents seemed best adapted for success in that line. There was some truth, he knew, in all that this man had said to-night. How near it came to being the whole truth, he wondered. Did he lack worldly wisdom? and was it synonymous with dishonesty—and at the same time, an indispensable factor for success?

"Well," said Boles, genially, leaning forward a little to drop the ashes from his cigar, "what do you say, Frank?"

Before the young man could do more than shrink imperceptibly at the odious familiarity that was in his visitor's tones, there was a soft knock on the door that connected his office with the rest of the house. It was pushed open a little, and his mother appeared on the threshold. She was a little old lady with whitening hair, and an infinitely kind expression. Instantly, when she saw he was engaged, she murmured apologies and withdrew quietly, closing the door.

"I say 'no,' Mr. Boles," said the young lawyer very gently. "I shall do my best to defend the man Durkin, whom I believe to be innocent of that crime."

"You mean," demanded the other, "that you won't do me this favor?"

"I mean that."

"You're going to let yourself get slaughtered at the polls to-morrow?"

There was no answer to this, but young Burroughs rose slowly to his feet. The visitor rose, too.

"It'll be a bad beginning," he blustered, "you'll lose and you'll get the name of being a loser. You'll be a dead one, don't you know it?"

"I have nothing to say except to bid you good-night, Mr. Boles."

"Well," said Mr. Boles, shortly, spreading out his hands, one of which held his hat and the other his cigar, "I gave you your chance; and I do what I say, and don't you forget it. Good-night."

He was gone. Frank Burroughs walked slowly to a window, drew aside the curtain, and looked at the sky. His hands were closed tightly, but his head was held high, his shoulders thrown back, his attitude fiercely erect, while his

lips moved in a manner that one at his side could not have heard. Then he turned and walked across the hall into the room where his mother sat alone. Bending over her chair he kissed her.

They said afterward that he received the news of his rival's election with a calmness and serenity that seemed to border on absolute happiness. And for a defeated candidate, his face shone with a peace that passed the understanding of the people of Cornville.

THE CONDESCENSION OF POESIE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

"O Poesie, thou art a queen, indeed!
Grand in the strange, enchanted mystery
Of realms forbid to mortal yearning high;
Watched by the Angel of the Measuring Reed
While melody keeps time thereto,—all freed
From earth-born clash and jar. But how shall I,
Presumptuous, woo thy glories from the sky?
Or dare to lift pale hands of earthly need
Amid yon circling wings and starry heights,
Whose golden visionings and lambent lights
Are but the reflex of thy god-like pride?"
—Yet, while I speak, her purple flung aside,
In placid silver beauty here she stands
And lays her guarded treasure in my hands.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

Vespers were over at the little parish church which nestles under the shadow of Eneborough Abbey, and Father Benedict Perry had finished his sermon. The altar was a blaze of light for it was the feast of the holy patriarch, St. Benedict, in whose honor the new vestments, presented by a member of the congregation, were to be worn for the first time that evening by Father Perry, and two other Fathers from the abbey. The hymn to St. Benedict beginning:

"O Father Saint, throughout the faithful land
Sweet hymns arose to thee in days of yore."

was to be sung after Benediction. Just now the choir—the whole congregation—were singing Faber's hymn, "The Pilgrims of the Night," and Major Duncan Macdonald, invalided home from India, experienced an involuntary constriction of heart and throat at the sound of it, accompanied by a dimness of vision, of which at another time or in another place he might have felt ashamed. As it was it took hold of him, and left no room for thought of self.

"And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee."

Was that a prayer, or a statement of fact? Father Benedict, who believed in setting the thoughts of his congregation to some dominant keynote, had chosen text and hymn with intent to some such harmony, for he would have said of all mere human shepherds and lovers of souls was there ever a greater than Saint Benedict? His text, therefore, had been, "I have gone astray, like a sheep that is lost; seek thy servant, for I do not forget Thy commandments."

"The music of the Gospel leads us Home."

One voice, or so it seemed to him, rose clear and sweet, above the volume of sound which was hearty rather than musical, for Somersetshire peasants are not trained musicians. The voice, moreover, seemed strangely familiar, reminiscent of one he had loved to listen to many years ago, more than he liked to count, for each had been to him as an eternity. That "she" could be here, in this little village on the Mendips appeared to him so improbable as to be impossible of credence. That he should return was only natural, he was an old Eneborough College boy, one of whose exploits in the Crimea and the Mutiny they had been justly proud. Perhaps had they seen how far he had "gone astray like a sheep that is lost," their pride in him would have given way to sorrow, if not to shame.

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary."

Rest? Could it ever come to him? Not, surely, in this life. And yet:

"Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

"Faith's journey," yes, not the path of the sheep that is lost. "I do not forget Thy commandments." The Latin, he knew, said "I have not forgotten," but he at least was too honest with himself to say that.

The hymn was ended, the congregation knelt to receive the Sacramental Benediction of their ever-present Lord. Once more in the *O Salutaris,* sung as was customary at Eneborough by choir and congregation, to a familiar tune, the

same sweet voice reached his waiting ears—

"Bella premunt hostilia:
Da robur, fer auxilium."

He dared not look round. Was he not face to face with his Lord? Words he had heard, but now the message, as it seemed, of that angel voice came back to him.

"Come weary souls, for Jesus bids you come."

Weary? Was he not weary? Had he not wandered "in a barren and thirsty land?" Truly he had, and all that he had found there was "vanity and vexation of spirit." Other words, familiar long ago, words whose full import he had never realized till then, were borne in upon his memory.

'Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest."

"Comes to Thee for rest." If he was weary, Jesus was here. So, since he could not pray, his mind with all the swiftness, with all the merciless accuracy of thought, reviewed in the very presence of his Lord the days of his pilgrimage.

And of such kind had been the journey of this Pilgrim of the Night. It was that voice that set his mind upon the task of recalling it, the voice which could not be the one he once had loved. But—if it were?

Fifteen years ago he had left Eneborough for Sandhurst, but had spent a month at home with his widowed mother, between the one training place and the other. It was during that month that he had met and loved Edith Hildyard, the daughter of a neighboring squire, reared, as he was wont to say, "in the purple of Catholicism;" of ancient lineage as of ancient Faith, and somewhat suspicious—as were many in the fifties of the last century—of converts and "new Catholics." Now Duncan Macdonald's father had been a Scottish Episcopal minister—converted by the grace of God and Newman's example—who, inheriting a small Wiltshire property from a distant cousin, had come to England and had sent his son to Eneborough. But to Sir Philip Hildyard, Baronet, he was, both as a new Catholic and a new proprietor one to be treated with distant and somewhat condescending courtesy, certainly not to be admitted to anything like intimacy.

Sir Philip, therefore, naturally disapproved of any friendship between his only daughter, and heiress, and the widow of a convert parson, much more of any acquaintance between Edith and "young Macdonald." That she should fall in love with one whom her father regarded as a social inferior never entered Sir Philip's head. When his daughter confessed this, her "egregious folly," he put, as he thought, a prompt and effectual end to it by accepting on her behalf a much more suitable match in the person of M. le Comte Van den Stern de Jehay, of ancient and honorable Belgian lineage, and Minister at the Court of St. James. That M. le Comte was much older than Edith and that Edith had no love for the man who was to be her husband had no weight with the old baronet, even if these objections occurred to him, which is doubtful.

Edith dutifully submitted to her father's will, as she had done ever since she could remember; nor did she for a moment accuse him even in her inmost thoughts, of tyranny, or want of love for her. Duncan—how well he remembered it now—stormed, raged, and said bitter, cruel, and unjust things, not only against Edith's father, but against Edith herself. And the things he said against her father hurt her more than anything her boy lover could say against her. And that, as he saw, was the beginning of his pilgrim-

age. From that day he had gone out into the night.

He was sent to the Crimea after eighteen months at Sandhurst, for there was urgent need of men with any sort of training. He had lived in daily, hourly, proximity to death, in familiar intercourse with the king of terrors, till the grim tyrant had seemed a shadow, a thing to scorn and jest at, for he bore, his comrades said, a charmed life. Finally he had risked certain destruction to save others; had caught up a shell the burning fuse of which scorched his face and singed his moustache, and had thrown it out of the trench to fizzle out harmlessly in the Crimean mud. For this they gave him the Victoria Cross.

Then followed the nightmare of the Indian Mutiny when men were changed to fiends, and all the land was filled with murder, cruelty, and blood. Time and again he had distinguished himself, exposing to a thousand dangers a life which literally had no value to him. And because it had no value he could not lose it.

Peace came at last. Sent to a lonely station in sole command of certain native troops, for officers were few in those days—he committed the crowning folly of his existence—married the daughter of a petty local princeling. The girl was certainly beautiful, good and pure, according to her light and loved him far more than he deserved. He was her god, her idol, her whole world; she to him a plaything, a child to be petted and spoiled. But his marriage to a Mohammedan entailed a practical apostasy and he knew it.

And yet, at the end, which came in one brief year, he made, at least, some atonement, poor and secret though it was. She and their child lay dying, stricken down by the dread hand of cholera. Then for the first time in years he realized what death meant, "and after death, the judgment." These two who had come into his life, for whose souls God would most surely hold him responsible, were about to take leave of him forever. Whatever his final lot might be, they would share neither his hell nor his heaven. And—since he was to her so great, so good, so perfect—he, knowing this, faced, at the eleventh hour, the responsibility he had assumed. What he believed, her lord, her love, she was willing to believe, for his sake to accept for herself and their son. He baptized them both *in articulo mortis,* when death stood in the very room; more, making the excuse of stern necessity, he gave them such Christian burial as he could.

Strange to say none ever learned what he had done. His folly, his apostasy, his atonement, were known to God and to himself, but to no living man beside—of his own race that is. But the folly, the apostasy, atoned so late and so imperfectly, seemed to stand between him and any whom he might have married, for wealth had come to him and fame. To the good women his past, he felt, was as a barrier; to those who sought him for his wealth or name, the love his native wife had lavished on him made a loveless marriage seem like sacrilege.

This then was what his pilgrimage had been. A major at the age of thirty-five, renowned and honored, but with his life, or so he deemed it, done and ended, with nothing more to look to but a "certain long-drawn death," as Saint Gregory calls it. To this he had come, and in the brief space of the Litany of Loretto his memory had once more traversed every stage of it.

Lowly, reverently, he bent his head to receive the Benediction of which he knew himself to be utterly unworthy. But he knew, too, that it was for such as he that the Son of Man dwelt in the Sacrament

Divine, and had come to seek and "to save that which was lost." Truly his was a weary soul, but "Jesus bids you come."

* * * *

"Father, I should like to go to confession."

Father Benedict knew the speaker well, but showed no surprise, and asked no question. "Yes," he answered, quietly, "I will hear you now."

The choir was practising, as they often did after vespers, and the same voice which had wrought so great a change in him was singing alone. He could not help but hear it.

"The night is dark and I am far from home."

"Now, now," his heart told him, and the good priest who seemed to read his heart held up his hand and bade him listen. "Are you far from home?" he asked, knowing well what the answer must be.

"Not now, Father, thank God," there could be no mistaking the deep thankfulness, the utter sincerity, of which the words were but a faint expression.

Then came those wonderful words wherein Holy Church conveys the gift of absolution entrusted to her keeping by her Lord. "Whatsoever good thou mayest have done:" he had made some atonement, at least, for his apostasy; "whatever evil thou hast suffered;" he had suffered much in punishment deserved, yet even this surely might avail through God's mercy in remission of his sins. As he rose to leave the sacristy, Father Benedict held out his hand. "Welcome back," he said, and the words had a meaning deeper than ordinary. The two had been schoolmates, though of the two the monk was some three years the senior. "Come to see me tomorrow," the priest added, "and have a good talk."

"I certainly will," answered the Major, and passed out into the little church. The choir had ceased practising, but some one was playing very softly, "He shall feed His flock," from Handel's "Messiah." It was still, he thought, the dominant theme of that evening's celestial harmony.

His penance said, he prepared to leave the church which had given him such a welcome home. He genuflected reverently, glanced lovingly, reverently at the Great Rood on the screen of the sanctuary, then passed down the aisle. The music had ceased by this time, and some one, a woman evidently, for he heard the rustle of a silk skirt, was coming down the stairs of the organ loft. Then in the porch he came face to face with his lost love, Edith Hildyard.

It was she then whose voice he had heard, whose singing had been as an angel's message to his weary heart and soul. Changed, yet unchanged; the same yet not the same, it was the face he had loved for fifteen years, which not all his "riotous living," not all the husks of swine whereon his soul had fed, had banished from the shrine in which in boyish, chivalrous devotion he had set her so long ago.

"Edith!" he exclaimed, then checked himself. "Madame la Comtesse, I should have said, I suppose," he added, somewhat doubtfully, almost as if asking a question.

"Why?" she asked gently, holding out her hand. Its pressure and a something in her voice answered her question for him. He knew why he might call her by the less formal name, by that which of all names on earth was dearest to him.

Then as side by side they walked in the March moonlight to the house where she was staying, she told him of her pilgrimage during the years that had intervened; of her father's sudden death within a year of that parting which she did not

allude to; of how the Belgian count, an honorable gentleman, guessing her secret, had released her from the promise made in her name by Sir Philip; how her life had been spent among the poor in London, and on her estate. That many men had sought her hand in marriage, he felt sure, though she did not tell him so. It was enough for him that she was "Edith Hildyard," still. Enough for him? What right had he to such a thought, and all that it implied? There was a barrier between them! one of his own making, that could never be taken down.

"You must come and see me to-morrow," she said, as they shook hands at her gate, "and tell me all about yourself." It was as though she read his thoughts, as Father Benedict had read them.

"All?" he said, almost it seemed to him without volition on his part. "How could I tell you all?" he added bitterly, still holding her hand in his, for the last time he thought. When she knew all or even part would she shake hands with him again?

Once more made keen of sight by love and pity she read his thoughts. The pressure of her little hand tightened on his, she stooped from where she stood on the steps above him, and he could see in the moonlight that the eyes he had loved through all, in spite of all, were full of tears. Not only tears, there was love in them now, as there was fifteen years ago when he was a lad of twenty, she a girl of seventeen.

"Do you think I don't know all, Duncan?" she whispered, gently, and as he raised her hand reverently to his lips he felt that if she did not know she guessed: but that, knowing or guessing, she forgave because she loved him. Then more fully than ever he realized the measure of his Master's forgiveness, of His goodness, of her likeness to Him Whom she had loved and served so faithfully.

So these two Pilgrims of the Night met again, and knew that they should walk, hand in hand, to the end of their pilgrimage: "Till the day break, and the shadows flee away."

MARGUERITE'S CAPITULATION.

BY SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

If among the readers of this magazine there are any in whose minds linger recollections of Marguerite and the reluctant milkman who so unwittingly played the rôle of guide when she was lost in London, they may, perhaps, be interested to hear of a further incident of her exile, in which a young Englishman appeared to greater advantage than did Harry Turner the unready, and unchivalrous.

As Marguerite in addition to her native wit, her resourcefulness, her devotion to those she loved, her breezy and radiant personality, had the further attraction of being an extremely pretty girl, it is not to be supposed that she had reached an alien shore and her twenty-fifth year without having had many admirers. Indeed the remote cause of her being in England—and the immediate cause of her having taken service with her English mistress was an early and unpropitious love affair.

Seven years before her arrival in London she had been a laughing girl, milking her father's goats, coaxing willing nature to provide stores of wine, chestnuts, figs and maize; for in fertile Italy the soil does not need to be so laboriously wrought as in northern climes, but as Douglas Jerrold happily said of other territory, "If tickled with a hoe it quickly laughs back with a harvest." Here among her sisters and the other village maidens Marguerite was the fairest of the fair, and her merry glances, quick imperious ways, and lively sallies, had set many hearts beating, and when handsome young Pietro Robbi declared that she was the light of his eyes and soul of his soul and that he could not live without her, the village belle inclined a willing ear to his wooing. Pietro was the son of the local innkeeper, and from his good looks and general superiority occupied the same position of pre-eminence among the young men of the neighborhood as Marguerite did among the maidens. In all their revels he was the king, as she was the queen, and the match was so eminently fitting and so acceptable to the parents on both sides that it seemed as if for once the course of true love would run smooth and all lead happily to the chiming of wedding bells.

And so, indeed, it might have done had the love been as disinterested on Pietro's side as it was on Marguerite's, but after the wedding day had been fixed, and the final arrangements all but completed, the would-be bridegroom made it apparent that the portion which Marguerite's father intended for her counted for at least as much in his affections as did "the light of his eyes and the soul of his soul." He insisted that a particularly fertile little vineyard, which was to be Marguerite's share of the family property, should be handed over to him at once, instead of coming to him, in the customary manner, at the death of her father. He was a successful wine-maker he pleaded, and by his skill the vineyard could be made ever so much more remunerative than it was at present, as worked by its old-fashioned proprietor. Naturally this assumption on Pietro's part of knowing so much better than his elders did not commend itself to Marguerite's father, besides which the suggested method of portioning his children would leave him landless when they all married.

Nor were the younger members of the family propitiated when the arrogant young man urged that it was only in consideration of his being so exceptionally good a parti that he made the claim. Of

course when Luigi, Marco, Assunta, and Maria, the brothers and younger sisters, married they would be content to wait for their inheritance, and would not make his claim a precedent, for it was not to be supposed that they would ally themselves so brilliantly as his beautiful Marguerite was about to do. At this point negotiations broke down absolutely, not that the angry father and indignant brethren refused the terms, for, little as they liked them, they would have yielded rather than that the marriage should not take place, but Marguerite, whose tenderest feelings had been outraged, refused to be bargained for, and declared that neither then, nor at any future time, should she or her vineyard belong to Pietro. In vain he urged that it was for her sake alone he desired to be rich. She, so superior to her surroundings, was not made for the hard life proper for her kinsfolk, and should have fine clothes and ornaments to fitly deck her beauty.

The proud girl would not listen to him. Her belief in his truth and fidelity had received so rude a shock that for the moment she distrusted all mankind, and it would have gone badly with her at this crisis had she not been able to throw some of her superabundant energy and devotedness of character into the service of her English mistresses. For a little while she longed to die, to escape from a world which appeared to her to be hollow and disappointing, but as day by day, during the weary wasting away of her Signorina, she noted how haltingly and painfully the Great Deliverer sometimes creeps on the young, she learned to thank God for the wholesome strength of constitution inherited from her peasant forefathers, and to take up again resignedly the burden of life. By degrees her old verve and joy in living came back to her, but in her new scheme of life there did not seem to be any place for love. And so, though her merry nature impelled her to be sweet and gracious to all the world, she instinctively kept her brightest and most sympathetic smiles for children, women, and greybeards, and vouchsafed little notice to such young men as came in her way. Indeed, her most frequent visitor among this suspected class fared the worst at her hands. This was Robert Reid whose genial office ought to have secured him a welcome, for he supplied her with coals, the best substitute chilly England could offer for the southern sunshine her soul craved.

But Robert's youth, good looks, and evident desire to please, put her at once on the defensive, and he seldom got a kind word out of her scanty vocabulary of civilities. Nothing that he could do for her was pleasing, or well done. One day his sacks blacked the stairs, another his grimy hand left a smudge on the kitchen door. He always came too early, or too late, to suit her convenience, his lumps of coal were larger or smaller than she desired! And yet, all unconsciously to herself, she noted the comings and goings of this tiresome Roberto, and the Signora remarked that the careful economy which Marguerite exercised in every other branch of household expenditure was relaxed where coal was concerned. Cheerful fires glowed in every grate, and as the storing capabilities of the coal cellar were limited, Robert and his sacks made frequent occasions for petulant reproofs from the scornful Italian. Meanwhile, in spite of so much discouragement the young man's admiration for his frigid enchantress grew daily hotter and more intense, until it glowed like living coal. Marguerite, cold and unapproachable, was irresistible, for frost sometimes scorches like fire. What would she not be could he but melt the ice of her indifference, and teach her to love him as he loved her? But this task seemed beyond him,

his wooing proceeded very slowly, and under almost insurmountable difficulties.

Marguerite understood little English and spoke still less, and refused altogether to communicate with him in the universal language spoken by the eyes, though none knew better than she how to interrogate and respond by expressive glances. At last, though things had made but little progress, the lengthening days began to tell of the approach of spring when there would be no further need of coals, for Marguerite cooked with a gas stove, nor any excuse for the frequent visits which made at the same time Robert's happiness and his despair.

What was to be done? He could not contemplate an existence in which she was to have no part. At last the thought struck him that if he could procure the co-operation of Marguerite's Signora she might be able to help him. Accordingly one Sunday afternoon, dressed in his best he waited on that lady, and, having explained his wishes, was affably received, for by various little signs and tokens the Signora concluded that her faithful Marguerite was not so indifferent to Signor Roberto as she pretended.

As a preliminary, and to demonstrate that he was justified in making the demand, he was able to show that he was a steady young fellow earning good wages, and that he had worked for five years with the same employer. He knew the coal business through and through, and hoped some day to set up in a small way for himself. Then as evidence of thrift and a due regard for the future he produced his savings bank-book with a nice little sum of seventy-nine pounds to his credit. This money was ready to buy household plenishing. As to the future he had no misgivings, if Marguerite could only be induced to share it with him. He could easily teach so quick-witted a girl to speak English, and would like to learn Italian himself. Even when uttered without any special tenderness "Roberto" sounded sweet in his ears, infinitely sweeter than the curt "Bob" to which he was accustomed from his sisters and their friends. He was a Catholic like Marguerite, so though they were divided by race they had the precious bond of a common faith. If the kind lady who was his confidant could bring Marguerite to listen to him he would promise to be a good husband, and there was no reason why they should not be perfectly happy together. Marguerite's Signora like Marguerite herself, belonged to that rather rare order of people who are accustomed to think of what suits others first, and what is best for themselves only in the second instance, and so, though she would find life without her devoted maid a very different thing from her present well-cared for existence, she was so favorably impressed by Robert Reid that she felt confident he would make her protegee happy, and promised him to do all she could in his interests.

That evening she had a long talk with Marguerite, pointing out to her that she must not let the disappointment of her early girlhood cloud her whole life.

Here was a young man who desired nothing so much as to make her his wife! Why should she not listen to him? Did she really dislike him? And would she be content never to see him again? Things had now got to a stage when he would hardly care to come back to the house unless she gave him some word of encouragement. Marguerite, though she would not admit that she cared anything for her faithful swain, confessed that she would miss his visits, which had come to be the pleasantest things in her life.

She did not dislike him particularly! How could she, when he was always so bright and cheery? and had borne her cap-

rices so patiently all through the long winter. But as to marrying him—that was another affair. No doubt Signor Roberto was like the rest of the world and would be glad to have her vineyard, even if he had to wait for it until after her father's death.

"Why, you silly child," exclaimed her mistress, "what does he know about your unfortunate vineyard, which has destroyed your faith in mankind? You forget how far Italy is from England, and that Robert Reid knows nothing of you except that you are a cold, ungrateful girl, whom he is foolish enough to love. So far from wanting anything from you he is only thinking of what he can bestow."

And she told Marguerite how he had showed her his bank book with the little nest egg which was to be spent in preparing a home for his southern bride could he but win her. Whether it was that Marguerite's heart was just ready to capitulate, or that the savings bank incident showed her Roberto was made of different stuff from the self-seeking Pietro, it is difficult to determine, but at this point her pride gave way and she admitted that if any man could induce her to desert her beloved Signora it would be Roberto.

"He loves me for myself alone, and if I love him a little in return it is not so much because he was patient with me all those months, when I was so hard and cold, as because he showed you that little book. Oh, Signora mia! if you could but understand what it is to me that Roberto only wants me for myself! My poor heart, sick and humiliated by its former experiences, can at last expand again."

One can imagine what a kind reception young Reid received when he came to learn the result of the Signora's negotiations. Later, when encouraged by what she had to tell him, he presented himself below stairs, what a coy and gentle Marguerite awaited him, instead of the scornful beauty he was accustomed to! In spite of their having no common language in which the momentous question could be asked and answered, the gallant young Englishman found no difficulty in making himself understood, nor the bright Italian girl in responding. And when in her soft southern accent she murmered "Roberto," the music of her voice thrilled him, and the one word, so gently breathed, was as full of meaning as if she had translated and sung for his sole benefit the impassioned *Robert toi que j'aime.*

It is satisfactory to be able to add to this little love story that Robert Reid's disinterestedness met its due reward, for when the far-away parents learnt that their best beloved child was to make her home in England, they were able to help substantially in the installation of the young *menage,* so that in addition to the solid comfort provided by Robert's thrift there were many of the prettinesses which counted for so much with the bride. It is the dream of Marguerite's life that one day she will be able to introduce Roberto to her own land and own people, and gather him grapes from the vineyard which played so important a part in her early history. And in the meantime in the less genial land of her adoption she has made many friends, and she and her Roberto live in a sunny domestic atmosphere of their own, where gentle words and kindly thoughts flourish and develop into helpful neighborly actions.

REST.

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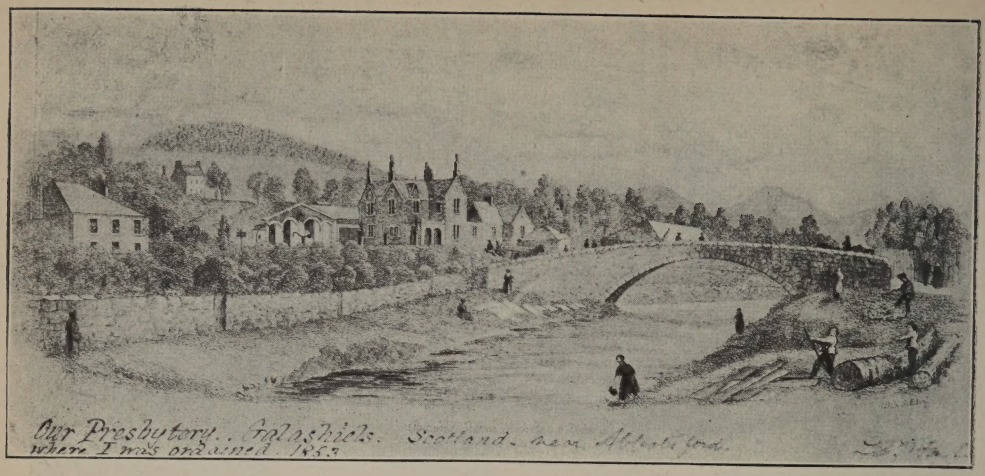


PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

ABBOTSFORD COAT-OF-ARMS.

Lord Henry Kerr, the brother-in-law of Lady Lothian, and his wife, Lady Henry Kerr, the sister of Mr. Hope Scott, must not be omitted when speaking about visitors to Abbotsford. When he became a Catholic he resigned one of the richest livings in England, that of Dittisham on the river Dart in Devonshire. It was almost his sole fortune, and had been purchased for him by his father, the old Marquis. He had a large family, but became a poor man for the sake of the one true faith. But his brother-in-law handed over to him a lovely place on the Abbotsford estate, called Huntley Burn, not far from the magnificent ruins of Melrose Abbey, which belonged to the Duke of Buccleugh. I never knew anyone with a more lively faith than Lady Henry Kerr. She used to pray that her sons might become priests and her daughters nuns, and her prayers were well nigh granted to their full. Her eldest son, however, married the daughter of Mr. Monteith of Carstairs, and her eldest daughter died in the odor of sanctity as Mistress of Novices in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, near London. For a time it seemed as if Lady Henry's prayers were not to be granted for the majority of her children, but Almighty God was only trying her faith.

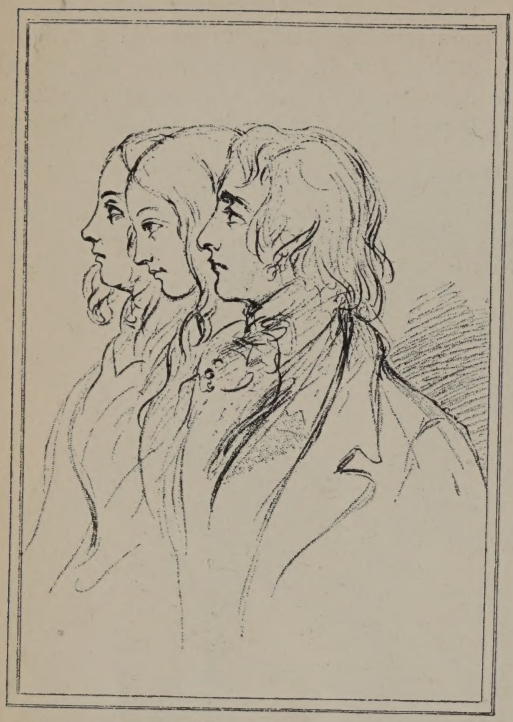
One of her daughters was a cripple, and was unable to do anything for herself. Surely there was no hope of one so afflicted and so helpless as she was becoming a nun, and yet her saintly mother's prayers were to be heard and granted even for her. Some years afterwards, when I was stationed at Tower Hill, Lady Henry called upon me there, and asked me whether I knew of any community where a lady could be boarded, and treated as a confirmed invalid by one of the religieuses. I told her I had heard of such an Order somewhere in Belgium, and as I was aware she had visited that Catholic country more than once

and must have formed acquaintanceship with many of the excellent bishops therein, I recommended her to write to some of them, and make full inquiries from headquarters. She followed my advice and

KATEY. WALLEY. CHARLEY. MAMIE. THE RAVEN.

CHARLES DICKENS' PET NAMES FOR HIS CHILDREN.
"THE TOAST AND WATER CLUB."
From a water color by Maclise.

soon received the required information. So she took her crippled daughter over to Belgium and left her under the charge of the good sisters, whose vocation accorded to the praiseworthy object she had in view. Lady Henry Kerr's advanced age and delicate health prevented her from caring for her daughter as she would have longed to do, but she had found a happy home for her in a religious house, and crossed the channel occasionally to visit her. About two years after her visit she went thither for the last time, and what was the reason for this visit? It was for no less an object lesson than to



CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE, AND HIS SISTER, GEORGIANA.

This sketch was made in 1843 by Maclise, whom I met frequently in their home.

be present at the clothing and oblation of this pious, suffering, and helpless daughter of hers as a member of the community which had tended her. She was unable to assist the pious ladies who had nursed her by nursing others, but she nursed her divine Lord and Master so lovingly, and so continually, that she was thus rewarded by Him, and received as one of His elect spouses, and her mother was rewarded by knowing that in this unexpected manner another of her daughters became a holy nun.

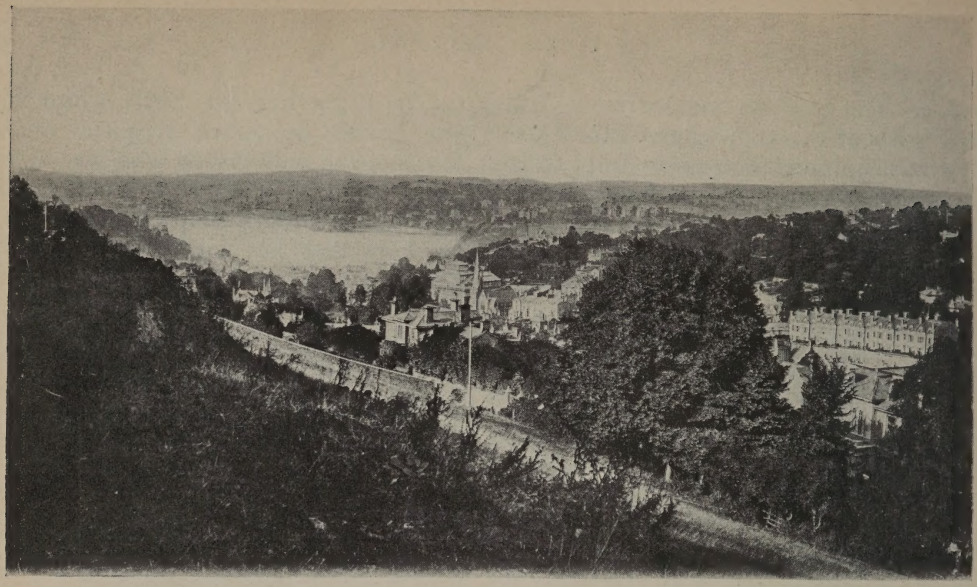
A still more remarkable answer to her longing desires with regard to her children's vocation took place in the vocations bestowed upon two of her sons. One of them was a commander in the royal navy and resigned his commission when his vessel was near China; and the other held a high position in the army. He also was on foreign service, but listened to the sublime vocation which was conferred upon him. Surely there was but little human probability of these brothers ever becoming priests, and yet to this end they both found themselves in London at the same time, having landed there for the same purpose. There was a large family hotel, the Morley, in those days, in Trafalgar Square, near the National Gallery, which was well-known and highly patronized by the members of the aristocracy. This was the house in which the Kerr family always put up on their visits to the Metropolis and it was here that the two brothers met on the day of their arrival in London, without either one of them being aware of the advent of the other. One of them had been out on some business matter, and was mounting the many steps leading up to the hotel when whom should he meet descending the same steps but the brother whom he believed to be thousands of miles distant from him. They were, of course, equally amazed at this unexpected encounter, and on each of them demanding an explanation, there was but the same answer; "I have resigned my commission, and am returned home, in hopes of becoming a Jesuit priest." They were both of them welcomed by that Society, and in due time they were ordained on the same day at St. Benno's, after having made their novitiate together. The aged and infirm Lord Henry Kerr managed to serve the first Mass of one of his sons on one day, and that of the other on the day following it. Not long afterwards he went to his eternal reward.

Another frequent visitor to Abbotsford was the Duchess of Buccleugh, a daughter of the Marquis of Bath. One of her brothers, the Rev. Lord Charles Thynne, also became a Catholic, and married the daughter of the Earl of Ken-

mare. The Duchess had become a Catholic without the knowledge of the Duke, her husband, and was advised not to inform him of the step she had taken, as he was not only very bigoted and bitterly opposed to what he knew to be her Catholic proclivities, but had often told her that if she became a "Romanist" it would kill him, for he was subject to heart disease. So whenever she could manage it, she loved to find a temporary home amongst the devout and excellent persons whom she was certain to meet in that house of faith.

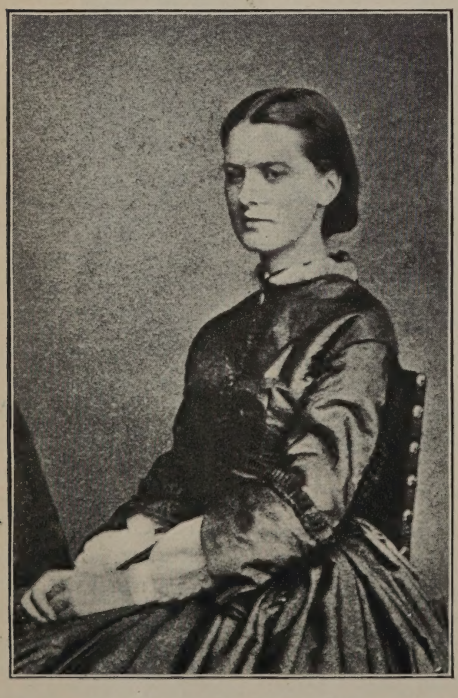
The Right Rev. Dr. Gillis, whose failing health demanded frequent repose, was not the only bishop who was a welcome guest with the Hope Scott family. The saintly little Bishop Grant, who was so holy that he was reputed to have wrought some miracles, was a charming companion, and when we were seated around the fire after dinner, and funny stories were the vogue, he was ever ready to cap any queer tale which had been given by any other member of the happy and jovial circle. Thus the bishops and priests who happened to be present

CHARLES DICKENS READING TO HIS DAUGHTERS.



TORQUAY, WHERE I RESIDED FOR SEVERAL YEARS AND WHERE I WAS RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH IN 1843.

would relate jocose stories about the lawyers, who always held their own in their attack on the members of the clergy. The utmost good temper prevailed on all sides and the ladies would be convulsed with laughter at the various retorts. I could not help thinking how the ghost of Sir Walter Scott would have reveled in this amusing and friendly battle of words.



HENRIETTA KERR, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LADY HENRY KERR.

On leaving Abbotsford, where I had been hospitably sheltered for a few months by Mr. and Mrs. Hope Scott, during my ill health, I was taken to our novitiate at Sicklinghall, about twelve miles from Leeds in Yorkshire. We had quite an extensive district under our control, and to me was confided the charge of all parochial duties, as soon as I was strong enough to perform such labors. The town of Weatherby was in the parish and through the charity of a wealthy Leeds merchant, whose country house was situated there, a small house was taken and fitted up as a chapel for those Catholics who lived in or near the town. One of our Fathers would drive to Weatherby from Sicklinghall on Sundays and holidays to say Mass there, and another Father was chaplain to the Hon. Mrs. Bland who lived about a mile off in another direction. She was a sister to Lord Stourton, and being an invalid had the privilege of a private chapel with the Blessed Sacrament reserved therein.

The deceased Father Richard was my predecessor in the chaplaincy here, and the Bland family with their numerous dependents, who were all good Catholics, used to go to confession to him before the Mass, once a week. When I relieved him of this connection with the family I had to take his place in the confessional, but Mrs. Bland was one of those who disliked going to young priests. I was in my thirty-fourth year, but people took me to be fully ten years younger than that, whereas, Father Richard was six years my junior, but everyone thought he was my senior. So when Mrs. Bland found that I had superseded him, and that he was coming no more as her confessor, she wrote a polite note to him in which she said she had no objection to me personally, and even liked me, but that she always had an objection to very young priests as directors of her conscience, and asked as a special favor that Father Richard would resume the care of her soul. The good Father replied that he would accede to her desire if necessary, but that perhaps she was not aware that I was six years older than himself. When she heard this she was quite resigned to renounce her old confessor and remain a penitent of mine. One of her daughters had married into the excellent family of the Welds of Lulworth, and though he had a fine house and estate at Marnhull in Dorsetshire, he was quite celebrated as a church decorator, and painted our

LADY WILDE (SPERANZA).
Whose son, Oscar, I baptized.

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DORCHESTER BRANCH

church at Sicklinghall, with striking taste.

A full mile in another district was the pretty little village of Spofforth. The Protestant vicar of the church there, a church that was very ancient and beautiful and much admired by lovers of Gothic architecture, was anxiously awaiting news from the seat of the Crimean war. We, on the other hand, were still more anxious to receive the earliest intelligence of the definition of the Immaculate Conception of our own Blessed Mother as an article of faith, which was at that moment under discussion at Rome. We had been promised a telegram from Paris as soon as ever the news should reach that city. We had two silver-tongued bells in a belfry outside the church, and the moment we received our coveted telegram, two of the lay brothers were asked to ring these musical bells as loudly as they could for an entire hour. The Vicar of Spofforth heard the jubilant music of our bells in his own garden, and not doubting for a moment that our joy was similar to what was prematurely filling his loyal heart, he ordered his own peal of bells to ring out their merriest chimes, and then sent a man on to me to enquire when we had heard the glad news. In the meantime all the bells in all the Protestant churches for miles around were set aringing as soon as the inhabitants heard the sounds of those at Spofforth. When the groom delivered his message to me, I asked what news he referred to, for I was well aware that his master would not have his bells ringing for anything connected with the Blessed Virgin, but more especially in honor of her Immaculate Conception, in which, of course, he did not believe. The man replied, "Why in the taking of the Alma, of course." I told him that we had received no news from the Crimea, but that we had obtained the information that the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, had defined the Immaculate Conception as an article of faith. The poor messenger looked quite crestfallen when I told him this, but I was informed that his disgust and disappoint-

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS CRIB IN IRELAND, ERECTED AT INCHICORE, 1864.
From a painting by Mr. O'Hea.

ment were not to be compared to that of the Vicar. A Catholic man, who was working in the garden near to where the Vicar was standing, heard him utter a fierce oath on the way in which he had been taken in by those "d——d Papists." I need not add that the bells in the neighborhood were gradually silenced as soon as their owners discovered how they had been entrapped. It became quite a standing joke against the Vicar of Spofforth, that he had rung his bells in honor of the Immaculate Conception, and he was often asked when he was going over to Rome.

Several conversions took place while I was residing at Sicklinghall. Among them was that of the schoolmaster and his children, a few conversions in Wetherby, and that of a young man—whose father had been a schoolmaster at Spofforth—and who afterwards became a priest, and a well-known professor at All Hallows Missionary College, Dublin, the Rev. Mr. Potter. During my stay in Sicklinghall I was called to take part in a few missions, such as that of St. Helier's, in the Island of Jersey, and also at Bermondsey, and at Bradford, but I have given an account of all these missions in my essay on that subject.

In the month of April, 1856, my connection with Sicklinghall was suddenly snapped asunder by my being appointed one of six Fathers who were to share in the labors of our first mission in Ireland. My list of notabilities with whom I became acquainted during the ensuing years in Ireland, for I never returned to live in Sicklinghall, became considerably enlarged. Cardinal Cullen was at that time Archbishop of Dublin, and was always kind and gracious towards the Oblates. He imparted his sanction and formal benediction to our having a permanent home as missionaries in Ireland.

In course of time our Fathers erected the large and substantial House of Retreat at Inchicore, and at a still later date, a lovely little school-house for boys, and one of the most beautiful churches in or near Dublin, which has been recently consecrated by Archbishop Walsh. He also defended our settlement in his archdiocese when we had to endure much opposition from an influential quarter.

To those who are acquainted with the political history of Ireland during the past half century of her history it would be a work of supererogation to state that Cardinal Cullen was not beloved by the extremists among all those parties regarded as Nationalists, any more than was Dr. Moriarty, the Bishop of Kerry. His Eminence was a truly zealous bishop and a very holy man. It is a well-known fact that there are not sufficient priests in Dublin, even with the aid of members of the religious orders, to hear, within the appointed time, the confessions of those who wish to make their Easter duty. Dr. Cullen, therefore, issued directions that in addition to attendance in the confessional of the priests in the early morning and late in the evenings, as of old, every confessional should be occupied on all days, except Sundays, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Hearing, however, that his orders were not strictly obeyed he sent for his carriage, and visited each church in Dublin, in succession. Wherever he found people waiting and no one present to hear them he would have the bell of the presbytery rung by his clerical secretary, who accompanied him, and a message was then delivered, with his compliments, that there were waiting those who wished to go to confession, but that there was no one to attend to them.

In one large parish he did not arrive at the church until after five o'clock, and finding that there was no priest in the confessional he sat down in that of the parish priest before the summons was conveyed to him. There was great regularity after that. In one church there

was no lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament. Seeing the sexton moving about he went to him and asked him the meaning of this omission. Being muffled up he was not recognized by this important functionary who asked His Eminence what business it was of his, but finding that the question was reiterated he condescended to inform him that he had no oil, and that he had asked the parish priest to get it for him two or three times. Dr. Cullen then enquired how much money was required, and, on being informed, he took out his purse and handed the sacristan sufficient cash to pay for oil for an entire month. In getting out the money he unbuttoned his coat, and the confused sacristan then preceived that his interlocutor was the great archbishop himself.

Besides the two clerical secretaries who lived with the Archbishop of Dublin, in Eccles street, there was another who was a layman. The archbishop had plenty of occupation for them all, for besides occupying the important see of the metropolis of Ireland he was appointed by the Holy Father as Papal Legate, and this gave him the supremacy over all the convents in his archdiocese. Moreover at that time he had no coadjutor, or assistant bishop. He had issued orders that no inmate of his house should be from home after ten o'clock, p. m. He had discovered that his lay secretary often broke this rule, so, to give him a lesson, he sent his servants to bed one night, telling them that if there were a ring at the bell he would open the door himself. He remained in his study until eleven o'clock, when the absentee arrived home, and rang the bell. The archbishop answered the call, and opening the door as far as the chain would permit, he called out, "Who's there?" "It is I," said the other, "let me in, will you? Is Paul at home?" Whilst unloosing the chain the archbishop replied, "Yes, Paul is at home, and he is sorry that you are not." He did not add a word, but giving him his blessing he sent him to bed.

It was not alone his zeal that was remarkable, for, without infringing upon the dignity of his position, he was noted for his humility. His faithful servant, John, who was with him for many years, told me the following proof of this. The Cardinal was an early riser. He used to put his shoes outside his bedroom door over night that he might have them clean and ready when he was dressing in the morning. If John over-slept himself the archbishop would try to shine them himself, but if the former arrived during this operation he would stand and look at him with his arms akimbo, and say, "There you are again; you don't know how to make those shoes shine properly; here, give them to me." His Eminence was a very temperate man, but his physician ordered him to take at least one glass of wine at dinner time. John had hard work to fill the glass, and then he would exclaim in a voice which was audible to all that were at table; "Oh! shame, you expect we shall all obey you, and you will not obey your doctor!"

(To be Continued.)

THE PRAYER OF PATRICK.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD. (SLIAV-NA-MON.)

Dear Saint in Heaven, on this thy holy feast
We come to thee, thy children scattered far
'Neath South'ron Cross and flashing Boreal star.
Pray God, oh! Saint, our Faith may be increased.

Lo! now the sunburst in the gorgeous east!
Grim shadows that our shamrocked valleys mar
By that strong glance annihilated are,
Their reign of chill obscurity has ceased.

E'en thus before the ardor of thy pray'r
Shall skeptic doubts from out our island fly;
Monsters of pride and lust, in Truth's white glare
Their hideousness disclosed shall faint and die,
And Banba, as of old, all pure and fair,
Cleansed from her stains shall greet the approving sky!

THAT QUEER-LOOKING DESK.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"Is Mr. Coulin any better the night?" Neal Murphy inquired as he sat at his supper of potatoes and buttermilk.

"He isn't any better, nor never will, I'm thinking," Mrs. Murphy replied, defiant of her English. "Somebody ought to see to things."

"Isn't the nurse there?" Neal asked innocently.

Mrs. Murphy sniffed.

"She is. She is there right enough; but I have no opinion of nurses of the kind." Mrs. Murphy paused in her task of repairing a turf basket.

"Why?" her husband inquired.

"Oh, because," Mrs. Murphy replied vaguely. "Anyway, the doctor has no hopes; and if he had, where's the port wine and the jelly and everything else to come from? I ask you that, Neal Murphy."

Neal was unable to answer, naturally enough.

"Sure, Father Bannon does what he can; but what can he do; and Mr. Coulin's a gentleman. It isn't like if he wasn't. Well, Doctor Adams says to me, 'Mrs. Murphy,' says he, 'we can't save him, and there's an end of it.' 'Och, Doctor, dear,' says I, 'sure you won't give him up like that, at all, at all?' "

"Well?" inquired Neal as his wife paused.

"He just shook his head. He was looking at that queer-looking desk of Mr. Coulin's."

"A writing desk?"

"Aye; only he keeps nothing in the world in it. Well, the doctor looked it up and down, and says he to me, 'Mrs. Murphy, that desk's worth fifty sovereigns.' 'Arrah,' says I, ''tis joking you are. I wouldn't give fifty pence for it.' 'No,' says he, 'nor would I; but there are people who would.' And then he went on to tell how his father left an old bookcase that no one set any great store by; and how just when he—the doctor I mean—was wondering how he'd ever pay his son's college fees, a friend saw the bookcase, and said it was worth a hundred pounds. The doctor took it to Dublin and sold it to a lady for not one, but two hundred pounds."

"Was it lined with gold, anyway?" Neal laughed.

"Not a bit; but it was antique." Mrs. Murphy answered, lingering over the word, "very antique."

"Antique?" Neal repeated, inquiringly.

"Aye. Well, I have been considering since. I'm going to sell Mr. Coulin's desk."

"You!" Neal ejaculated. "But you have no right to interfere!"

"I have no right to do a lot of things," Mrs. Murphy held up the basket, "none whatever. There you sit, and here am I busy with work that doesn't concern me. Oh, I know I have no right to do some things. Well, if I don't see after Mr. Coulin, who would? Haven't I attended him since he settled here four years ago?"

"Five," said Neal.

"Four, past. Aye, I have attended him and never had a word with him. And now when he's dying, and without a penny in the house, I'll do my best for him."

Neal rubbed his head. "But how will you sell the desk?"

Mrs. Murphy dropped the basket. "There's an excursion to Dublin on Friday," she said, "and I had a notion of going to see my sister Honor."

"So you had," Neal assented.

"Well, I'll take the desk to the lady—she's a Miss Mansergh—and sell it."

Neal stared at his wife. "But suppose he wants it back."

"He's going to die, don't you hear."

"He may not. The doctor's mistaken sometimes."

"Well, live or die, he'll be the better of some money. And I'll ask the lady will she be willing to give back the desk if Mr. Coulin wishes."

"You're making sure of a sale," Neal laughed.

"The doctor says she has a craze for old-fashioned furniture and she is as rich as a Jew."

"Still, I wouldn't interfere if I was you."

"Interfere!" Mrs. Murphy's voice rose indignantly. "If I hadn't interfered with Captain Fleetwood about the bog, sure 'tis not a clod of turf you'd have, Neal Murphy. And if I hadn't interfered with your sister's child when it took the croup, isn't it in the graveyard the creature would be now? It wasn't my business to interfere, but I up and got the churn full of hot water, and put the child in it, and an hour after it was sleeping as sound as you please. It ill becomes you to talk of my interference."

Neal was silent under the rebuke. After a minute or two he asked: "Who'll look after Mr. Coulin through the day?"

"Mrs. Carey. The nurse says she couldn't do without her sleep night and day," Mrs. Murphy was contemptuous. "I told her how I never slept a wink for a week when you had the fever."

"Oh, aye." Neal assented, and rose from the table.

Mrs. Murphy set "things to rights" briskly, and resumed her work with the sallow rods. "Sure if Sir Gerald had lived he'd have seen to the man," she said. "He never treated Mr. Coulin as a servant at all. There was some mystery about it altogether. There was the cottage furnished fit for a lady instead of for a gamekeeper. Dear, dear! I wonder what took Sir Gerald to them foreign parts to get killed! And the cousin that has the Castle and all is a regular skinflint, that's what he is."

"Sure enough." Neal had lit his short black pipe, and was inclined to be more laconic than usual.

"A regular old skinflint!" Mrs Murphy repeated. "Never once did he call to ask for Mr. Coulin! He's only a gamekeeper to him, though the gamekeeper is the better gentleman of the two. I never as much as handed a chair to him without having a word of thanks."

On Friday morning, Mrs. Murphy in the Paisley shawl that reposed most of the year in a cardboard box under the bed, and with a new flower in her bonnet, was at the railway station a good twenty minutes before the hour appointed for the departure of the Dublin excursion train. Neal carried Mr. Coulin's desk securely wrapped in half a dozen newspapers, and listened attentively to his wife's instructions regarding the feeding of the pigs and poultry. A corner seat was found for Mrs. Murphy by an obliging porter, and Neal nodded energetically in response to her final commands.

She was met by her sister at the Dublin terminus. Miss Honor Cassidy had been in "good service" in the city for half a score of years, so when Mrs. Murphy began to tell her of the business matter she had on hand, she gave a sudden exclamation.

"What did you say the lady's name was?"

"Miss Mansergh," Mrs. Murphy replied. "Sure, the doctor told it to me half a dozen times."

"Well, I declare!" Honor ejaculated. "Miss Frances Mansergh! Her father died some years ago, and left her a big fortune, and no mistake."

"Do you know her?" the astonished Mrs. Murphy asked.

"Sure, she lives not a dozen doors from me," her sister replied. "A nice-looking lady she is, too. I know the housemaid very well, and she says she's one of the best of mistresses."

"Is she, now?"

"Aye. You can leave the desk at once, and call again for an answer. That will be a good plan."

Mrs. Murphy agreed, and the desk was duly deposited with Honor's friend, the housemaid, who promised to show it at once to Miss Mansergh.

"She needn't be Miss Mansergh long if she wished," Honor said to her sister as they left the house. "There's many a one would wish her to change her name, but people say that she'll never marry. It is rumored that she was about to marry Mr. Whynne some years ago, but she didn't. He died suddenly a year or two since. And now tell me something about the people at home."

Some hours later, Mrs. Murphy called on Miss Mansergh, and was at once shown into that lady's presence. She affirmed afterwards that she didn't know whether she was standing on her head or her heels when the lady excitedly demanded where she had got the desk.

Mrs. Murphy gave voluble explanation.

"Mr. Coulin!" Miss Mansergh questioned. "Are you sure that is the name?"

"Well, he calls himself so," Mrs. Murphy, somewhat huffed, answered.

"Will you describe his appearance, please?"

Mrs. Murphy did so, but without giving her listener much satisfaction. Miss Mansergh interrupted her.

"Look," she opened a locket she wore, and handed it to her visitor, "is—was Mr. Coulin like that photograph?"

"Why, that's *him!*" Mrs. Murphy cried. "Just like what he was, only he never was so cheerful like."

"I am going with you to see him. You say he is very ill," Miss Mansergh said, after a pause.

"Dying, the doctor says."

"His name is not Coulin," the lady went on. "It is Hugh Whynne. He was suspected by the uncle with whom he lived of having committed a great crime —forgery."

"I am certain sure he did nothing of the kind, ma'am," said Mrs. Murphy, positively.

"No, he did not," Miss Mansergh tried to speak calmly, "but he kept silent, and accepted the blame to shield another, his uncle's son. We never knew where he went when he left Dublin."

"God bless me, but wasn't he the foolish man!"

"He did it for a woman's sake. He thought she cared for his cousin," Miss Mansergh explained, "and perhaps for his uncle's. The letter in the desk revealed all to me to-day."

"The desk! Why, there wasn't a scrap of paper in it. Not a bit, ma'am, begging your pardon."

"There was. See," Miss Mansergh turned to the table, opened the desk, and pressed a hidden spring.

"Well—of all the things!" Mrs. Murphy cried as an opening was revealed.

"There was a letter there written by Charles Whynne, the cousin. He implored Hugh to keep silent for his uncle's sake and for mine."

"For yours?"

"Yes, he said I was to be his wife. That was false. I only cared for Hugh."

"Oh, dear, there are queer doings in the world!"

"He is dead—Charles Whynne, I mean."

"And small matter, I'd say," Mrs. Murphy commented indignantly, and her husband was defrauded of his legitimate repose that night since she insisted on

giving him a full account of the day more than once.

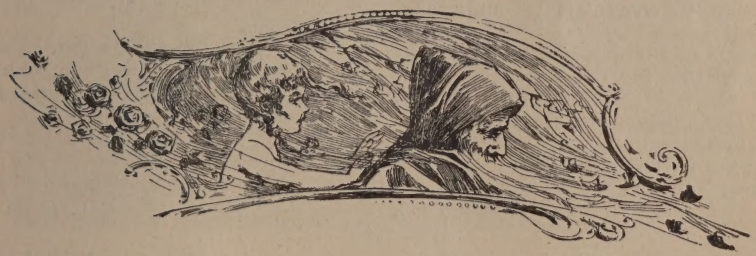
"And Miss Mansergh made me get into a first class carriage, no less!" she concluded triumphantly, "and paid my fare. She was as white as a sheet when she went into Mr. Coulin's room. I should say into Mr. Whynne's room. He took the name of Coulin, it being his mother's maiden name. She's staying with Miss Bannon to-night, and means to remain here. She says Sir Gerald was a great friend of Mr. Whynne's. Didn't I always say he was a gentleman, Neal?"

"Faith, you did!"

"I'm not often mistaken; and I have a notion Doctor Adams is altogether wrong. You'll find Mr. Coulin—Mr. Whynne, I mean—will get better, after all."

Mrs. Murphy proved to be right. Whether it was that Miss Mansergh's presence in the sick room worked favorably or not, Hugh Whynne came back slowly to health and strength; and by the time he was fit to receive visitors, his uncle came to see him. No words were spoken concerning the latter's son, but Hugh promised to take up his former work in his uncle's office; and two months later he and Frances Mansergh were made man and wife.

"And as happy a looking couple you couldn't wish to see," Mrs. Murphy informed her husband on her return from the church where Father Bannon had united the pair, "and while the ceremony was going on, I couldn't help thinking it all came about through my interference."



THE TWILIGHT WIND.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

Wind, O Wind of the twilight, when the shadow of the night is falling,
Lone and low in the twilight, wailing through the chill of the dew,
I, all in my loneness, I hear you crying and calling:
And I bear the burden you carry, and I know the sorrow on you!

You, the breath of the stars, high-born in ethereal spaces,
Weary Wastrel of heaven! Outcast, into darkness hurled!
I, too, the breath of a God, wandering from the starry places,
Passing with cries of the spirit, lost in the dark of the world!

GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

FATHER DAMIEN.

I.

All the reforms of the Lazaretto are the evidence of his success; they are what his heroism provoked from the reluctant and careless. At a blow and at the price of his own life he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needful; pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought many; it brought (best individual addition to them all) the Sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalawao. If ever a man wrought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. . . . I thank God for his strong head and heart. . . .

The man who tried to do what Damien did is my father, and the father of all who love goodness.

Robert Louis Stevenson replying to Dr. Hyde.

I think that Father Damien is now receiving ten cities as a reward for his careful and diligent use of the "pound" which he thirty years ago consecrated to God when he presented his body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable for His service. His life and death have power to touch thousands of souls whom he never heard of, power, too, to make a great nation rise to free an empire from the plague which slew him. What a reward!

Surely his power on earth now is greater than it ever was while he lived among us. *Edward Clifford.*

"O eager soul, that quiet spurned,
For whom no middle way sufficed,
O Saint, who for the wretched died;
Since love's compulsion, sun-strong, burned
Rapt Francis to the mould of Christ,
No one so like the Crucified."

Wilbur Underwood.

"O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to Thy feet we bring—
'A leper white as snow.'"

Father Tabb.

"Blessed are they who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light."

"O'er Damien's dust the broad skies bend for dome,
Stars burn for golden letters, and the sea
Shall roll perpetual anthem round his feet:
For Damien made the charnel house life's home,
Matched love with death; and Damien's name shall be
A glorious benediction, world-possesst."

Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

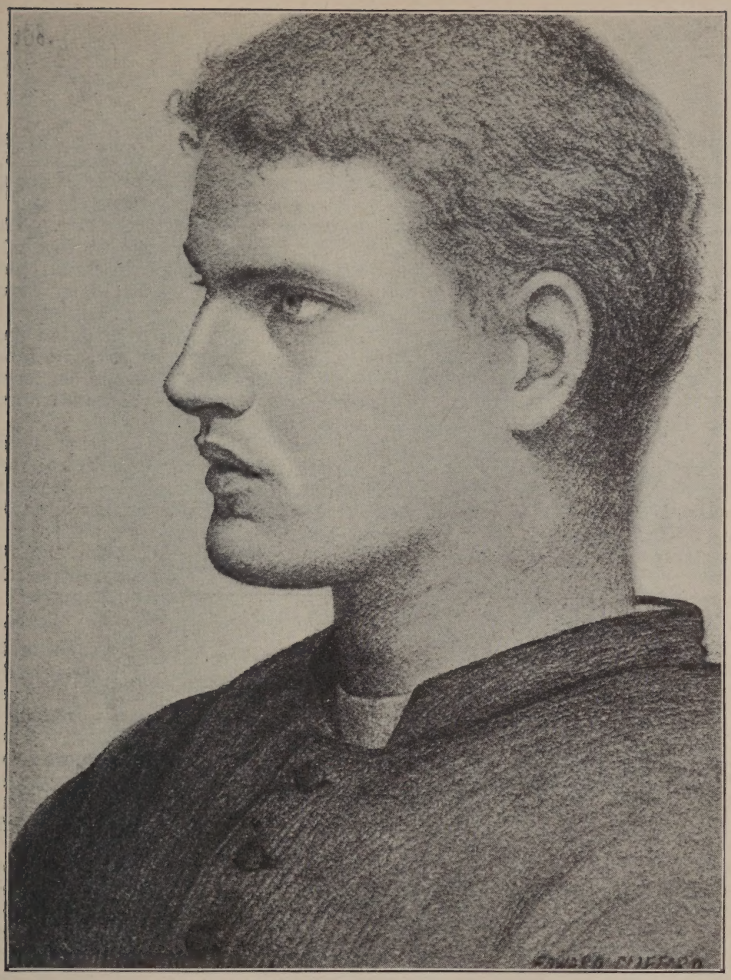
The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded, his hair tumbled like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil, but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works.

This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

Revered and beloved Father! at your feet I lay this tribute in memory of our last sad meeting and parting. In my heart you live forever; nothing can touch you further, and when you are laid to rest, I believe you will have achieved a record of modest heroism almost without a parallel in these times. Degradation it may be in the eyes of many, the death in life, the slow sure-footed decay; but out of the loam of this corruptible body springs heavenward the invisible blossom of the soul. Oh, my friend! forget me not, as I cannot cease to remember thee, when the fragrance of that flower shall gladden the paths of paradise.

Charles Warren Stoddard.



I was sick and ye visited me

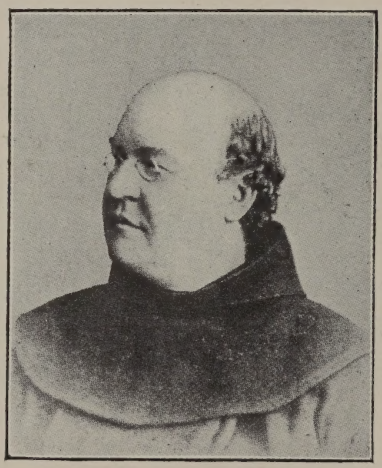
J Damien de Veuster

Kalawao Molokai Dec. 20th 1888

"Well! God's will be done. He knows best. My work with all its faults and failures, is in His hands, and before Easter I shall see my Saviour."—FATHER DAMIEN.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Father Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M., was born in Durmersheim, Baden, June 23, 1842. His parents came to America in 1846, and settled in Pittsburg, Pa. Fr. Bonaventure received his early education in the Benedictine College of St. Vincent, Westmoreland county, Pa. In 1860 he went to Cincinnati, O., and on October 4th joined the Franciscan Order. On August 5, 1865, he was ordained priest, and was engaged in the ministry in Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohio, in Louisville, Ky., and Detroit, Mich. In the course of time his literary tastes led him to devote himself almost exclusively to writing. Sent to Lafayette, Ind., on April 20, 1882, he has since been attached to St. Boniface's church, assisting in the services, but not employed in parish work. He is editorial contributor to several English and German magazines, and has published over fifty volumes, large and small, and in both languages. Amongst these is his well-known German translation of "Ben Hur," which, in 1902, had reached its ninety-first edition.



REV. BONAVENTURE HAMMER, O. F. M.

In 1899, Fr. Bonaventure made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on the return journey traveled extensively through Egypt, Greece and Italy. In 1891, ill-health, the result of over-work, compelled him to seek relief in a milder climate, and he was ordered, by his physician, to Southern California. During his sojourn in St. Joseph's Sanitarium, San Diego, he collected and published a number of verses written by him in the course of years, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and sent them to the Marian Congress at Rome, last December. As a result, the following paragraph was widely published by the press:

"The Marian Congress which has been in session in Rome in honor of the golden jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, consisting of prelates and ecclesiastical scholars from every country in the world, has prepared a roll of honor of litterateurs who have by their positions and ability celebrated the Blessed Virgin in their writings. The only one in the United States so honored is Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M., whose reputation as an author and poet is well established among English and German readers."

President Roosevelt has appointed as Minister to Denmark, Mr. Thomas J. O'Brien, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mr. O'Brien was born in Michigan, in 1842, and is a leading lawyer in his native State. That he takes a deep interest in the welfare of the country from which his people came (his father was a native of Cork) has been proved on many occasions. The new Minister to Denmark has been identified with Irish national movements in Michigan, always lending willing aid to projects for the betterment of economic and industrial conditions in the Old Country.

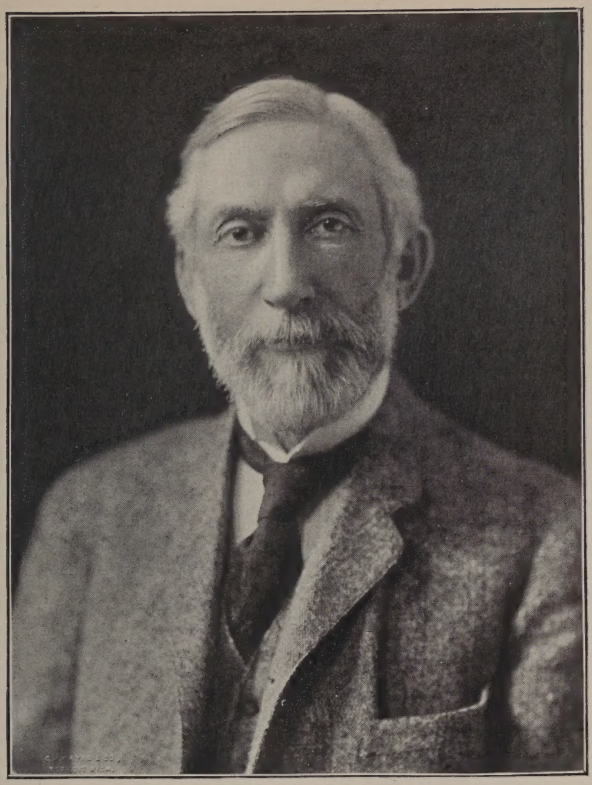
Mr. O'Brien is considered an expert in legal matters relating to railroad affairs in Michigan, and will be missed by his associates, who, however, are much pleased that the President has conferred upon Mr. O'Brien the distinction of representing their country, at Denmark.

Mr. Festus J. Wade may well be proud of his success. The responsible position which he holds in St. Louis business circles has come to him only after long years of energy and effort and of strict adherence to principle. His achievements demonstrate the possibilities and value of industry and fealty to purpose as potent forces in business advancement.

Mr. Wade has the distinction of being one of the leading financial men of St. Louis, and his opinions on all matters pertaining to finance are eagerly sought. He was chairman of the finance committee of the World's Fair, and ably discharged the duties of that important and responsible position. He was a central figure at the recent bankers' convention in New York and his efforts contributed largely to the great success of that gathering.

In the hour of his success Mr. Wade has not forgotten those less fortunate than himself, for he takes a kindly interest in charitable matters and other movements for the betterment of his fellow-man. His quiet, but none the less effective work in this respect might well be duplicated by others who have also viewed success from its own level, but who seem to have overlooked any and all opportunities for helping others.

He is identified with several organizations



THOMAS J. O'BRIEN.

and is one of the prominent members of the Knights of Columbus in Missouri. Despite the great demands of his business he has mingled actively in the affairs of the order and has done much to promote its influence.

Mr. Wade was born in Limerick city, Ireland, on October 14, 1859, and was brought to this country at an early age. When ten years old he started in to earn his living in St. Louis. Fate apparently had no special favors for him, but he toiled steadily onward, his persistent efforts gradually bringing him nearer and nearer the coveted goal of his ambition.

To quote the words of a friend, he has occupied almost every position, in a mental and physical capacity, in the city of St. Louis. He is now president of the Mercantile Trust Company, which has a capital and surplus of $9,500,000 and deposits of over $17,000,000.

The choice of Los Angeles as the meeting ground of the National Convention of the Knights of Columbus, in June, 1905, was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Joseph Scott, whose eloquent address at the convention in Louisville, Ky., made such a deep impression on his brother knights. It was a brilliant speech, combining wit, pathos, fervor, and Catholic Americanism, and it captured the assembly. Los Angeles was decided upon as the scene of the next convention, and the knights are looking forward to a delightful experience in the land of the Old Missions. Already preparations are well under way, and the great event is the leading topic of conversation in Knights of Columbus circles.

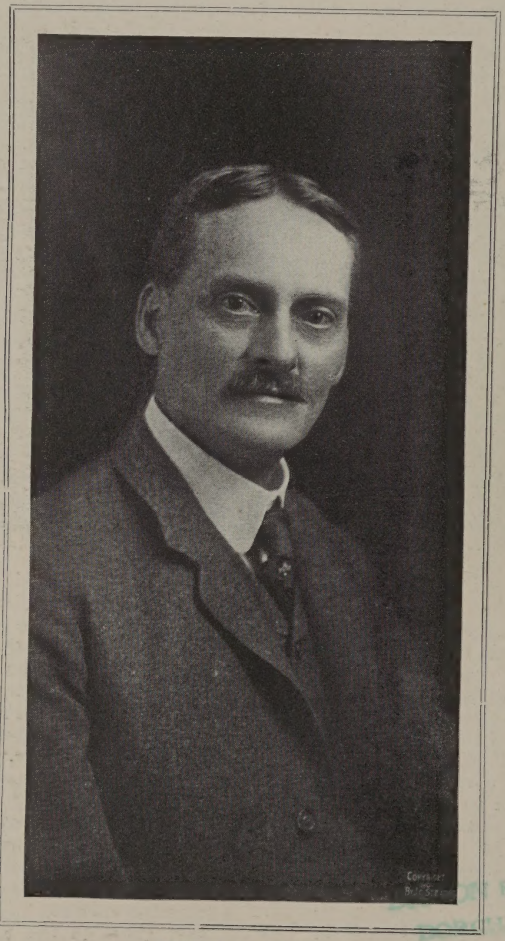
Mr. Scott is the State Deputy of California, a—— has been at the head of the organization since its institution on the Pacific Slope. He is a hard-working lawyer, active in his profession, and recognized as a trenchant, fluent speaker. He is deservedly popular in his beloved Los Angeles, and his high standing in the community is acknowledged by his fellow citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

Mr. Scott was educated in England, and as a student in Ushaw came under the instruc-

tion of Mgr. Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, with whom he has the honor of corresponding on most affectionate terms.

Writing of the work of Fra Juan and his companions, Mr. Scott says: "These were the pioneers—not the Argonaut of California, not the modern tourist and camera fiend who gets out of his palatial Pullman after three days incarceration therein, as though he had endured martyrdom like a hero, but perintendents. While the East was in the throes of the Revolution of the colonists, California was in the thick of the fight for spiritual emancipation under Father Junipera Serra, which culminated in the establishment of the missions from San Diego to San Francisco.

"And thus did the followers of Christopher Columbus perform their noble work for three hundred years. But time has brought



FESTUS J. WADE.

the priest who lifted the cross of Christ, and preached Him crucified. And this preaching went on until the south-west was covered with churches and schools, and the Indians were educated and trained so that modern American architecture can produce nothing better, nor more substantial, nor more artistic than the cathedrals and mission churches built by Indian artisans, with Catholic missionaries as architects and su-

a change. The Puritan is being driven westward by the development of the same old Church on the Atlantic seaboard, and Boston and all New England is being overrun by the Catholic 'foreigners.' As they come in and 'increase and multiply,' the Puritan starts West and gradually he comes into the land of the old Catholic missionaries, now overrun by Masonry, as in Mexico, and by

fortune hunters, as in the Southwest. He finds the old Indian Missions stripped of their rights by the Mexican government and deprived of rightful appropriations by the United States government and their race almost run. The old missions that witnessed the grand revivals of faith and learning are now in ruins, and the Puritan finds at last a congenial field for his work. Thus throughout all the Indian Mexican settlements in Arizona and Southern California the Methodists and other Puritan denominations are establishing their churches and homes and other avenues for 'Civilization.' Who are responsible for the influx of the Puritan into the land of the Missions? Undoubtedly the healthy, progressive and fearless Catholics of the East, and primarily responsible this great Catholic organization of the Knights of Columbus. Hence we of the Southwest, looking to the incubus thus placed upon us by our unthinking and too hardy brethren in the East, naturally inquire, 'What is the mission of the Order here in the land of the Missions?' To my mind it seems a bounden duty on the part of the men responsible for expelling the Puritans from their native heath into this land of the Mission Fathers to give the few scattered adherents of the Faith in this Southwest country an antidote against the poison of Puritan doctrine."

JOSEPH SCOTT.

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OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE HOLY PRIESTHOOD.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXXVI.

Only twice in the Holy Scriptures do we read that Jesus wept; at the grave of His friend Lazarus, and over Jerusalem when He looked down upon it from the Mount of Olives. Yet He was the Man of Sorrows, and a priest must be like Him, for the disciple is not above his Master. However, during His entire life of mental sorrows He was not morose or melancholy. His countenance was always radiant with joy for the spirit of God was in Him. Divine love shone in all its fullness in His face, which gave it a heavenly sweetness, and as Christ is our Master and Model in all things we must be like Him in all things. Our countenances should always be bright and cheerful and our voices sweet and sympathetic. This will not interfere with our compassion and tenderness for the miseries that are all around and about us.

The first great sorrow of the priest is owing to his own unworthiness. Every priest can apply the words of St. Paul to himself: "I give Him thanks who hath strengthened me, even to Christ Jesus our Lord, for that he counted me faithful putting me in the ministry, who before was a blasphemer and a persecutor and contumelious. But I obtained the mercy of God because I did it ignorantly in unbelief. Now the grace of our Lord hath abounded exceeding with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. A faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners of whom I am the chief. But for this cause have I obtained mercy that in me first Christ Jesus might show forth all patience for the information of them that shall believe in Him unto life everlasting." (1 St. Tim. 1. 12, 16.) These words show that the great St. Paul was conscious of his own unworthiness to be chosen for the priesthood and that he was forgiven because he sinned in ignorance and was selected that he might be a living witness of the mercy and patience of Jesus Christ and that consequently none should ever despair of God's grace.

There are few priests who can look back upon their past lives—their childhood—their boyhood—their young manhood, without wondering that they should have been called to the holy priesthood. How many of our early companions were to all appearance better qualified for this holy office than we. They never fell into the multitude of little imperfections, follies and imprudences we know of ourselves. Every priest, who knows himself well, knows what it is to be discouraged, cast down and depressed by a multitude of crosses and disappointments, but none of these is so heavy to bear as our feeling of unworthiness.

The sins and shortcomings of his people are another source of great sorrow to the priest. The life-long sorrow of our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ came from His daily contact with sin. He even prayed to His heavenly Father for those who knew not what they did. If we have the heart of our Master, the sins on every side of us, sins of the flesh and the spirit—the havoc and ravages of Satan in men, women and children, must be to us an occasion of ceaseless sorrow. The ingratitude of men can be borne patiently. Even the falsehoods of evil tongues, while cutting to flesh and blood, can do little harm. They may excite a

little resentment. The real sorrow of the priest comes from his love, compassion and sympathy for souls. It is the sorrow of the Good Shepherd, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians who turned against him. "I most gladly will spend and be spent myself, for your souls, although loving you more I be loved less." (2 Cor. XII. 15.) The sight of souls that are dead or dying is constantly before the eyes of the priest. The battlefield strewn with the skeletons of human beings is dreadful to behold, but the misery of souls that are spiritually dead is far more ghastly to contemplate. Of course it requires a spiritual intuition to discern all this, and even we priests who are the chosen ones may not perceive it fully. We may live in the midst of it without fully realizing the dreadful havoc of bad example. Men and women of evil lives destroy the innocent and hinder the conversion of the penitent. We see the plague spreading from home to home—from soul to soul. The reign of sin and misery settles down upon souls and homes over which we have long watched and prayed. In every flock are to be found enemies of God open and declared. Of all such St. Paul says: "Of whom I have told you often, and now tell you weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly—whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." (Philip, III., 18, 19.)

The priest also sorrows over the lukewarmness of good people. It is difficult to explain how it is that some people are so good and yet do not ascend higher on the ladder of perfection; that they should do so many good acts and yet not do more; that they should be so blameless and deserve so little praise; be so full of kind words, but so spare in good works; so regular in their devotions yet not more devout—so pious yet so worldly; so ready to praise the good works of others and yet so slow to do likewise: so full of censures of the lukewarmness in others and yet so lukewarm themselves; all these are spiritual contradictions which annoy and harass the priest with continual disappointment. Where he looked for help he finds none: where he thought he could trust he finds his confidence betrayed; where he imagined that he could lean for support he finds that the earth crumbles away. There is something in sorrow for sin which unites us more closely with God. It warns us that we are in the front of the battle and that we can never lay aside "the armor of God." This thought braces and strengthens our courage. But when we note the petty faults of good people—their littleness and selfishness and insensibility to the sorrows, sufferings and sins of others,—we lose patience and are irritated and provoked at times. As a rule, they who talk the most do the least. The good workers move about silently and they accomplish much; whereas the talkers do little except to find fault. It is remarkably strange how few are willing to give their personal services to church or charitable work. They are willing to give money but not their time and trouble. Almsgiving has less self-denial than personal work and we should ever bear in mind that the personal care of the sick, the sorrowful, and the sinful, is more precious in the sight of God than all gold and silver.

Another great grief of the priest arises from false brethren. They are the dissemblers, whisperers and detractors of the parish. Such men are profuse in words of respect and of devoted loyalty. Their professions of good will are beyond all measure. Who can suspect such men? The priest believes others to be as he is himself—incapable of dissimulation. Therefore he often speaks out his mind without suspicion. In a little while a cloud of misunderstandings

has arisen. Whence are they? Friendships are weakened, resentments are kindled, and a coldness often takes the place of the strong bond of affection that formerly existed. It is all mystery to the poor priest. He is at a loss to account for the change that has taken place. At last he remembers that on a certain day he expressed his feelings to a confidential friend. It is the lesson of his life—perhaps the first, and perhaps it will not be the last. And yet it often happens that the poor priest is blamed for his reserve, as if the lesson had not been burned into his very soul. Well, false brethren are bad enough, but false sisters are worse in as much as they are less accurate in their hearing and more painstaking in retailing the gossip and stories that may reach their ears.

Those things are all very trying on the priest, but there are vexations a thousand times worse. There are to be found in every parish members who belittle the authority of the priest. They criticise his words and actions. They are thoroughly out of harmony with him. The poor priest seems never to give satisfaction. This constant murmuring infects with discontent a large circle of friends. Peace and charity are destroyed, and often ill-will is aroused between the people and the priest. St. Paul, in summing up the black list of the sins of the flesh, adds, "enmities, contentions, emulations, wraths, quarrels, dissensions, sects" and closes the dreadful list with "murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like." (Gal. V. 19, 21.) The sad fact remains that the spiritual sins of "enmities and dissensions" are more satanic than the sins of the flesh.

These are a few of the sorrows which the priest must bear with patience and Christian resignation. Those that arise from the sin of apostasy and the gradual crumbling away of faith among his people, as well as the sorrow occasioned by the fall of a brother-priest, we will not consider. We will leave them to the tender mercy of the Divine Master whom they in their fall once more sold and betrayed.

II.

The life of a priest is the life of loneliness. From the day of his ordination these words are true of him: "Without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but likened unto the Son of God, a priest for ever." (St. Paul Heb. VII. 3.) He leaves home and friends and, for the balance of his life, is separated from the world. His family pedigree and name and nationality are forgotten. Few ask where he was born, and fewer still care where he may die. He has his parishioners and his brother priests and the saints of God for his companions, but somehow all this does not satisfy the human heart. Priests sometimes seek in friendships the means of satisfying this craving of nature. Here is the danger. By whatsoever a man is overcome, by the same he is brought into bondage, and there is no bondage greater for a priest than an unbalanced friendship. When he was ordained he gave his whole soul to his Divine Master, and in return he received from God the liberty which set him free. This liberty consists in a perfect equilibrium of heart and soul. It is poised on the love of God reigning over all his affections, so that he may maintain a tender and warm friendship for all about him without losing his equilibrium of mind. When a priest finds his evenings tedious, his study lonely, his books tasteless, it is an evident sign that he is losing ground. He is in bondage to something that has divided his heart. He has lost his true liberty. He has forgotten that he is a portion of the Lord, and that he can have nothing besides the Lord as his inheritance.

Our Blessed Lord said on one occasion: "I call you not servants but friends." The priest's true friend, therefore, is his Divine Master. This friendship is all sufficient, but it will not permit of a division. It cannot harmonize with lower friendships. It must dominate us completely. Our Lord has promised to be "with us all our days even to the consummation of the world." Best of all, He has ordained a way of personal presence in which He is always with us. The priest's best friend is Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar. Here the priest will find Him morning, noon, and night, and in return for his feeble love and service He will receive eternal love and protection.

This divine friendship consists above all in the identity of our will with His will. This identity comes from our daily assimilation to Him. If we are like Him we shall love as He loves us. What is pleasing to Him will be pleasing to us. A priest is the likeness of his Master in the world and therefore his will is always identified with His will. We all know what He wills. He wills all men to be saved. He wills our daily sanctification. He wills that we trust Him,—in other words, that we mean what we say, "Not my will but Thine be done."

The Divine Master wills our real happiness, which is holiness. There is but one way to obtain this end, and that way is clearly outlined. This intimate union being founded on a divine reality is eternal. Alas, this cannot be said of earthly friendship, which is easily broken. Not so with our Divine Friend. He is always sympathetic and kind. He knows our infirmities and He overlooks them with the tenderness of compassion. We know that we are entirely in His hands and that our whole life is ordered by Him. If He apparently turns away from us at times, it is because He loves us. He does not willingly afflict us. He sends trials and sorrows to test us. If they were not necessary for our spiritual well-being they would not come to us. He sends us the discipline of sorrow and suffering in proportion to our needs and our strength. Less would not save us and more will never come to us. Of course we cannot fully appreciate in this life the kindness and mercy of all this. His loving treatment of St. Peter is a key to this mystery. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." (St. John, XIII. 7.)

Our heavenly Father wills for us all that is necessary for salvation. Nothing will be wanting for our welfare in this life or for our eternal happiness in the next. Sometimes it happens that we ask for signs of good will before we trust Him. This is all wrong. When we want proofs there is no room left for confidence. In time of trials and anxieties when there is no human help within reach, then we willingly turn to Him. The priest has ready access to his Master in every hour of need. He is the guardian of his Lord, who daily dwells near the sanctuary. To Him he tells all his troubles and cares personal and pastoral. He pours out to Him all his wants and sorrows. He is always certain of kind direction under the guidance of the Divine Will.

In our friendship there should be a mutual service that is neither mercenary nor self-seeking, but generous and grateful. "Ye have not chosen Me but I have chosen you that you should go and bring forth fruit." (St. John XV. 16.) A priest's whole life is a loving service to his Master. Even our common every day actions are consecrated to Him. "Whether you eat or drink or whatever else you do, do all for the glory of God." (1 Cor. X. 31.) "All whatsoever you do in word or in work, all things do ye in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks unto God and the Father by

Him." (Coll. iii. 17.) This all-pervading motive renewed daily is a continual service of loyalty to our Divine Friend. A day so begun can scarcely end in forgetfulness of our priestly duties. The fragrance and fervor of our morning Mass will sustain us through the day. It is the keynote that will cause all our actions to move in harmony. Every word spoken in God's name—every act of our pastoral office—every sacrament administered—every soul brought nearer to God—every penitent lifted up to a higher life—every child instructed—every sinner converted,—all this is a loving personal service rendered to our dearest Friend. In this daily service may be counted the proper use of our time—patience in our sorrows and trials, and sweet resignation in bearing with the shortcomings of others, which no faithful priest will ever escape. He is ever mindful of our needs. We shall never know in this world how lovingly He guides and guards us and how willingly He strengthens us when the fiery shafts of the enemy fly thick around us. The dangers we know are many, but the unknown ones are more numerous. We pray God to deliver us from our secret sins, and we have more need to pray that He may deliver us from our secret dangers. He places a shield over us which is turned every way as the assault comes upon us from all sides. Often it comes when we least expect it. Surrounded all day by a world made up of good, bad and indifferent, happy the priest who can return at night to the presence of his Master without serious stain. How many who go out in the morning from the presence of Jesus bright and peaceful have returned at night sad and sorrowful with many memories unworthy of a friend. Still our dearest Friend is always the same. We change and are overcast and lose our morning brightness. A blight apparently falls upon us. But He is unchangeable in love, pity and forgiveness. Before we retire to rest He will absolve us from the failures and the shortcomings of the day. This sense of mutual service is the bond which unites friends in the golden chain of friendship.

Friendship should be patient, but, unfortunately, here it is all one-sided. Our divine Friend never changes. His heart is always full of love. When we leave Him and after our wanderings return to Him, He is as we left Him, for in Him there is neither variableness nor shadow of change. Eternal love is immutable and the deified human heart of Jesus can never change. As He bore patiently with the inconstancies of His first disciples so He bears with us. Only they were not priests then, and we are. After their ordination they were soon restored to strength and lifted above themselves. We begin our intimate relations with our entry into the priesthood and pastoral care and we have still many of their faults. And yet He dwells in the midst of us, seeing all our faults, yet blind to them; forgiving them as He forgave Peter, even when he failed to watch and pray. This divine Friend is generous. He is easily satisfied. One word of self accusation and all is forgiven. "He will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." He waits in patience for our growth in perfection.

Finally, in friendship there is a mutual society. When friends are united in love they are in union even though they may be far apart. The affection and memories of past days when young hearts were united in mutual kindliness and loving service, cause the absent ones to be ever present to our view. Messages of affection are frequently exchanged and we feel that they have a share in all that belongs to us. Such is human friendship when friends are parted by long distances. Of course, the nearer we are the more active and warm is our friendship.

The members of a household are not always together, but all are conscious that all are under the same roof and that they are all one in heart and soul. Now the friendship of the priest with his Lord is beyond all this. We may go to Him at any hour. He always welcomes us. He listens to all we have to say and He consoles us even by listening to our voice. He may remain silent. It is a relief to unburden our soul to a dear friend even though there is no reply. With Jesus we know that we have His sympathy—that He feels with us and for us, and that if He remains silent now that the day is not far off when we shall hear Him say: "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

The priest then has one true Friend in whom there is no change. Other friends may be kind and affectionate, but they often grieve and cause us sorrow. They grow weary of us and disappoint us. Our one divine Friend never fails. We may have our human friendships but they must not interfere with the friendship due our divine Friend. In other words, there must be no division of our hearts. They are His from the first hour of our ordination till the last breath is out of our bodies. The priest who leans upon human friendships, no matter how good and holy they may be, will soon find that instead of rest he has disquiet, instead of consolation he has anxiety, instead of success in his labors he has failure. The more united the priest is to his Master the more like Him he becomes. None is so warm of heart, so tender, so pitiful, so unselfish, so compassionate, so true to friends as the priest whose heart is true and sustained in its love and friendship of Jesus Christ. His soul is more open for the growth of the charity of God. What St. Paul asked for the Christians of Ephesus is above all true of priests; "That you may be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth; to know also the charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge that you may be filled unto all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 18, 19.) No man will be so like Christ as the priest in whose heart his Divine Master rules alone.

(Continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

Concerning the Holy Bible; Its Use and Abuse. By the Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1905.

In view of present discussions upon Biblical matters, this volume should have a very wide circulation among educated Catholics. It is written in a pleasant, clear style, and is full of scholarly information upon those points which are for the moment so hotly disputed. Take, for example, what the learned author says on the subject of Inspiration: "Some have gone so far as to hold that every single word and every single syllable, and every stop and point, were dictated by God. This was certainly at one time the view of many Protestants. It was held, notably, by certain Swiss heretics, and may be found expressed in their formularies towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, A. D. 1675. But such a view is rejected by the Catholic Church, and is, indeed, inconsistent with the very character of the Bible itself. Furthermore, such an opinion would be extremely difficult to harmonize with the following facts, namely, first: The inspired writers distinctly assure us that their compositions were put together with much labor and fatigue, and frequent watchings. Second fact: A marked distinction of style is apparent between one writer and another, which cannot reasonably be attributed to any external source, but only to themselves. Third fact: In quoting the Old Testament many quote from the translation (the Septuagint) and not from the original, and sometimes not quite literally even from that, which would hardly be the case if each and every individual word were directly inspired. But, perhaps, the most evident proof of all lies in the fact that, in relating the self-same doctrine—even the most momentous—different writers, though all inspired, yet express themselves in a different manner. Take by way of illustration, such a solemn and important event as the institution of the Holy Eucharist. There are four accounts given: one is by St. Matthew, one by St. Mark, one by St. Luke, and one by St. Paul. Though each account is, of course, substantially the same, there are undoubtedly verbal differences; yet each of these writers was guided by the Holy Ghost. Though each (of the four writers) teaches the self-same truth, yet each expresses himself in his own way, so that each of the four differs from the three others, both in the (*a*) actual *arrangement*, and also (*b*) in the precise *choice* of the words used; a fact which it would be difficult to reconcile with the theory of verbal inspiration, which, as a matter of fact, no Catholic now holds. . . . . (However), even though verbal inspiration is not taught by the Church, yet she does most clearly insist upon the doctrine that God, by His inspiration, so acts upon the sacred writers that their writings *infallibly* contain the true and genuine sense that God intends."

From this quotation it will be clear that Mgr. Vaughan's book should be found in every Catholic family that is interested in topics of current discussion.

Dorothy, a Drama. By the Presentation Nuns, St. Michael's, N. Y. Meany Publishing House, New York. $1.00.

The scenes in this drama are simple in construction and costuming, and the plot is interesting in every detail. General Ormsby's youngest child is stolen, and the perpetrators of the crime are shipwrecked off Sandy Hook, while trying to board an English vessel. The child, supposed to have perished with them, is discovered on a farm, seven years later, and her identity is established by the miraculous medal found on her neck. Ezekiah Pinkerton, who saved her from drowning, and "Ma" Pinkerton are devotedly attached to the little one, and there is a very tender scene when they are obliged to give her up to her own parents.

The Heart of France, a story of Lourdes, by the same writers, may also be procured from the publishers, with music of songs, directions for presenting, etc.

Cardome, a Romance of Kentucky. By Anna C. Minogue. P. F. Collier & Son, New York. $1.00.

The appearance in book form of a story from the pen of this talented Catholic writer gives much pleasure to her many friends. Miss Minogue has long been recognized as one of the few writers who can tell a story with dramatic effect, and her work in magazines and weeklies has been followed with deep interest. Readers of DONAHOE'S who remember the remarkable serial "Borrowed From the Night," that ran through the Magazine some years ago, will welcome "Cardome," feeling assured of a treat in its contents.

The elements of this romance of Kentucky are introduced in the opening chapters—Judge Todd, his wife and twin sons, his ward, the beautiful Virginia, the mysterious Mrs. Powell, living in retirement, the stranger in Cardome, Clarisse Sears, the winsome Bessie, Phil McDowell, and Howard

Dallas. The Civil War furnishes the action that brings all the characters into play, and the plot turns on the disruption of the family circle and the separation of lovers and friends as they take sides with the North or South. There are thrilling scenes enacted in Kentucky, Covington, Newport, and Ludlow—the Morgan Raid, the escape of Confederate prisoners, perilous encounters and engagements; and side by side with the fortunes of war are the fortunes of love and home and happiness—all skilfully made to serve the novelist's purpose and keep attention alert until the end is reached. What that end is each reader will want to learn for himself, and in the learning he will be amply rewarded for the time spent on this captivating tale of Southern life, told by a daughter of Kentucky.

The First Days of Jesus. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905.

The story of the childhood of Our Lord is very attractively told in simple language that little readers will readily understand, and the large, clear type, and handsome colored plates help much in keeping them interested. Printed on linen paper the book will stand the wear and tear of much handling.

Another publication that will please the children is "The Little Folks Annual," replete with stories and pictures carefully selected.

The Waters of Lethe. By Lida L. Coghlan. John Murphy & Company, Baltimore.

This first book of a young writer gives promise of future novels permeated by the same wholesome, thoroughly Catholic atmosphere, and free from certain defects that mar the effect of the present volume. The interest of the story centres in the little child, who, when left fatherless, is adopted by a woman, claiming to be her mother. There are many complicated situations that lead up to the disclosure of the deception practised by the child's self-appointed guardian, and the end will satisfy the most exacting reader.

Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. Benziger Brothers. New York. 25 cents.

Callista. By Cardinal Newman. Benziger Brothers. 1905. 25 cents. Cloth binding, 40 cents, *net*.

The publication of these two books in a form that places them within the reach of all readers is a step in the right direction. So many complaints are heard as to the high prices charged by Catholic publishers that it is to be hoped the reading public will show its appreciation of the Messrs. Benziger's enterprise by ordering many copies of these stories, brought out in such an inexpensive form.

A Little Brother of the Bear. By William J. Long. Ginn & Company. Boston. 1905. 50 cents.

This interesting collection of animal tales forms the fifth volume in the Wood Folk Series. The atmosphere of the big woods pervades the book, so that the reader feels as if he were in the forest, watching, listening, and seeing for himself, instead of following another's description.

The coon, who is the "little brother to the bear," the crafty wildcat, the savage old mother lynx hunting with her cubs on the vast northern barrens, the humble toad that opens up a whole new field of interesting observation, the sly bear and his summer ice house,—all these and a dozen more are pictured with an intimacy and detailed knowledge of the ways of animals which can be equaled only by the lore of some old Indian hunter who has spent a lifetime among animals.

As in the previous volumes, the illustrations have been made by Mr. Charles Copeland, an artist who enters heartily and intelligently into the spirit of the author, and whose work has added appreciably to the attractiveness of the volumes in the Wood Folk Series.

The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By the Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. Authorized Translation from the German. Revised by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905. Price, $1.25.

Father Noldin, the acute and clear Professor of Moral Theology in the famous University of Innsbruck, has brought into permanent form in this book the substance of his addresses to the clerical students in this renowned institution of Higher Learning. While the work is especially intended for the clergy and those preparing to enter the sanctuary, nevertheless the book will be of great benefit to the vast army of the laity. While it is undoubtedly true that the candidate for the priesthood who knows and practises the devotion to the Sacred Heart will assuredly acquire the sacerdotal spirit and the virtues proper to a priest, it is also not less true that any one in the world who adopts this devotion practically, will thereby be brought to the practise of those virtues which belong to the highest form of Catholic piety. Among many most useful suggestions, we note the following: "It is not the number and length of our petitions which render them acceptable to God, but the fervor, the fidelity, the perseverance of the sup-

pliant." This golden advice is, unfortunately, too little heeded in our days by many pious people.

The Ridingdale Boys. By David Bearne, S. J. London. Burns & Oates. 1904.

A charming story, indeed, written in faultless English, full of quiet dramatic incident, and replete with wholesome lessons, this story of the Ridingdale Boys is one that should be read by every young Catholic in the country. It is a story which we cannot praise too highly, not only because of its exquisite literary finish, but also because it portrays those phases of life from which our own youth have so much to learn. The reverend clergy and those who take a keen interest in young life would do well to scatter copies of this admirable story in every direction. It deserves to be ranked as a classic in the particular line of writing to which it belongs.

That the zealous, able Father Bearne may give us a whole library of "Ridingdale Boys" is the heartfelt wish of the reviewer.

Ceremonial for Altar Boys. By Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905. Price, 35 cents.

Many an acolyte will cordially bless Father Britt for this lucid, complete and systematic guide to the various church functions. It is so compact in form that it can be stowed away in a boy's pocket, and the moderate price asked for it brings it within the reach of all.

There is to be an addition to the number of our American Catholic periodicals in the form of a new review, the first number of which will appear in June next. It will be devoted to the discussion of religious questions, especially in their relations to modern discoveries and theories.

It will be issued every two months, and will be called *The New York Review*. The Archbishop of New York has entrusted the management of it to the professors of St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, and it will be edited by the president of the seminary, Very Rev. James F. Driscoll, D.D., assisted by Rev. Francis P. Duffy of the Department of Philosophy.

The editors have secured the co-operation of many eminent Catholic writers, lay and clerical, not only in America, but also in Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany and Italy. The readers will thus be presented with the results of work done in defence of Christian faith by Catholic scholars in various lands.

Besides the general articles there will be Notes and Studies, and Reviews of important books.

QUESTION BOX.

What is meant by the impediment of Clandestinity?

It is an impediment arising from secrecy in the celebration of marriage. Matrimony, as a sacrament being a contract under the custody of the Church, it is the province of the Church to lay down the conditions for the validity of said contract. Now the Council of Trent enacted that all marriages which were contracted in a clandestine or secret manner, that is, without the presence of the parish priest and of two or three witnesses, were not merely forbidden, but were *invalid*. The words of the Council are as follows: "Those who shall attempt to contract marriage otherwise than in the presence of the parish priest, or of some other priest by leave of the said parish priest, or of the ordinary, and in presence of two or three witnesses, the Holy Synod renders such wholly incapable of thus contracting, and declares such contracts null and void."

The aim of the Council was to prevent persons from contracting a private marriage, and then, when they grew tired of the bond, denying the fact of their having made a matrimonial contract. By this decree the Council wished to obtain in an efficient manner, full and canonical proof of the marriage contracted, and thus to prevent a second or even third marriage, while the first was in existence. Hence it requires three witnesses in order that the marriage may be valid, namely, the parish priest and two other witnesses. The Council went even farther. Witnesses may die, and thus their testimony be lost. But documents and writings do not die; hence they constitute permanent *undying* proof. Therefore the Council, in order to provide for an *enduring* proof of the marriage, commands the parish priest to make a written record thereof. "The parish priest shall have a book, which shall be carefully kept, in which he must register the names of the persons married and of the witnesses, and the day on which and the place where the marriage was contracted." This provision, though obligatory on the parish priest, is not, as is evident, required for the validity of the marriage.

Note well, however, that this impediment is not in force all over the world. It binds only in those places where it has been *formally* or *presumptively* published. It is not in force in most of our dioceses. According to the eminent Moral-Theologian, Sabetti, it is in force in this country only in the following places: (1) in the entire ecclesiastical province of New Orleans; (2) in the province of San Francisco with the exception of that part of Utah which lies to the east of the Colorado River; (3) in the province of Santa Fe with the exception of the northern part of Colorado; (4) in the diocese of Vincennes; (5) in the city of St. Louis, and in the places called St. Genevieve, Florissant and St. Charles; (6) in the places named Cahokia, Kaskaskia, and Prairie du Rocher in the diocese of Alton. In all other places throughout the United States the decree was never promulgated.

What is meant by the Eastern Church?

There are many interpretations given to this appellation, the greater number of which are incorrect. Thus, many understand thereby the Greek Church, others, the Russian Church, others, again, the Syrian Church with all its branches. Not one of these, however, is correct. To grasp the matter fully, we must bear in mind that in the fourth century, at the death of the Emperor Theodosius (A. D. 395), the old Roman empire was divided into an eastern and a western section, as a permanent division of the empire. To his son Arcadius the dying monarch assigned the eastern or Byzantine section, that is, all the territory lying between the Adriatic Sea and the upper Tigris River; to his son, Honorius he left the western section. The capital of the eastern part was Byzantium or Constantinople, that of the western, after 402, was Ravenna. From this partition of territory sprang the phrases Eastern and Western Church, or the portion of the Church located in the Eastern Empire and the portion situated in the Western Empire. The term Western Church has long since passed into desuetude, but though the Church recognizes no section to-day to which she gives the name of Eastern *in its original acceptation*, still there are in union with the Pope several branches which are wholly located in the East and which are known in ordinary speech as Eastern Churches. These churches retain all their ancient ceremonies and customs. The Maronite Church, for example, is one of these. The liturgical language is Syriac; Holy Communion is given under both forms; the parish priests, usually married, are chosen by the people. The Chaldean Church is another. This is the name bestowed upon the Nestorians who have been re-united with the Church. It will be remembered that under Ibas, Bishop of Edessa, Nestorianism spread rapidly through Mesopotamia, Assyria, Persia and other eastern countries. They had an organized hierarchy and worked great havoc to Catholic interests. Fortunately many of them returned at the Coun-

cil of Florence, when Eugenius IV. received the abjuration of Timothy, Nestorian Archbishop of Cyprus. The Chaldeans say Mass in the ancient Syro-Chaldaic; use leavened bread in the Holy Eucharist, have a married clergy and are under the immediate jurisdiction of a patriarch. There are other branches of which mention may be made on a future occasion. We must not, however, omit notice of the Oriental Schismatic Church, which is usually divided into three sections; (*a*) The Church of the Russian empire; (*b*) The Church within the Turkish empire with Constantinople as capital; (*c*) The Church of the kingdom of Greece. All these churches are entirely independent of one another.

What is a Chor-bishop?

A Chor-bishop is a dignitary of one of the Oriental Churches, who is appointed to assist the bishop in his work of visitation, etc. He is something like a rural-dean, being a simple priest with special powers of jurisdiction.

THE LEPERS' NEW CHAPEL.

The Lepers' Home, near Whitecastle, La., has for its chapel a wretched cabin formerly occupied by Negroes when the place was a plantation worked by slaves. At its best it was inadequate for the requirements of the Home, but in recent years it has become so dilapidated that it is now almost unhabitable. Some time ago Dr. Dyer, a friend of the Home, attending service in the cabin, was so impressed by the wretchedness of the place that he immediately determined to do something to better conditions. After the service was over he gave to Sister Benedicta his check for $1,000, hoping that others would follow his example. Nor was he disappointed. Before twenty-four hours had passed $800 was subscribed, and with this amount in hand the Superior decided to have plans drawn for a chapel on the model of the Old Missions. The cost will be $6,000, and the Sisters now appeal to the charitable for the funds necessary to carry on the work.

The urgent need of the lepers for this place of refuge when their terrible affliction seems unbearable must impress itself on their more fortunate brethren in the faith, and appeal to them strongly to aid by their contributions.

Donations to this fund may be sent direct to Sister Benedicta, Lepers' Home, Indian Camp, near Whitecastle, La.; Very Rev. Albert Biever, S.J., Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, St. Charles Avenue and Audobon Park, New Orleans, La.; Mr. John Fairfax, Room 218 Hennen Building, Common and Carondelet Streets, New Orleans, or to the Picayune, 326 Camp Street, New Orleans.

THE HOLY SEE GRANTS INDULGENCES IN FAVOR OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH AMONG INDIAN CHILDREN.

Cardinal Gibbons, President of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, in calling attention to the urgent need of assistance in carrying on the work of the Society, says: "When in June, 1904, Father Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, visited Rome in the interest of the Indian Missions of the United States, through the courtesy of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Diomede Falconio (who takes a most kindly interest in these Missions), the work of the Catholic Indian Bureau was explained at length to the Holy Father, who listened to the recital with evident pleasure, and, turning to the Reverend Director, gave his special blessing to the Bureau, to the Indian people, their missionaries and teachers, and to all who in any way assist them in their spiritual and temporal needs.

"I take this occasion once more to recommend the Preservation Society to the clergy and laity of the United States. With a membership of five hundred thousand, which is less than one twenty-fourth of our Catholic population, this Society would be able to support our Indian schools. I see no reason why such a membership cannot be secured in a very short time."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"Of such the Kingdom" -Teach Thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine.

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CHRIST HATH RISEN FROM THE TOMB!

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Donahoe's Magazine

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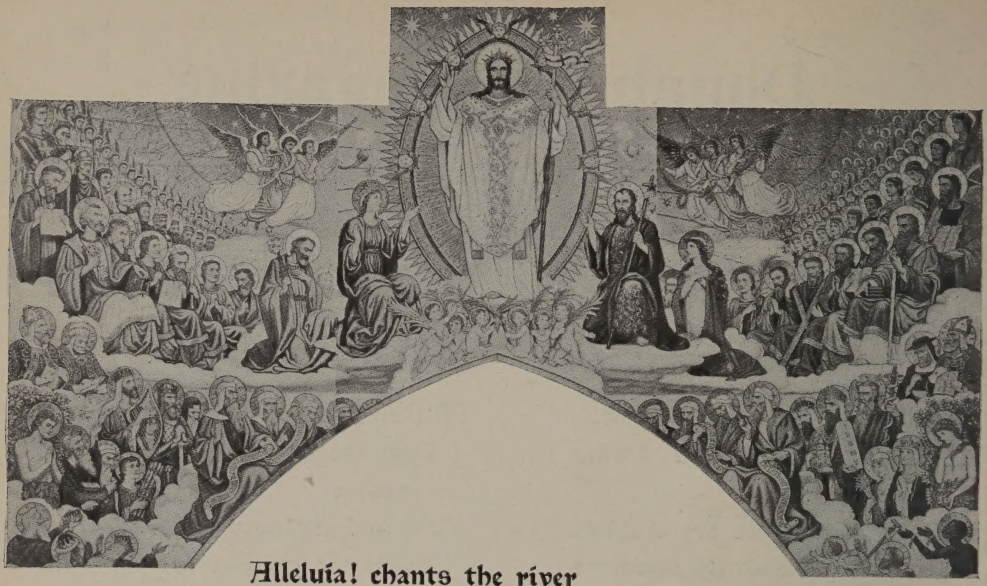
VOL. LIII. MAY, 1905. NO. 5.

The Alleluia of the Pasch.

Alleluia! the bells are ringing,
Up, high up, in the golden dawn;
Alleluia! the choirs are singing,
Passiontide and its shadows gone.

Alleluia! the birds are trilling
Over the eggs in their new-made nests:
Field and meadow and garden filling
With th' joy o'erflowing feathered breasts.

The world of nature round us rises
Clad in resurrection green;
The world of grace all heav'n surprises
With risen glories, earth unseen!



Alleluia! chants the river
To hill and mountain, sky and sea!
Evermore and still forever,
Float the echoes back to me:

Echoes of an Angel-chorus
(White-robed in the garden gloom),
Shouting to the welkin o'er us:
"Christ hath risen from the tomb!"

All my heart springs up in greeting
To the rapture of the word:
"Alleluia!"—glad repeating—
"Hail, thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord!"

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

EASTER.

BY THE REV. WALTER J. SHANLEY.

Easter is a feast of triumph. A note of triumph sounds through all the phases of the liturgy of Easter's glorious feast, a feast which celebrates the Master's victory over sin and death and hell. "Christ our pasch is sacrificed." Men put him to death, and buried him, and persuaded themselves that they had buried his power and his influence forever. The world hated him, would not recognize his mission, ignored his divine power, persecuted him, and finally sacrificed him. As the Jews turned away from Calvary, after the tragedy of Good Friday, they believed that they had put an end to his career, that henceforth he would be but a mere memory, cherished by his followers for a brief period, but like all things mortal would perish. But he was divine, and his death was his triumph. The hour of his death, which seemed the climax of his defeat, was the beginning of his victory, the greatest victory that the world has ever witnessed. He was buried, and for two days nothing was heard of him, but on the third day, he arose triumphant from the tomb, and the dawn of that day marked the dawn of a new era, during which his power was felt to the uttermost limits of the world, and his influence was exercised among all nations in subsequent ages, and will be exerted till the day of the general resurrection.

Christ won his victory through humiliation and suffering. He clearly demonstrated this principle in conversation with the disciples of Emmaus, as he accompanied them on their homeward journey, in the declining hours of the day of his resurrection.

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so enter into his glory?" This was his Easter sermon, revealing to the troubled minds of his disciples, who were "slow" to believe, the plan of Heaven concerning the Redeemer of Israel. Glory was to succeed suffering, triumph was to follow humiliation, victory was to be gained through death. This was a new doctrine for the world. His simple conversation with his two disciples on that Easter afternoon, embodied a principle of asceticism that was to exert a powerful influence on the lives of succeeding generations. Moses and all the prophets had declared it, but the world was "foolish and slow of heart to believe in all things which the prophets have spoken." It was totally at variance with the world's views. The world had never regarded suffering as a condition for glory, nor had it witnessed triumph evolve from humiliation, nor victory rise out of the tomb. It was Heaven's plan, and what is wisdom with God is foolishness in the eyes of men. Hence Christ was a scandal to the Jews, and a stumbling block to the Gentiles.

It is Heaven's plan that Christ's life and principles be reproduced in his church, and in individual souls. The church which Christ founded must resemble him, must be marked by his characteristics, must reach glory through suffering, must triumph through the cross, must conquer and win victory through conflict and humiliation. The same law applies to individual souls.

The apostles, who were deputed to go forth and teach all nations, announced to the world a Saviour crucified, but risen from the dead, a Saviour triumphant through the cross. They proclaimed the divinity of him who had been put to death by the Jews, and appealed to his

resurrection as proof. Other miracles he had wrought, and all substantiate his claim of divinity, but the apostles ever pointed to his resurrection as the cardinal proof that he was God. Only a God man could raise himself from the dead. On his resurrection the Church's teaching is based. "If Christ is not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain." God's power accompanied the apostles, supplying their deficiencies. They were poor, powerless, illiterate, without influence or prestige, but, though weak, they were the instruments selected by God to confound the strong. The Lord needed not wealth, nor power, nor learning, to establish his kingdom, and bring his work to success. His Church will thrive, and progress in the face of enmity, opposition, and cruel persecution. It will triumph by suffering. The Lord, in due time, sent the Prince of the Apostles, his vicar to the capital of the world, the centre in which converged all that was brilliant in the civilization of all the ancient empires. He had prepared the Roman Empire for a grand and mighty mission, and had raised her to the height of splendor and power. He had brought all the nations of the world to her feet. Her roads led from the great capital to the uttermost bounds of civilization. Her language was the universal tongue. The empires of antiquity had their excellences, but Rome had all their greatness, their majesty and power, and so much more that her grandeur was inconceivable before her day. Her great and mighty mission was to be the instrument for the spread of Christianity. One day, Peter the poor Galilean fisherman, weak and way-worn, entered Rome, to establish the throne of the great race of Popes. He came not in the guise of a mighty conquerer, yet he was mightier than the Roman legions, and their greatest captain, and established a throne which will endure for all time. The thrones of Babylon, Assyria, Persia, and Egypt, have tottered and fallen. The throne of the proud Caesar will be overthrown in the crash of an empire, whose fall will shiver the universe. Other thrones will crumble, but the throne of Peter will last whilst Rome lasts, and when falls Rome, the world will fall. The mighty power of Rome summoned all its energies to crush the new religion preached by Peter. Organized persecution began with Nero, about the year 70, and continued for nearly three hundred years till the reign of Diocletian, who seemed to combine the powers of earth and hell to extirpate the Christian religion But the new Church driven from the surface of the earth, and the light of day, into subterranean cemeteries, arose from the Catacombs, like Christ from the tomb, glorious and triumphant, and her victory, like his, was won through suffering. The three centuries of martyrdom produced great heroes of a type unknown in the annals of history. They faced death with a smile on their lips, and joy beaming from their eyes, and conquered the Roman governors, who devised every means of torture known to human cruelty, to dissuade them from their allegiance to a crucified God. But they conquered through suffering. The Roman emperors and their myrmidons, confidently expected to extirpate Christianity, but every martyr's death brought a tenfold increase. The truth prevailed, and the mighty power entrusted by Christ to his apostles and their successors was visible through the length and breadth of the Roman empire. Even in Africa the Christians outnumbered the pagans. Tertullian could say with truth at the dawn of the third century, in his famous apologetica to the Roman senate—"We are but of yesterday, and already we fill your towns, your villages, your fortress-

es, your islands, your assemblies, and your camps, the senate and the imperial palace, we leave you nothing but your temples."

The Christians conquered by suffering. The Roman Empire was the mightiest that the world had ever seen. It was regarded as durable as the foundations of the universe. Men called it "Eternal Rome." No power on earth could cope with her. Her destruction seemed as likely, in human appreciation, as the destruction of the universe. Yet she was doomed. The cry of the suffering Christians of three centuries arose to heaven and their cry was heard. The Lord took three hundred years to prepare an avenging host of savages, whom he marshalled in the dark, dense forests of northern Europe, and, in due time, he let them loose on the cruel, sin-laden empire, and wrought a destruction such as the world had never witnessed, brought down the grand and mighty monuments of the civilization of a thousand years, with a crash which shook the universe. Men were surprised and stood aghast. They could not account for the tremendous catastrophe. They had no principles to fit this case. They did not realize that the God of nations, who gave to the Roman Empire the grand and mighty mission of building up, had in punishment of its cruelty to his suffering Church, swept her from the face of the earth, by means of hordes of barbarians to whom he gave a mission of sweeping destruction.

Other enemies arose against the Church, who were the more dangerous as they were within the fold. The evil one sought to compass by heresy what he failed to accomplish by torture and death. The doctrines of the Church were assailed, and her life seemed threatened, when she was progressing with a pace which was nothing short of miraculous. Arians, Eutychians, Pelagians, Manicheans, arrayed themselves against the authority of the Church, and in their attacks were frequently supported by the power of princes and even emperors. A bitter war was waged and even a more dangerous one than that of the Roman persecution. But the Church triumphed again by suffering. The successor of St. Peter deprived these sects of every principle of life by anathematizing their errors, in the councils of the Church.

In the course of time, powerful princes attacked the throne of Peter. They took it for a mere human thing, and assailed it with unexampled fury. They fell back, shattered by the impact, and lay crushed, a wreck and a ruin, at its base. The power of these mighty rulers was so great that men believed that their hostility would put an end to the rule of the race of Popes. But the mighty potentates withered away, and the Popes remain. The Church issued forth from the struggle triumphant. The life of the Church is the same in all ages. From her past one can predict her future. She will always triumph as Christ triumphed. She is always rising from the tomb. When men believe that they have put her to death and buried her she comes forth glorious and triumphant. She is never at peace. Scarcely is she allowed a truce. She conquers her old enemies, but new ones are constantly rising. She will see them all wither and die, whilst she will sweep on from age to age, at the head of Christian civilization, youthful and vigorous and powerful.

The life of Christ, and the life of his Church must be reproduced in individual souls, if they would rise with Christ in a glorious resurrection. The conflict in which they are engaged is the same in character as that which was waged against Christ, which opposed the prog-

ress of the Church and will harass her till the day of doom. The world hated Christ and hates his Church, and exercises its hatred against individual members of the Church. The world which is the personification of pride and luxury, which is wholly intent on the pursuit of wealth, honor, and pleasure, turns our doctrines into ridicule, imputes to us false tenets and practices, thwarts us in temporal matters, and persecutes us as it did the martyrs of the first centuries, except that it does not put us to death for the faith. To live for the faith is sometimes a severer martyrdom than to die for it.

The victory of Christ's resurrection is a reason for confidence in our conflict. He triumphed over sin and death and hell, and triumphed by suffering.

We may suffer, but if we trust in him we will triumph. Victory will be ours, the cross will be followed by the crown, honor and joy will succeed humiliation and sorrow, an eternal weight of glory will be the recompense for patience, resignation, and fortitude, amid the tribulations of life. Christ's triumph in his resurrection, and the triumph of his Church in her victories, is a pledge of our triumph.

TO EILY.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Hark to the fret o' the sea!
  How its great heart throbs!
Darlin' 'tis always o' thee,
  Is the cry o' the sea;
  An' me own heart sobs—
Oh, Eily, come back to me!

Hark to the wind on the shore!
  How it sobs and frets!
Piercin' me heart to the core—
  Me heart that's sore, sore,
  An' never forgets—
Oh, Eily, ope your heart's door!

Hungry an' wild is the sea,
  Like me own heart's pain.
'Tis the very soul o' me
  That's longin' for thee,
  All in vain—in vain!
Oh, Eily, asthore machree!

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER VII (Continued).

"I forgot, Mollie. When you sit in the dark your hair is so *black*. I love you better to sit in the sun, because then it shines and shines, like a princess."

"A beggar-princess," said Mollie Farrell, thinking of Mrs. Warden. She put her arm around the child tenderly. "You mean the beggar-princess now, Nonie—the one who used to change her hair with the weather!" And she laughed at her, and lifted her face for the child's kiss. John Rollinson, staring, saw her give a violent start, and spring to her feet, the blood crimsoning her cheeks. She stood embarrassed.

"How do you do?" he began then, with an assumption of ease. "Pardon me if I startled you—but not seeing Mrs. Farrell in the other room I made bold to venture this way, thinking she might be here." He glanced about in quest of her.

"Mrs. McCabe has gone over to church with her—it is such a glorious day for this late—for November. She cannot go very often when the cold weather starts."

"Oh, so!" he said, reflectively. Her expression was almost timid. He crossed the threshold and came nearer. Nonie McCabe clasped Mollie's dress, one finger in her mouth. He did not see the child.

"I hope we have a few more days like this," she went on, stumblingly. She was afraid—afraid of the silence, and of John Rollinson when he looked at her so, piercing her with his searching gaze. She felt that he could read her every thought.

And he did not open his mouth. The refinement of the thin face was a revelation, and there was a certain grace in the thin form. He was older in appearance than his twenty-eight years warranted, but he had not lost the clean, grave look that had distinguished him always. Once again the girl's face burned when those blue eyes searched it—those eyes with a tinge of the sea and the sky in them. And not noticing her embarrassment, he had no pity for it.

He had remembered that this was Mollie. This was she whom he had known as an unkempt little elf, tattered and torn, with mutinous eyes blazing out of a defiant, witch-like countenance, with mutinous lips giving forth unlovely words. This was how he remembered her, forgetting, for the moment, that the veil had lifted after that, and he had seen the depths of her heart. Slowly his expression changed. The searching keenness gave way to perplexity, to wonderment, to relief.

"I am rude," he said, "yet you must pardon me. I cannot seem to comprehend that *you* are Mollie Farrell. You are *Mollie!* Why did not some one tell me? In the name of all things wonderful how have you accomplished it?"

If, during those struggling years Mollie had asked herself the reason for all her striving, the answer and the reward came then. She looked at him—and the "Joan of Arc" of that great hour of the past returned. She smiled.

"It is such a long story," she said. "You said that in so awed a voice—as if the transformation frightened you. Yes, I am Mollie—and to a splendid and good woman I owe everything I am, everything I shall ever be."

"A woman!" he exclaimed, in his peremptory fashion. "What woman could accomplish so much? Who is she?"

Was it the voice, the attitude, the ex-

pression, that set fire to that part of her which resented idle curiosity? All embarrassment left her. Her eyes flashed—and they spoke more plainly than her lips, for she merely said: "You do not know her."

John Rollinson was aware of the antagonism. In some subtle way her mood communicated itself to his. No, she had not lost the repression, the glorious independence. "Not a judgment am I going to be—but a blessing!" How she had spoken those words— how plainly he remembered them. . . . And what thought followed?

Simply that he was delighted to cross swords with this new, yet old Mollie Farrell, in whom the flame of early days was not extinguished, merely smouldering. Simply that he would like to battle with this girl and conquer her as he had conquered the child who had come to him in the ends with those softly-shining eyes. To what end? He did not ask.

It is the love of conquest that leads such a man as he along the path where lies his destiny. And sometimes when he is very sure of victory he awakes to the fact that he has been conquered after all. John Rollinson did not know that he had questioned his future with Edith Selleck and put it away for further consideration, to be overtaken by his future before he could consider it again. He did not realize that the daintiness of Edith Selleck, or of any young woman in what the world considered his station of life, paled into insignificance when he looked at Mollie. How he would have laughed at the mere suggestion. And how, if he had known, would he have put temptation away from him forever. Mollie Farrell! And he!

But knowing nothing, he gave the girl glance for glance, and his usually mild blue eyes flashed with dangerous light, like sparks struck from steel.

CHAPTER VIII.

What Mollie Farrell Thought.

"I cannot explain it," said the girl, gravely, "but at least I understood. It was not the inquiry, you see, Mrs. Warden, as much as the tone. It put me outside his pale, as it were — a creature he, bending from a height, was surprised to find below him. Something in his path that he came across by accident and stopped to look at. Why not? What can humiliate me?" She smiled oddly, with a twist of the lips. "I should expect that—seeing that he knows all the circumstances—Dan's disgrace and all that. But," she hesitated a trifle, "perhaps you have spoiled me, you are so gentle and considerate and have given me such new ideas—"

Mrs. Warden was puzzled at the note in the girl's voice. There was discontent and pain. She knew Mollie Farrell well, she had heard her in all the varying moods of her young heart. But it sounded now as if some string, hitherto silent, had been tightened and touched by a harsh finger, echoing discordantly.

"Don't you think, dear Mollie, that you are too sensitive—" then, as Mollie made an impatient gesture; "well, it will only annoy you—I sha'n't continue. I have asked Mr. Seymour to come to my little place this evening—and I also mentioned that you would be present. Please, Mollie? If everything is all right at home—"

"I cannot. Besides that, Mrs. Baker—"

"Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Baker!" Something had irritated good Mrs. Warden, for her voice was unusually petulant. "What in the name of conscience is Mrs. Baker to you?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Warden—and a great deal!"

Mrs. Warden's hands were lying in her lap. She crushed one over the other, finding it hard to control her temper.

"A great deal! I can well believe it. And I?"

Mollie turned those solemn eyes straight upon her. The glance went to her heart.

"Mollie, I'm not jealous, child—God knows. But should you put her before me? Consider me at times—consider what you are to me—and how little I see of you actually."

"Why, we are together all day."

"Together all day—our business day. One hour of social intercourse is worth the whole of the working-day to me."

"Social intercourse!" repeated Mollie, and again her lips twisted oddly. The smile sent the anger into Mrs. Warden's face again.

"Why do you mix up with the creature—annoying woman that she is! What bond is there between you, anyhow, that you seek her deliberately? Yes, seek her—I mean it. Granted that Dan was unfortunate enough to find her son's head too handy when he struck him in his passion, the boot might have just as well have been on the other foot, and you be mourning the loss of a brother—"

"Am I not?" asked Mollie.

Mrs. Warden bit her lip.

"I've hurt you again—that's my hasty temper. And to show it to you! Yet, really, Mollie, I see no reason why you should make a martyr of yourself for Mrs. Baker's sake. Don't speak now, listen to me. I am older and more experienced than you, and I tell you you are going too far. You owe a duty to yourself. Mollie, Mollie, why not be just before being generous?"

"Are you sure that you understand?" asked Mollie, gravely. "How little I am able to do for her! Long ago, when I was as you knew me first, I promised to take care of her, if God would let me, and if He would help Dan. God has done both. Surely I should rejoice that I can give myself to this service. Think of that poor, solitary being, Mrs. Warden—all alone in the world, all alone, through—Dan. Perhaps the small comfort I can be to her will help out Dan's atonement. As for putting her before you, I do not. You know what you have been to me—what you will be to me until the day we die."

"Mollie—"

"Let me speak now, while I can. Oftentimes I long to, but the words won't come, and my thoughts run through my brain like the tiny, poor butterflies you see careless boys pinning to bits of board. You give me such sympathy with the world, and in teaching me have made me critical of other lives. When I contrast them with your life—when I contrast mine with yours—. You, to speak to me about spending myself, when—"

"Mollie, for God's sake!" An expression of actual suffering swept across her face. "Mollie, do not—do not praise me. I am a wicked woman."

Mollie smiled at her with those grave dark eyes.

"Pray God, then, that I may be just such a wicked moman."

"You see only the surface," went on Mrs. Warden. "Don't you feel that I, too, have my temptations? I, too? Don't you? Mollie Farrell, Mollie Farrell, I need you—I need you more than any one else in the world can need you."

"There is my mother."

Simple words, simply said. But at the sound of them, at the note in them, Eunice Warden's chin sank upon her breast.

"This, too, you have taught me. I did not understand my mother, nor did I love her rightly—until you taught me," said Mollie. "Her simplicity and her faith and her hope—*now* I understand her. Above all the accidents of birth and education the soul attains a certain nobility. My mother has attained it. She doesn't know it—no one else can realize it, perhaps. But I know and I realize.

I thank God for my mother; I thank God for you, my friend; I thank God, yes, for my trial—even for Mrs. Baker."

Mollie was indeed giving voice to her thoughts to-night. Eunice Warden's eyes filled.

"Even for Mrs. Baker," she repeated. "And for what she means to you? Mollie, I know all about the long nights you spend with her. Would not I have been glad to go—to sit there with you—"

"She would not have you. And I never go except when she is in one of her bad spells—"

Her voice sank to a whisper. Perhaps the memory of those nights rose before her; the nights when she was forced to listen, over and over again, to the story of her brother's crime, repeated by the lips of a half-crazed woman. Mrs. Warden felt what that pause covered, and spoke in a matter-of-fact tone.

"I only know that you have not given me an evening in three months."

"I cannot help it."

"What will happen when they have to do without you altogether?"

Mollie laughed.

"As if there ever will be any danger. You mean that I should marry, I suppose? Who is there would take me?"

"Don't depreciate yourself. There are enough to do that for you."

"Oh, no—there is no occasion." Mollie shook her head. "But marriage is as remote from me as—as death. I do not look it, but I am strong. I don't think I shall die for a good many years."

"I sincerely hope not," said Mrs. Warden.

"And it seems to me that people marry just to make each other miserable."

"It is not a path of roses," admitted Mrs. Warden. "Although I was happy."

She sighed. The crowded elevated train seemed to fade from before her eyes, for a word like this had power to send her back to the past.

"It seems such a few years—the years we have to live," said Mollie, slowly. "I hope to understand when I am old—I don't now. I am twenty. All my life I have been getting ready for life. Soon I shall be forty; in a little while sixty. The years will be gone, and when summed up it all seems such a little, little bit. So little and so much, and we do nothing after all."

"I was thirty before my first great happiness and my first great sorrow came," said Mrs. Warden. "I lived eight years in a rush of joy and despair. When I look back it seems as if those eight years were as so many months, they were so fleeting, and yet so eventful. I lived thirty years waiting for those eight. And since then—. Well, I am nearly sixty now, but memory is sweet. I would not give up one single pang. It is better to know, Mollie."

"The joy of having and the pain of losing," said Mollie in an odd voice. No other word was exchanged until they parted at Mrs. Warden's door—that lady to go straight up to her pretty little flat, Mollie to cross the avenue to her more humble dwelling.

"If it is possible, dear child, I shall see you this evening?"

"Why make it harder for me?" asked the girl, gently.

"Mr. Seymour will think I am getting him here under false pretences," said Mrs. Warden. "I expressly stated that you were coming."

Her glance was a meaning one. Mollie shook her head.

"He comes because he is fond of you," she said. "How can he help it, you are so good to him?"

"He comes because he likes Mollie Farrell," said Mrs. Warden, bluntly. "And Mollie Farrell knows it."

"I am sorry you think so," said Mollie. "I would wish him a better fate."

She understood then! Mrs. Warden breathed a sigh of relief.

"He's a fine fellow, Mollie. Not a Catholic, but—"

"I must go," said Mollie, hastily. "Don't speak like that to me. There is no time in my life for it, no inclination, no wish."

"No wish to be loved and taken care of?"

Mollie set her lips obstinately.

"Well, Mollie, I won't say another word to you. Like you he has not had a very smooth life—who in this world ever has? Ties of sympathy should draw you together. That is my opinion. And I can only add to it the fact that he is a splendid young fellow."

Mollie looked at her wistfully. What was the matter with Mrs. Warden tonight? How had she annoyed her? For never had she been so irritable.

"You must not be angry," she said. "I am not to blame for feeling as I do. He is everything good. But no one can help another do his duty—he must shoulder his burden alone."

"Again, what folly!" She recollected herself as soon as the words were said. "Forgive me," in a changed tone. "I am a cranky old woman. You *must* come this evening, if you can. Come and let us make you laugh. It will do you good."

She pressed her hand and they separated. Mrs. Warden went on up the carpeted stairs to her cosy apartments. An ideal little home it was. A tiny piano, a well-filled bookcase; beautiful engravings; a few choice bits of china and old pottery. Everything was in perfect harmony; all was restfulness and peace, that seemed to communicate themselves to the clever face in its frame of snow-white hair.

"Oh, to have Mollie Farrell to myself for six months," she said aloud. "What a difference it would make in her life. Environment, for how much are you responsible!"

It was one of her habits, contracted from being much alone, to talk aloud. Sometimes her self-communings were not altogether pleasant, for if she had her faults she was unsparing of them. Now, however, she followed up the train of thought evoked by Mollie's last words. "It is not good for such an intense nature as hers to take life so seriously. How like Katharine she is! My dear little sister, with her loving little face and her loving little heart! God grant this child's end may not be like Katharine's—"

She went to the piano and took up an exquisite miniature on ivory. The work of a great artist, it represented so beautiful a girl that one could scarcely believe it other than an idealized portrait. The large, dark eyes, soft as a fawn's, met the older woman's glance. A sob contracted her throat.

"First you—then Edmund," she said, "Katharine, have you forgiven? Oh, did you forgive—or were your words just the utterances of a creature afraid to meet a Creator with rancor in your heart? did the nearness of death *force* you to say that you forgave—. You *are* happy now, little sister?"

Perhaps she read an answer in the gentle face, for she pressed her lips to the pictured one before she laid the miniature down.

"Mollie Farrell looks up to *me*," she said, her brows contracted. "Looks up to *me!* Well," she drew her breath hard. "I am bitter. I could not forgive. And I am glad of it. Would Mollie Farrell, if she knew, look up to me? Would I be her paragon?"

Despite these reflections, when Harold Seymour entered the room an hour later there was no trace of trouble on her calm features. She greeted him with graciousness, chatting gaily as he placed his violin on the piano, and took off his hat and

coat. He was thoroughly at home, Mrs. Warden's being the one place he visited on familiar terms. It was Mrs. Warden's good fortune to make friends of such men as he.

"Our coveted audience, I am afraid, cannot come," said the lady, noting the quick glance he gave about the room, and anxious to at once dispel all illusive anticipations. "She finds it so hard to get away. Mollie Farrell is a girl of many duties."

"She looks like that sort," he smiled. He betrayed no disappointment, being too well-bred, but his hostess could read between the lines.

Both loved music for music's sake, and Eunice Warden, in spite of her almost three-score years, or because of them, perhaps, was a player not to be despised. More than once as the minutes speeded by she thought of Mollie with regret. She, who had so few pleasures, would surely have enjoyed this delightful hour.

"Well," she said at last, lifting her fingers from the keys, "I think we are becoming exceedingly clever—both of us. And now I shall give you a cup of chocolate and send you home."

He laughed.

"I also compliment you on your playing," she added.

"Oh, *that*!" He was putting the instrument in its case. "It was the only comfort I had. Imagine the solitary boy all alone in a great, gloomy house, made miserable because his father had expectations! I tell you it was the grandest, the happiest day of my life when I was told that we were penniless, and that I would have to earn my own bread and butter!" He laughed again—a deep and mellow note that made her smile in sympathy. She motioned him toward a chair at the little table and he took it at once, and helped himself to some of the wafers she pushed toward him.

"I have been happy quite a while," he said frankly. "I am more happy now than I can tell you. But lately different ideas have come—ideas I never imagined could take root in my brain. It may be absurd of me, Mrs. Warden, but I wish you would allow me to ask you a question."

"Why, Harry!"

He blushed like a girl.

"Do you know Miss Farrell well? I mean is she intimate enough with you—. You are great friends, of course, but there are degrees of intimacy—. She might not—you see—" he blundered a little.

Mrs. Warden did not answer at once. She broke the thin cracker she held in her hand with a snap.

"Why?" she said then.

"Oh, *no!*" deprecatingly. "That is scarcely fair."

"I know her very well," said Mrs. Warden.

"Do you think if I tried to pay her the attentions—the attentions a man wants to pay the girl he would like to marry—Tell me, is there a free field, and I shall ask no favor."

His eyes sparkled.

"Why do you wish a free field?" she asked curiously.

"At least I am honest. There *is* some one else?"

"I assure you there is no one else. Why should you care if there were?"

"It would not be fair."

"I see." She smiled, crumbling the wafer—she had not eaten any of it—her brows contracted. "I do indeed know Mollie Farrell well—but, talking of fairness, would it be fair on my part to betray any of her secrets? Don't imagine that she cares for you in the least. I only meant in case—"

"Oh, in case!" disappointedly.

"In case, I said. Perhaps she does care and doesn't know it. Perhaps she

can be made to care. Perhaps she can be coaxed into caring. Do you think such a girl comprehends her own nature? Or its depths? Or its heights? Pure as a baby, and as guileless—and God knows how she has accomplished it. God only knows!"

She was uttering her thoughts aloud, and he understood as much. He did not interrupt, but listened. Again she began, as dreamily as she had ceased.

"Sensitive—harsh with herself—proud; how proud she is; independent; yet willing to stoop to any indignity for those she loves, for duty's sake! Mollie's love—the man who wins it—"

Harold Seymour set his cup down.

"That is not answering your question, is it?" she asked, then with a smile. "I can't answer it—no one can. Mollie herself could not. There is such a thing—are you open to advice?—as making one's self indispensable."

"And that is all the encouragement you have to offer."

"That is all."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Many a man has won his wife by making her understand that she couldn't get rid of him."

He frowned.

"And is that a manly procedure?" he asked. "I shall not be one of those, Mrs. Warden. If Mollie—" he caught himself on the name, and Mrs. Warden smiled a wise, wise smile—"if Miss Farrell won't care for me unless I force myself on her—"

"Spoken like a man—or a goose," said Mrs. Warden. "How is she going to know anything about you if you don't? It's the getting accustomed to you; it's the little services you render; it's the looking forward to seeing you; it's the anticipation of your affectionate words; it's the delight in having some one confess her sway, gentle as it may be—"

"Is this the love of a woman?"

"It leads to the love of a woman. What else?"

Being a man he could not answer.

"If you want Mollie to care for you—if you want *any* woman to care for you, write these little things I have just told you in your memorandum book. Those are the things. In winning the love of a woman it is the little things of no account that count."

"I must take your word," he smiled, "seeing that my knowledge is limited."

"You can take my word—and my hand," said Mrs. Warden. She returned the pressure of his fingers heartily. "What comes or goes of this affair, I am your friend."

"You mean that? With Mollie?" His voice trembled.

"With Mollie?" She smiled at him. "What better fate could I wish my little girl—the daughter of my heart—than a husband such as you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Warden!"

Feeling forbade further utterance. With a last close grasp of her hand the young man went home, ecstatically happy. She stood after he left the room, listening to his receding footsteps.

"Yes," she said. "It shall be you, Harry—it must be you. Who or what is this John Rollinson in comparison with you?"

CHAPTER IX.

The Meeting of Extremes.

Across John Rollinson's calm and uneventful existence a shadow had fallen. He was discontented. Something had taken away spirit and ambition. Being wise enough, he diagnosed it in the beginning as the *ennui* that is apt to come with overwork, with too much thinking, with a change in weather. It had tormented him now for three or four days. What could it be? He performed each duty punctiliously—but there was no joy in it.

And now he left his home to walk it off, promising himself, half-savagely, that he would *not* return until his mood had changed. The sun was bright, the air bracing—and before long his moderate pace developed into a swift gait; his blood began to tingle; it coursed through his brain more rapidly; youth and strength and a good conscience dispelled the vapors that disturbed his usually placid temperament. He smiled as he started back the way he had come. Here was proof positive that a man's will is superior to his feelings. He had willed that he should feel altogether normal, happy, pleased with himself; he was all three. The books that he had thrown aside in disgust lured him homeward. So did he turn his cheerful face in its direction, tear up the steps, and had just inserted the key in the lock, when a cheery "hallo!" came to him from the street. He turned and looked down into Mac Selleck's genial face.

"What luck!" ejaculated he. "Where are you going?"

Away flew the satisfaction and the recently-acquired content. But that moment congratulating himself on newfound peace, he now was conscious of great annoyance. The sight of his very best friend turned all that good nature into keenest irritation.

"Where am I going? Out, of course, if you're coming in. What do you want?"

"Well, you confounded old crank! That's a nice way to talk to me! Come on down here and talk a walk."

John Rollinson turned the latch-key on his finger, thoughtfully.

"Where do you want me to go? Some foolish place, of course, seeing it's you. Well," he replaced the key in his pocket, "I'm ready."

Mac whistled.

"Never—you never came without an argument. What's the matter with you—are you sick?"

"Do you know when discretion is the better part of valor?" asked John Rollinson.

"Um—m—m!"

"Don't talk."

Mac walked on beside him in silence for a few blocks. Then, without any apparent relevance, he addressed an elevated post:

"He fell, we are sorry to say, into a dream of doughty deeds with all his clothes on; his henchman having a stout fishing-pole rescued him and laid him out to dry. At latest reports he smokes a different brand."

John Rollinson lifted his eyebrows.

"Are you ever other than nonsensical?"

"What's the use?"

"You wait. You'll get over it."

"Heaven forbid. What shall I find on the other side? Now what's the matter?"

"Mac, I think I'm sick of myself."

"Strange!" murmured Mac. "I knew you were sick—but to be sick of one's self—how awful! And the antidote?"

"Work, I suppose," grimly.

"Man alive, you're suffering from the antidote."

"I'm sick of myself," repeated John Rollinson. "Responsibility is proportioned to privilege and for the privileges which I have what responsibilities do I take? I consider nothing but my own comfort. Right about me there are human beings striving, working, slaving, sacrificing, killing themselves— Oh, I'm tired—tired of it all, and disgusted."

And this time Mac did not speak. He had never heard such expressions as these from his friend. It was a new phase—a phase his nonsense could not reach. So he said, quite seriously.

"John, tell me what has happened?"

"Nothing—nothing—"

They went on in silence for ten min-

utes, neither speaking a word. At last Rollinson turned impatiently.

"I can't go any farther with you," he said. "You know how it is yourself, Mac—you just set my teeth on edge, and there is an irresistible temptation to tell you to go to the devil and let me alone. Now either say good-by or tell me what you want me to do."

"Enter into paradise," said Mac, serenely.

"Oh, really! so kind of you!"

"Edith called on her father this afternoon. I've promised to take her home. Come with me—see if she can't bring you around."

Once more John Rollinson hesitated, his eyes bent upon the ground. In a flash his self-communings concerning Edith Selleck swept across his brain. They stirred him uncomfortably—they shocked him. Was he falling in love with Edith Selleck? Was that the reason he was discontented, unhappy, yes, miserable, actually miserable?

"I'll try it," he said, but he was not talking to Mac Selleck. "Let us go."

So that was how John Rollinson made his entrance into the private office of the great manufacturing firm of Selleck and McAndrews, unconsciously playing into the hands of the fate he came to test. It was a well-appointed room, and Mr. Selleck had given his charming daughter the most comfortable chair, and made her as much at home as he possibly could.

She had been curious to meet the people of whom her father talked so much. In these days of cold business relations, it was rare to see the respect and affection that existed between this great-hearted man and the people who gave him so much of their time for so much of his money. To properly illustrate Gregory Selleck's noble nature would take a volume in itself. A philanthropist in the best sense of the word; and a gentleman of that type which does not ask to which class a man belongs, remembering rather that "Christ was the first founder of the Order of Gentlemen." So he introduced his beautiful girl to Mr. Seymour—for whom the knowing ones predicted a junior partnership ere long—and to the stately Mrs. Warden, whom he called his right hand—and after that to Miss Farrell, decidedly his left hand, he declared with a genial laugh. All three were known, by name at least, to Edith, and while she treated them graciously, she seemed to have taken more than a passing interest in the last.

And to the silent, unresponsive girl of the people, this young creature, exacting homage as her right, was a revelation. The different intonation in Mr. Selleck's voice when he spoke to her—betraying his pride in and his love for his beautiful girl—pleased this other who had never known a father's affection, and had such recollections in regard to that sacred tie. There was unconcealed admiration upon her face, and Edith Selleck would have had to be more than human to resist it. She was therefore cordial and winning.

They were a striking contrast. The one like a fair white lily, her cheeks smooth, her eyes unshadowed, her lips untouched by a line of care or thought—and Mollie. Mr. Selleck, observing them, turned, from the contemplation, to Harold Seymour. He, too, had been watching. He, too, had been drawing comparisons. He, too, felt the difference—and what his face said brought a light to Mr. Selleck's. He moved closer to him. Their eyes met in a glance of sympathy.

"It seems unevenly divided, doesn't it, Seymour?" he asked, with an odd note in his voice.

"I would not say that," answered the young man. "But it seems—well, as if

the borderland of the two countries, Joy and Pain, are just touching. The world is full of contrasts."

Mr. Selleck nodded.

"I understand," he said. "You are right. I understand. But I couldn't express it in that way."

Edith's first few charmingly chosen words—was she not skilled in the gentle art of setting people at their ease?—compelled Mollie to listen, joining after a little in the conversation with a simplicity and directness that also had their charm for the more worldly girl. She had entered her father's office out of an idle curiosity, forgetting, if she had ever thought of it, that her father, being a unique personality, had the quality of attracting to him other unique personalities. The three closest to him in his daily life were certainly odd enough to stand out from the crowd. Edith felt this. She had been rather bored; this was an experience worth the having; this coming in touch with "real" characters.

So she was tasting a new pleasure when Mac and John Rollinson came. Mollie, turning as the door swung inward, needed no second glance at that tall figure. With a quick movement she slipped away to her own corner of the room, effacing herself behind the big desk. Her heart beat rapidly; she felt dizzy. Fervently she prayed, at that moment, that John Rollinson would not see her—that Edith Selleck would engross his attention. All the welcome that her breeding would allow crept into Edith's face. She extended both hands. It was the gesture of a child, welcoming, confiding. She had found that gesture irresistible, and she was quite prepared for the light that leaped into his eyes, for the warmth of the clasp that held hers.

"Well, well!" she said, gaily. "Dr. Rollinson? Of all people! I shall begin to think that Mac has been telling me a few untruths."

"Smile at him," said Mac, mischievously. "Smile at him, like a good little girl, and save his life."

"What do you mean?" She looked at the young man, half afraid of the joy this remark brought her. Could John Rollinson have said—

"Well, like a masculine example of Mariana in the Moated Grange, he is aweary, weary, and wishes he were dead—or that I was, which is worse, decidedly worse. So smile at him, beloved niece—how's that, Gregory—or wake him up. He can't resist you long."

"Oh, Mac, you are the worst—Beloved niece! Isn't it *awful?* How can you stand his nonsense, Dr. Rollinson? He's perfectly absurd!" exclaimed Edith. But the color tinted her beautiful face, and she gave the young man a glance of wondrous softness.

"Then am I the original absurdity," he declared, rising gallantly to the occasion. "Though not so poetical as Mac, I—"

"Edith, if you will listen to me—"

"Hush!" She covered her ears. "You will persuade me that he is as bad as you are, and I should hate to believe that of the—sensible—and the—er—let-us-have-no-nonsense Dr. Rollinson! I'm going home now; father, I daresay, will be glad to see us leave." She got up as she spoke. "Mac," she added in an undertone, "I wish you'd look at this girl—her eyes, if you can. Ah, Miss Farrell—" Mollie Farrell heard her name pronounced in that sweet and silvery voice with much the same sensations that a condemned man feels when he rises to hear sentence of death pronounced upon him—"Why have you vanished? Come here and say good-by to me—I must shake hands with you."

All condescension was she as she stood there with smiling lips. She would make John Rollinson forget those words she had said about "poor" people; she would

show him that she could be gentle and winning to her inferiors.

Mollie came forward slowly. If John Rollinson's presence had power to tint those lovely cheeks with roses, it had power also to set that little black head in a haughty curve, and bring a chilling smile to the thin red mouth.

The poor man who was the direct cause of this graciousness and this hauteur stared at Mollie with wide-open, astonished eyes.

"Mollie!" he cried.

She bowed. At the sound of his voice, Edith's hand dropped in wonderment no less than his own.

"Why! You two are acquainted?" she asked, staring up into his disturbed face.

"There are few poor people who do not know Dr. Rollinson," said Mollie. "I among the rest. He was good to me and mine when we sorely needed his assistance." She spoke as easily, as gracefully, as Miss Selleck herself could have done.

"A charity-patient," thought Edith with a sigh of relief. But John Rollinson's eyes were stormy, his brows met in a frown that was very near a scowl, and the irritation that had been his constant companion the last few days was nothing to the hot anger that swept over him now.

"I am flattered that Miss Farrell remembers me so well," he said. "She must not give people a false impression, however. Any services I rendered her were fully recompensed."

Afterwards, when his anger had died away, he would regret this tone and these words. Mollie's breath parted her lips; for one single instant their eyes met, and hers spoke the passionate resentment of that day the previous week. His answered her. Angrily glad—glad with a joy that thrilled every tingling nerve. He loved the antagonism he roused in her as some pent-up animal loves the wild freedom of the plains. The whole situation looked very much like a quarrel between two people who thoroughly understood each other. Every one felt ill at ease; the atmosphere was chilled. Edith became weary of the office, and of all in it.

"I must really go," she said hastily. "Good-by, Miss Farrell—I trust to see more of you in the future. Come, Mac. Good-by, Mr. Seymour. Good-by, everybody. You, too, father, for a little while."

The young men followed her. John Rollinson, the last to leave the office, turned. Harold Seymour was standing beside Mollie, his eyes on the half-averted face. The tall, white-haired woman leaning against Mr. Selleck's desk was staring at him and he returned her glance, curiously. What a strange expression! Almost of derision, he could have sworn. And there was a meaning smile on her lips as, by accident or design, she looked at Mollie and Mr. Seymour. With sudden recollection of his surroundings, John Rollinson closed the office door behind him, and followed Mac and Edith.

CHAPTER X.

HOW IT AFFECTED MOLLIE FARRELL.

After doing all that lay in her power to benefit the girl whom she so truly delighted to call the "child of her heart;" after polishing the rude diamond until it shone and glittered in the light of her keen, if loving, criticism, Mrs. Warden went still farther—she would have her with her all day long. And as soon as the chance presented itself, Mollie was appointed to the vacancy. The education, so peculiar, and acquired under such difficulties, was, above all, practical, and had developed in her a fine memory. Her striving after better things, and her planning of the battle of life for herself and

for those near and dear to her, had given her sound judgment. Both of these brought her, aided by Mrs. Warden's judicious assignment of tasks, to Mr. Selleck's notice. With the usual business man this would have meant nothing beyond cold appreciation of her accuracy and her fidelity in small things as well as great. But genial, easy-going Gregory Selleck gave her confidence—and confidence was all that Mollie needed.

So this, in few words, is an account of the rise of Mollie Farrell. She had no time for the fine arts; music, painting, embroidery, dancing—those things in which a woman usually delights, were accomplishments she did not possess. But her brain was a storehouse of figures, and her memory marvelous. She had almost learned, too, the hardest lesson of all: how to conquer the bitterness of her heart; her inner repinings at fate; the desolation of soul that seemed to be part of her melancholy heritage.

Mr. Selleck often and openly regretted the fact that she was a woman.

"She should have been a man," he grumbled. "With a brain like that at twenty. At twenty, mind you! She should have been a man! What shall I do when she marries?"

Mollie smiled in a pleased fashion when she heard this.

"I do not think I shall ever marry," she said. "So, do not let that bother you."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Selleck. "All girls of twenty say the same thing—I imagined *you* were different to the others." He laughed. "Those big black eyes of yours aren't going through this mundane sphere without bowling over some poor fellow. It's a woman's place to marry—home's the spot for her, with her husband and her babies. Not wasting, perverting rather, the natural talents God gives her in a battle with the world."

He expected her to protest against this sweeping dictum; he rather enjoyed an argument with the girl; taciturn and reserved, when she was driven to speech, her words were so manly and so straightforward. But now she ignored all he had said, looking at him with a blank expression.

"My big, black eyes!" she repeated. "Yes, my big, black eyes!"

"My dear child, I hope I have not hurt you—"

"Oh, no," recollecting herself. "It brings up an unpleasant memory—one that frightens me. I am frightened now, when I think of it." And, setting her lips in the curve he had learned to read these last two years, she turned away.

"Look here," said Mr. Selleck. "No, don't you go until I give you *my* opinion. It's so easy, you see, for a nervous or imaginative child to get a fixed idea in its head. Perhaps that's your case. Whenever that notion annoys you, do you know what to do? This is the practical business end of it."

(To be continued).

THE AWAKENING.

BY REV. JOHN J. DONLAN.

As Hyperion's daughter opes her castle blind
The quivering shadows slyly dance away
Anxious lest the radiant dawn should find
A ghost-like gleam besprent the fields of day.

A May Day Song

By

Alfred Gurney

in

Carmina Mariana

E. Sonrel

The happy birds "Te Deum" sing,
'Tis Mary's month of May,
Her smile turns winter into spring,
And darkness into day;

Royer

And there's a fragrance in the air,
The bells their music make,
And oh, the world is bright and fair,
And all for Mary's sake.

Macomber

"All hail!"—an angel spake the words
We lovingly repeat—
The song notes of the singing birds,
They are not half so sweet;

This is a music that endures,
It cannot pass away,

for Mary's children it ensures
A never-ending May.

ASTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
DORCHESTER BRANCH

N. Parisian

Where'er we seek the Holy Child,
At every sacred spot,
We meet the Mother Undefiled,
Who shun her seek Him not;

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
DORCHESTER BRANCH

Bouguereau

At cloistered Nazareth we see,
  At haunted Bethlehem,
The throne of Jesus, Mary's knee,
  Her smile His diadem.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
DORCHESTER BRANCH

Demont Breton

The Daughter, Mother, Spouse of God,
None silence her appeal
Who seek to tread where Jesus trod,
What Jesus felt to feel.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
DORCHESTER BRANCH

Macomber

O Virgin-born, from Thee we learn
To love Thy Mother dear—
Her teach us duly to discern
And rightly to revere.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY,
DORCHESTER BRANCH

C. Muller

How many are the thoughts that throng
On faithful souls to-day;
All year we sing our Lady's song,
'Tis still the song of May.

BOSTON P... LIBRARY
DORCHESTER BRANCH

T. Kehren

"Magnificat"— oh, may we feel
That rapture more and more,
And chiefly, Lord, what time we kneel
Thine altar-throne before.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
DORCHESTER BRANCH

Romea Ravazzi

Yes, Mary's month has come again,
The merry month of May;
And sufferers forget their pain,
And sorrows flee away,

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY,
DOWNTOWN BRANCH

C. Muller

And joys return; the hearts whose moan
  Was desolate erewhile
Are blithe and gay once more, they own
  The charm of Mary's smile.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
DORCHESTER BRANCH

Carlo Dolce

Thy Son our Brother is, and we,
Whatever may betide,
A Mother, Mary, have in thee,
A guardian and a guide;

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY,
DORCHESTER BRANCH

B. Plockhorst

Thy smiles a tale of gladness tell
No words can ever say;
If but like thee we love Him well,
The year will all be May.

PUBLIC LIBRARY,
MANCHESTER BRANCH

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
DORCHESTER BRANCH

THE LILY'S MESSAGE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

It was the season of the Passover, and the City of Jerusalem was thronged with strangers. The children of Israel, scattered in far lands, had returned to the Temple for the great feast.

At a window of a rather pretentious house in one of the narrow streets, a Jewish maiden sat gazing sadly out at the hurrying throng. Beside her on the narrow window-sill was a small pot containing a lily in full bloom, its white chalice and heart of gold filling the apartment with exquisite perfume.

The maiden sighed. Yesterday the lily's fragrance filled her with delight. To-day she did not heed it.

"Cousin Rachel," she called softly to some one she saw moving in the adjoining apartment, "Come hither, and sit thee beside me. I—I feel sore oppressed, and affrighted."

"Ah, my Miriam, thou hast naught to oppress thee," Rachel said smiling gently, as she paused beside her kinswoman's chair. "Art not the betrothed of Nilo, a near kinsman of Pilate's, and the handsomest youth in all Jerusalem?"

The maiden shivered, and turned her eyes again to the hurrying jostling throng outside. "Hast heard, Rachel, that Pilate condemned the Nazarene to be crucified between two thieves?" she asked in a low voice.

"Nay, I had not heard," Rachel said slowly. "I—I am grieved, my Miriam. I have seen Jesus of Nazareth several times, and he had ever a kind, gentle expression. Such a sentence doth seem cruel and unseemly."

"How they hurry and jostle!" Miriam said pointing to the struggling throng in the narrow street. "They are even now on their way to Calvary to witness the crucifixion. O, I feel affrighted and my soul is oppressed. Rachel," she continued, in a whisper, "tell not my father, but I—I have a feeling here in my heart that Jesus of Nazareth *is* the Messiah. I saw him but once. It was in the street. I passed so close to him that I touched his garment. His glance fell upon me; and as I met those gentle eyes, my soul seemed to cry out within me, 'The Messiah! The Messiah is come!' I think I should have thrown myself at his feet and embraced his knees, had not my father, who was with me, hurried me by, nor gave me pause till we arrived at the house of our friend, whither we were bound. My father was angry, and I could but obey. But O, Rachel, the King came unto us—and we rejected Him! And now they are putting him to death —they are crucifying him! Speak not to me of Nilo. The blood of the Nazarene is upon the head of Pilate, and of all his kinsmen!"

"Hush, my Miriam. Thou knowest not what thou art saying—" Rachel was beginning, but the younger maiden silenced her.

"I know only too well, my Rachel," she said mournfully. "I denied my King through cowardice and a mistaken sense of duty. Wilt come, Rachel?" she cried, starting up from her chair. "The gold bracelet with the ruby setting thou didst so much admire shall be thine if thou wilt come with me to Calvary."

Rachel hesitated. But it was the look of anguish on her young kinswoman's face, more than the promise of the bracelet, that at last won her consent.

Enveloped from head to foot in a dark

mantle, with the lily hidden in her bosom, Miriam pushed eagerly through the jostling, hurrying crowd. Coarse remarks from rude soldiers fell upon her ears, but she heeded them not.

Without the city walls the way led up a steep ascent. Many fell back panting and breathless. But Miriam sped on unconscious of fatigue or discomfort. She had left Rachel far behind. Indeed she had forgotten her existence.

There comes to each of us, in some crisis of our life, a moment when the soul soars above the narrow, sordid things of earth, and we seem to be lifted on spirit-wings to a higher, purer plane than any we have known.

Such a moment was Miriam's. And afar off against the darkening sky rose three terrifying crosses.

"God of the Israelites, pity! Grant that I may not be too late!" she panted, urging her steps into a run.

And so she came almost to the foot of the cross. And at her coming no one stirred, or looked up.

And all at once, feeling herself an alien, an outsider, she laid the lily, which she had preserved with so much care, upon the ground, near the foot of the cross, a mute tribute of sympathy and love, and shrank back, hiding herself among the women of Jerusalem, who were gathered together a little apart from those other women at the foot of the cross. She hid her face weeping bitterly.

And suddenly the sky grew dark, and a peal as of thunder shook the firmament. The rocks were rent and the earth quaked. Miriam fell forward, striking her head against a swaying cypress bough.

When she awoke she was in her own apartment. Rachel was sitting beside her, and on the narrow window-sill was a lily in full bloom, its breath filling the whole apartment with exquisite perfume.

"Art better?" Rachel asked tenderly. Miriam, bewildered, looked about the room, letting her glance rest at last upon the lily in the window.

"I—I feel very strange," she said, pushing the heavy hair back from her temples. "Was—was it all a dream?—the—the crosses and—and—"

"Nay, my Miriam, 'twas not a dream," Rachel said very gently. "I found thee lying beneath a cypress tree with hands folded upon thy breast, like one dead. And thou hadst not spoken until now, though three days have passed since we brought thee home."

"Ah!" Miriam drew a long shuddering sigh, closing her eyes as if in pain. "Then the King is dead!" she cried in a tone of despair.

"Not so, my Miriam," Rachel breathed softly, and her voice was low and gentle as the voice of the night wind sighing through the cypress trees. "The sepulchre wherein they laid Him is empty, and they say He hath risen again from the dead. But look, my Miriam, thy lily hath bloomed again. Is't not fragrant?"

Miriam's eyes shone with a strange lustre as they rested upon the lily—the lily which had sprung from an apparently barren stem! She had perceived no bud, yet here was a perfect lily in full bloom replacing the one she had laid with sweet sympathy near the foot of the cross.

And while she gazed a sudden light illumined her countenance, a light like that of a tender Spring dawn at the moment when the sun appears above the horizon.

She leaned forward, touching the white petals with tender reverent fingers.

"He is risen, indeed!" she cried softly.

THE CHURCH OPPOSITE.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

St. Paul's Church across the way — Gothic in outline, of grey stone, and vine-covered, with a plot of grass in front of it, a pretty rectory, also of vine-covered stone, in a well-kept lawn to the right, tall maples hiding the roofs of both church and rectory—was the deciding pro in a decision made difficult by a variety of cons in favor of the front room in Mrs. Dawson's select boarding house.

A spinster without domestic ties, with an inherited tendency to rheumatism, an inherited love of the beautiful and an inherited meagre income must perforce acquire a sound judgment and an instinct for relative values if these qualities happen not to be also a part of her inheritance.

The room had pea-green paper, an ancient Brussels carpet with faded roses still clinging here and there to its threadbare surface, and a set of cheap oak furniture; but a change of heart in Mrs. Dawson, I reasoned, might result in fresh wall paper and a painted floor with rugs, while nothing less than fire or flood could remove the church—the church that recalled halcyon English days, uplands of daffodils and daisies, youth, friends, and the fleeting bits of happiness that had been my portion; the church that brought back forgotten poems of Wordsworth and the quieter lyrics of Tennyson; the churchyard, with its bird choruses in the maples, its splendid moonlit solitudes, where I and myself, so long close friends, could ponder over the strange, sad whys of life, and find in the stars above the dark-leafed maples the key to its higher and finer things.

Mrs. Dawson proved open to conviction in the matter of wall paper, and a lady giving up housekeeping sold a rug ridiculously cheap, so all things worked for good and verified the soundness of my judgment.

"Nearly all my boarders go to St. Paul's across the way, whether they be Episcopals or not," explained Mrs. Dawson. "I guess you'll find about the best preachin' there, and by far and away the best music. I'm a Baptist myself, and I don't believe but what the Lord when He said be baptized meant 'baptized' like He was in the River Jordan, and not just sprinkled; but I ain't got no call to meddle with other folks' beliefs!"

However, the good woman had troublesome suspicions of a call to meddle with mine when she found that I passed by the beautiful little church opposite, with its allurements of "good preaching and the best music," to wend my hobbling rheumatic way to a large, square, ugly, brick structure some ten squares off, where a priest with a brogue offered the Holy Sacrifice of Mass.

On my return she said, "The nicest people in Ovington are Episcopals, or Episcopalians and Presbyterians; a few rich folks are Methodists, but the Catholics are nearly all of 'em just plum common!"

There was evident her twin desire to enlighten a stranger as to the unwisdom of her course and to give a telling knock at an old foe. As a faithful subscriber to the "Baptist Flag," Mrs. Dawson's prejudice against all things Catholic was easily explained.

"I'd think you with your rheumatism would want to go to the nearest church, and Mr. Elwell is the next thing to a priest; he wears a sort of white nightgown when he preaches, and has candles

on the altar, and he reads prayers out of a book; so I'd think you wouldn't find much difference between his church and your own. It beats me how a free-born American can abide havin' an Eyetalian in Rome bossin' her church!"

I ventured the modest reminder that St. Paul had been a Roman citizen, and therefore ineligible according to her for the titular saintship of the church opposite; but Mrs. Dawson met me with the incontrovertible statement that St. Paul is dead.

I did not pursue the argument. It seemed strange to have these old insular prejudices, that I had associated with Know-Nothing outbreaks and an iron age of culture, lift their heads in hostile greeting at the threshold of my new home. Coming straight from Europe, where four-fifths of the denominations that flourish in America are not even known by name, and where some worthy people are not sure that Unitarianism is not a sort of fruit or fresh-air cure, it was a distinct shock to find that I must readjust my mental attitudes.

On my way to early Mass I not infrequently fell in with Mrs. Desmond and her daughter Annie, whose acquaintance I had formed when in quest of lodgings. The one was old, bent, work-worn and shabby, the other, beautiful, dainty, and fashionably gowned. To do her justice, Annie Desmond's clothes were largely the result of her own skill and taste, and represented time, days and weeks of time, rather than mere dollars. In fact, as I got to know her better the girl's life seemed to resolve itself into two unequal portions, the one given to preparation for parties, the other, to the parties themselves. The Desmonds belonged to the social strugglers; Mrs. Desmond, a widow who earned a living for herself and her children by keeping boarders, appeared to have no ambitions for herself; and this patent self-abnegation made her over-weening ambition for Annie, her first-born, partake almost of the nature of the heroic. The hard tasks of life were for her, the pleasures for Annie. Annie's hands were white and soft, fitted for playing the piano, at which she spent several hours a day, embroidering a lunch cloth, or gracefully plying the tennis racquet.

Annie Desmond, I soon discovered, occupied but a tentative place in Ovington society; her friendships, formed in the High School, were the stepping stones, and her own superb beauty was the hostage to whatever of popularity she enjoyed among the leading people. The girl was, indeed, so exquisitely beautiful that to look at her was a delight—a mass of Titian hair, a complexion of snow and roses, brown eyes and well-cut features, marred only, to the hypercritical, by a little chin, round and babyish and weak.

In our desultory chats on the way from Mass Mrs. Desmond confided many of her past disappointments and future hopes to me, seeming to attach an undue importance to my point of view of life and things in general, my long residence in Europe giving me some sort of prescriptive right, in her eyes, to set up as arbiter of standards and usages. The novelty of the situation had its amusing side. As for Annie herself, her admiration was so evident and artless that it would have taken a flinty heart to fail to respond with a very real affection.

I saw a good deal of Annie; frequently she passed my windows, now with one young man, now with another, sometimes with two, so that there was really no cause for surprise when one glorious day in October she flashed by with Horace Granger, in his dazzling new automobile.

The Grangers are the leaders of the leading people in Ovington, and Horace is the only son. His father is president

of the Ovington First National Bank, director of a street railway, owner of a wheat ranch of five thousand acres. All this wealth will one day be the heritage of Horace and his two sisters. Ovington mothers are merely human, so that Horace was a sort of Buddha in a swallow-tail coat.

Mrs. Granger is an autocrat with iron-grey hair and a double chin; were she to wear crinolines and blacken her teeth the other Ovington matrons would speedily do likewise. When she appears at a party I cannot help thinking farcically of flies around a dish of honey. A handsome, masterful, naturally intelligent woman she is, made supremely arrogant by the adulation that has so long been her portion. I am constantly reminded by Mrs. Granger of another autocrat whom I once knew rather well—Mrs. Radcliff, who reigns over a bigger, oh, a much bigger kingdom, although Mrs. Radcliff would, I am sure, haughtily resent the comparison. Mrs. Radcliff has many things lacking in Mrs. Granger—a fine perception in accents, a cultivated judgment as to pictures and tapestries, an intimacy with French and German and Italian, a familiarity with high society in many lands; yet despite these multitudinous differences, I still hold my opinion as to the kinship of the two women; their souls, if not sisters, are surely first cousins. For I have discovered in the course of a long and varied career that human nature is very, very human.

I confessed to myself a lively curiosity as to how Mrs. Granger regarded Annie Desmond. The attitude of the son did not leave one long in doubt. The automobile had become Annie's car of triumph. I sometimes wondered just what Horace found in the girl, apart from her rare beauty, or was there anything else, was that the all sufficient charm?

The other girls were divided into two camps, the philosophers who turned to the rising sun, and the bats who tried vainly to hide it under their little tub of envy.

Shortly after Christmas Annie came to see me, to announce in starry-eyed ecstasy her engagement to Horace Granger. It was a joy to witness her joy. Cinderella and the Prince were, indeed, no far-fetched parallel. The world and its treasures by a touch of a fairy's wand had become her own.

After her engagement was announced I did not see much of Annie; naturally her time was taken up with her lover, the round of social functions in her honor, and the trousseau. Being a philosopher, too, in my small way, I realized that my own importance to the girl's sense of altered values had speedily dwindled. I, Jane Thompson, of the South Carolina Thompsons, may it please you, was no longer a star in her opening horizon, but merely an unimportant asteroid much worn from too many occultations with bigger spheres.

Occasionally I caught glimpses of her at Mass, and at Easter we knelt side by side at the altar rail.

A month later I opened a big envelope to find that Mrs. Desmond requested the honor of my presence at the marriage of her daughter Annie to Mr. Horace Granger at St. Paul's Church. The sheet fluttered from my fingers. St. Paul's! A baleful chapter of soul-history was revealed in that line! The Grangers had objected to their son's marrying a Catholic, and Annie had sold her spiritual birthright! I realized the situation perfectly. As to the details of the struggle, whether the victory had been easy, whether it was Horace or his mother who had proved obdurate I could only guess. However, soon afterward I was to learn much, if not all. As I was passing the Desmond home Annie hurried

down the steps, and was so obviously bent upon overtaking me that I slackened my pace. Her face was flushed, and her eyes wavered and fell before my gaze.

"I suppose you think very badly of me, Miss Jane," she began.

"Don't you think very badly of yourself, Annie?" I replied.

"Mr. Granger would disinherit Horace if we were to be married by a priest," she said rebelliously.

"I fancy not. People do not disinherit only sons so easily as all that."

"Horace wouldn't make the promises any way. It's perfectly absurd to ask it of a Protestant. Priests don't know much about human nature!"

"It is just because they do know human nature that they find the promises so necessary. And, pardon me, a girl of twenty is scarcely capable of judging the discipline of the Church that has been guiding human souls for two thousand years."

"It's not the church that makes the Christian," she returned belligerently. "It's what you do, what you are yourself. I know some awfully mean Catholics, and plenty of Episcopalians who are good Christians!"

"So do I."

"The Episcopalians believe ever so many things just like us—the same creed, the same prayers, only in English, doing good to others, being charitable, helping the poor and those in trouble. You can be just as good in one church as you can in another!"

"You and I, Annie, cannot. God gives His grace through many channels. To the Episcopalian who firmly believes in his church and who lives according to his conscience, God gives grace in various ways. To the Catholic He gives it mainly through the sacraments. If you cut yourself off from the Church you no more get this grace than a branch which has been severed from the vine continues to draw life-giving sap from the parent stem. Human beings are not judged by the same standards. From him to whom much is given much will be required."

"I can't help myself, Miss Jane. You know Mrs. Granger—a son must obey his mother and a wife must obey her husband."

Annie delivered this train of logical reasoning with an air of triumph.

"If a husband ordered his wife to kill herself would she have to obey?" I asked.

"Oh, Miss Jane!"

"If he ordered her to commit a forgery to save him from ruin would she have to obey?"

"Of course not!"

"And — Horace Granger is not your husband. Let him marry a girl of his own faith, and you marry a man of yours."

Annie's eyes plainly said that a woman who could even suggest her giving up Horace, was crazy, simply crazy, and deserving of the forbearance accorded to lunatics.

"I'd marry Horace if every person in the world tried to prevent it," she flashed.

"And turn traitor to your Church!" I answered calmly.

"You wouldn't like for Episcopalians who become Catholics to be called traitors! It's a poor rule that won't work both ways!"

This remark seemed to prove the situation so absolutely hopeless that I walked on for a few moments in silence. Then I said, "If Horace were to become a Catholic I suppose you would be glad?"

"Why of course! And maybe he will some day!"

"So then you are leaving the Church solely to marry Horace Granger?"

"I couldn't marry him in the Church!"

"Humanly speaking you have everything to gain, and nothing to lose by the change. Permit me to say that in the case of converts from the Episcopal Church matters are the other way round. They generally sacrifice much of earthly good, if not all — home, friends, fortune, fame, even love itself, have all been given up for the Faith. The value one places on a thing can usually be gauged by the price one is willing to pay. Where a person is bribed to change his creed, religious or political, the world is apt to be skeptical. If Benedict Arnold could have looked forward to wealth and fame in the Continental army no doubt he would have remained a sound patriot."

Annie flushed angrily. "Then I suppose you won't come to my wedding?"

"No, I shall not go to your wedding, Annie."

"I didn't know that you were so narrow-minded!" came as a parting shaft as I turned down another street.

I was not as indignant at the girl as I should have been.

The poor little moth caught by the glamor of the candle somehow seemed to invite sympathy. Slipping the leash from my fancy as I walked on in the spring sunshine, I wondered if beautiful young girls in splendid, pagan, pleasure-loving Rome in those olden times had not occasionally turned back from the lions crouching in the Coliseum to drop swiftly a bit of incense before Jupiter's shrine; and in dropping it whisper to their souls, "What matters it, a little incense before a senseless piece of carved stone! And life is so sweet—ugh! to be torn to pieces by the hungry lions!"

Annie's wedding was a brilliant affair. From my window I watched the throngs of guests going into the church. Mrs. Desmond, in a renovated black silk, made festive by splashes of lavender velvet, alighted from a dilapidated livery carriage and with her two sons hurried into the church. Mrs. Granger in an imported toilet of grey crepe de chine with rare lace and diamonds, her good-looking husband at her side, paused a moment at the vestibule. The mother of the groom is not expected to be quite as pleased at a wedding as is the mother of the bride, and on the present occasion the inequality was so great that sackcloth may have presented itself to Mrs. Granger as a suitable material for a wedding garment.

I leveled my opera glasses at the bride-elect, a vision of loveliness in white satin and tulle, with her bevy of maids. Edith Granger was maid of honor, and Rose Allen, a girl who had made a valiant and very open campaign for Horace, was among the bridesmaids.

The organ which had been playing a soft accompaniment to whispered conversation broke out into a joyful strain as the cortege formed; then there was a silence—Annie Desmond was pronouncing her marriage vows. The triumphant notes of the wedding march pulsed on the warm June day and the bridal pair came out of the church. The Granger carriage bore them swiftly out of the way of the laughing, chattering throngs that pressed closely in their wake.

The couple were going abroad for their wedding tour, and I recalled Annie's girlish longing for Paris and London.

I did not see the bride again until November when we met at an afternoon party; she was charmingly gowned and more beautiful than ever. Much to my surprise she greeted me warmly, almost with affection. She had evidently forgiven me for Benedict Arnold.

The couple went to housekeeping in a handsome colonial home built and fur-

nished by Mr. and Mrs. Granger. When Annie wrote a graceful note asking me to luncheon, I gave myself the pleasure of accepting. My motives were mixed. I wanted to keep some hold on the girl, and I wanted also to see her house, her presents, her clothes, and, above all, to hear again of the lights and sounds of Paris.

Edith and Maud Granger were at the luncheon, and I noticed with amusement that they no longer took the tone of patronage with Annie; the wife of their only brother was plainly a person of consequence in their estimation. And deference seemed, indeed, to be the keynote to Annie's reception everywhere; people who had scarcely been aware of Annie Desmond's existence were only too anxious to entertain and be received by Mrs. Horace Granger.

"Poor human nature!" I said to myself, "How you repeat your weaknesses in great and in little. Mrs. Radcliff has her satellites just as sycophantic as Mrs. Granger's, only more urbane. The difference is in method rather than in intention. And the dear Christ has patience with us all!"

A week later Annie took me for a long ride in the automobile.

A second invitation found me a prisoner on my lounge. I had a glimpse of her in a Paris gown during the Christmas holidays, at a crowded reception. Lent came early, and in May I went East for the summer. When I returned in October the first news told me was that the Grangers had a little son, born in September. A severe attack of rheumatism kept me from calling on the young mother. Hugging to my soul the influence that I had formerly exerted over Annie, I had visions of baptism for the baby.

My landlady, who is a ministering angel in sickness, brought me the first intimation that Annie was dangerously ill, but my stiffened fingers would not even let me pen a note of sympathy. And then—at twilight on a dark raw day in early December—Mrs. Dawson came up to tell me that Annie was dead.

Two days later I had myself wheeled to the window to see Annie's funeral—the same window from whence I had watched her wedding.

The same people, for the most part, were now hastening to her funeral. Poor little Mrs. Desmond, swathed in crepe, was leaning on Horace's arm; Mrs. Granger looked as handsome and as aggressive as ever in her fashionable mourning—I could imagine the faint rustle of her trailing black as she walked like an empress up the aisle. I divined that her grief was not without its alleviations.

The hearse drew up before the church; the grey sky, the leafless trees, the sighing winds seeming to unite in mourning for the dead girl; and music, deep, solemn, heart-rending, took up the earthly grief and sobbed it out in wonderful harmonies. Then silence. Mr. Elwell, the rector, mounted the pulpit to pay the last tribute to Annie Desmond. I could imagine his discourse—Annie's sweetness of disposition, her generosity, her devotion as a wife and mother—all these things were true, and the clergyman whose church was so largely supported by the Grangers could do no less than dwell eloquently on the virtues of a daughter of the house.

Of that black, primal fact, the denial of her faith, no tongue would speak, except perhaps in confidential whispers. With rare good taste Episcopalians had never gloated over her "conversion." They rather resented the fact—the more devout among them—that it had been so flagrantly sordid.

Then more music, the voices of the famous quartette blending in a funeral anthem that seemed to bear upwards to the feet of the compassionate Saviour all the sorrows of a sorrowful world.

The coffin was carried out of the church; that narrow black casket, satin-lined, and silver-mounted, as fine, no doubt, as money could buy, was all that was left to Annie of earthly riches. I bowed my head and sobbed aloud. The procession was quickly formed. Annie was taking her last journey. In fancy I saw the open grave awaiting her under the grey December sky. Late in the afternoon a carriage whirled past, the occupants chatting pleasantly; they were returning from the funeral, and were evidently anxious to shake off the spirit of mourning, and to get back to the gay glad world of the living.

That night there was a large party, and in the florid newspaper account of the function the next morning, I read that Rose Allen, in a sumptuous toilette of satin and pink chiffon, had led the cotillon.

* * * * * * * *

A year and a half later, on a balmy May morning, I again sat expectantly at my window. Horace Granger and Rose Allen were to be married. Mrs. Granger, superbly gowned, arrived early, and, clinging to her hand was Annie's little boy, his red curls shining in the May sun. Edith Granger again led the smiling procession of bridesmaids. The organ pealed joyously, and "The Spirit that Breathed O'er Eden" floated on the golden voices of the quartette. Rose looked triumphant as she came out of the church leaning on Horace's arm. I never denied that Rose is a clever woman. As for Horace he seemed as handsome and as happy as ever as he handed his bride into the carriage and sprang in lightly after her. The crowds and the carriages made the street festive, and the birds sang in the maples.

No one, apparently, had a thought for Annie Desmond in her grave.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY REV. L. C. P. FOX, O.M.I.

There came a day when I had to suffer persecution from bigoted Poor Law guardians. I had been appointed, by His Grace, Catholic chaplain to the South Dublin Workhouse, an immense institution which contained upwards of four thousand paupers. I had been the unwilling witness of some scandalous treatment on the part of the officers, of the helpless grown-up girls and young women, and when they were brought to court on the following day I went thith-

er to defend them, or at least to put in a plea for a mitigation of their sentence, should they be convicted of any crime. The board of guardians was comprised partly of those who were elected by votes, but chiefly of honorary guardians, through their being magistrates. Among these were two apostates who were foremost, as is always the case, in their opposition to anything and everything Catholic. When the board had their first meeting, after I had pleaded for the poor girls, I was summoned before them, and after being blamed for the part I had taken I was peremptorily dismissed from the chaplaincy and forbidden ever to enter the gate. The aged porter, who had been a faithful servant to Daniel O'Connell, told me this last phase of expulsion when I knocked at the entrance gate on the following day. I subjoin a copy of the autograph letter which I received from His Grace, as soon as I had informed him that I could no longer officiate in the workhouse.

From Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin.
7th of April, 1860.

My Dear Father Fox:

I shall see Dr. Yore (the Vicar-General) on Monday next, when I will endeavor to make some arrangement about the chaplaincy to the South Dublin Workhouse. I hope nothing will prevent you from attending until matters will be finally settled.

Wishing you a happy Easter,
I remain, with great esteem,
Your devoted servant,
"Paul Cullen."

I was debarred from rendering any services to the good people in the Workhouse for several months, but the indigent inmates during that time were not neglected. My assistant chaplain, the Rev. Father O'Hanlon, is at present the Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, P.P., and one of our Fathers, who then resided with me at Inchicore, but is now the Superior at St. John the Baptist's and St. Joseph's in Lowell, Massachusetts, the Rev. Father Mangin, amply compensated for my enforced absence. The following extract which I have taken from our "Missionary Record" bears upon this subject.

"A French and a German friend in Ireland send us a quotation from a pastoral written by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin (afterwards Cardinal), on August 1st, 1860. The passage is meant no doubt to show us how a bishop ought to act when a Jack-in-office goes altogether too far. Archbishop Cullen's words refer to the workhouse in James Street, Dublin, which was served at one time by Father Fox from the house of the Oblates, established in 1856 at Inchicore.

"At present one of the greatest wants of the principal poor-house in this city is the assistance of the chaplain. The worthy clergyman who had for some time discharged the duties of that office with the greatest zeal has been dismissed in the most wanton and arbitrary manner by the Poor Law commissioners, who, being Englishmen, and Protestant, know nothing of the feelings of Irishmen and are totally unfit to pass judgment on the merits of a Catholic chaplain. Having dismissed the Rev. Mr. Fox, one of the commissioners called on me to sanction their arbitrary act by withdrawing his powers from that clergyman, and substituting another in his place. Were I to consent to their demand I would be guilty of punishing a priest for having endeavored to protect innocence and virtue. I cannot consent to disgrace the office of a Christian bishop, by consenting to become a passive instrument for carrying into execution the arbitrary orders of Protestant commissioners in regard to the performance of the spiritual duties of a Catholic priest.

"Though the chaplain is prevented by official bigotry from discharging the duties of his office the poor are not neglected and their spiritual wants are provided for by the assistant chaplain. As, however, his salary has been denied to him by the bigoted majority of the board, on which neither liberal Protestant nor Catholic has any influence, it will be necessary to make provision for his support. I shall, therefore, appoint a committee to receive subscriptions, and to organize a penny collection, in order that all who are anxious to provide for the spiritual wants of our poor may have an opportunity, when giving this contribution, of recording their protest against that spirit of deception, and that reckless abuse of power which induced public officials to inflict a serious injury on a worthy priest, and to deprive, as

far as was in their power, the poor of this city of all spiritual assistance."

The above is taken from a work which is entitled, "Pastorals, etc.," and was edited by the Rev. Dr. Moran, one of the nephews of the Cardinal, who was appointed to the see of Ossory in Ireland, a few years later on, while secretary to his uncle, but is now the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney. I may here add that a handsome collection was taken up for the purpose ordained by the Archbishop of Dublin, but I was soon after re-instated in my office of chaplain by an almost unanimous vote of the British House of Commons, and an order was communicated to the guardians of the Dublin workhouse to pay me the full arrears of my salary, together with interest on the same. With permission of His Grace I handed over the collection which had been thus made for me, to the St. Vincent de Paul's Society, for the benefit of the orphans.

Subsequent to my appointment as Superior of our House of Retreat at Inchicore I became acquainted with an excellent lady, who if not precisely a martyr for the faith was at least a suffering confessor thereof, Miss Aylward. Afterwards, with the Rev. Father Gowan, a holy member of the Vincentian or Lazarist Order, she founded the well-known congregation which is spreading rapidly as the Sisters of the Holy Faith. Among other good works they have established St. Brigid's Orphanage in Eccles Street, Dublin. From an eloquent sermon which was preached in St. Francis Xavier's Church in that metropolis of charity, Dublin, on the 8th of last November, by the Rev. Father Verdon, S.J., as printed in the "Irish Catholic," I glean many items of Miss Aylward's career which, added to my personal recollections of her, make up the history of one whose life and works are of the liveliest interest, more especially since they have been so zealously imitated and perseveringly sustained by her spiritual children.

After the famine, by which Ireland was made desolate, its usual supplement, famine fever, more than decimated those who survived. Thousands of orphans thus became the prey of iniquitous proselytizers who strove to rob those poor children of their faith. God inspired Miss Margaret Aylward and other ladies, whose names should be enshrined amongst those of the heroines of charity, to endeavor to stem this torrent of perversion, and they gathered together as many of these orphans as they could reach and placed them in Catholic homes. These ladies were Miss Ada Ailingham, Miss O'Hagan, Miss Emily Seaver, Mrs. O'Connell, Miss Anne Campbell, Mrs. Mara and Mrs. Scully. At their head was the indefatigable Miss Aylward, who was regarded by some bigoted Protestants as the chief offender. She was therefore the one selected for persecution. A Protestant father had solemnly promised his dying wife that their child should be reared a Catholic, but he did not keep his word. Miss Aylward took the little one and concealed it for a while. For this she was accused of kidnapping, was tried and convicted, and was then sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Grangegorman prison. She was confined in a cell, and being already an invalid, she soon became paralyzed. She required the help of a fellow prisoner to cut the hard prison bread. The governor of the jail reported to the lord-lieutenant, begging some mitigation of the rigor of her treatment. The prison doctor, one of the most eminent of the physicians of Dublin, asserted that her life was in danger. His excellency was inexorable until at last the very judge who had wrongfully condemned her raised his voice and said that he had not sentenced her to death. There

was then some relaxation in her treatment. During this time I took charge of the orphan who was the innocent cause of all this undeserved persecution, and placed it with a good woman who lived opposite our house at Inchicore, where I could see it every day. No one was in the secret of the identity of the child, nor of its place of refuge, except myself and its adopted mother, so that all others could truthfully assert that they were completely ignorant of its whereabouts.

It was during Miss Aylward's imprisonment that I became personally interested in all that was connected with her. Though I possess no letters from her to me I am able through the kindness of the present Superior of the Sisters of Faith, Sister M. Vickers, to give a copy of a letter I wrote to her.

"Inchicore, Jan. 12th, 1861.

My Dear Miss Aylward:

I regret to have to inform you that I have failed with Mr. Place, and that he declined speaking to my resolution at the public meeting, as he had been advised not to put himself prominently forward in consequence of his connection with the Board of Guardians and the Blind School. He fears that if any imputation of proselytism be made against him, however unjustly, that it might interfere with his influence.

Hoping that you may meet with better success in other quarters, and that every blessing will descend on your pious undertaking, believe me, my dear Miss Aylward,

Yours very sincerely in J. and M. I.,

Lawrence Chas. Prideaux Fox, *O.M.I.*

To Miss Aylward,

Prisoner for the Infant Jesus,

Grangegorman Prison, Dublin."

I had an interview with His Grace, Archbishop Cullen, as soon as Miss Aylward was removed from her dark dungeon to a cell in which there was both room and light, and with his sanction I organized a staff of priests, and we took our turn in saying Mass in her cell. This she regarded as her greatest consolation. On the fifth of May, 1861, at nine o'clock in the morning, having completed her six months of imprisonment, she emerged from the jail, and going straight to Eccles Street, she quietly resumed her work at the orphanage. Our Provincial had kindly lent Miss Alyward and the pious ladies who co-operated with her in the work of rescue a couple of chambers which we used as committee rooms in which to transact business connected with the erection of our House of Retreat. The founder of the Sisters of the Holy Faith did not survive many years the brutal treatment which had been inflicted on her, but the good work which she inaugurated did not perish with her. The congregation which she named, at the suggestion of the Cardinal Archbishop, was first sanctioned by His Eminence, and in an exceptionally short time was formally approved by the Holy Father. It has been the means of saving upwards of three thousand children, and the glorious work of the salvation of souls still continues. Even at the present moment there are more than five hundred orphans under the care of the Sisters.

About this time I was deeply interested in enlisting suitable young men among the Papal Zouaves, and as I had sent a few promising candidates from the neighborhood of Inchicore, I was requested to continue the good work if I should meet with any others during our missions. It so happened that I was engaged with others of our Fathers that year in preaching missions in the truly Catholic counties of Tipperary, Limerick, and Waterford, and as soon as it was rumored that I had become a species of enlisting sergeant in defence of the Holy Father I was besieged with applicants. From first to last I sent at least seventy young men to be examined by the medical and other authorities, not to speak of many whom I found to be unsuitable from one cause or another. There was a good man named Dr. Whyte

who lived in the Richmond Barracks near Inchicore. He was attached in his medical capacity to the Staffordshire Militia, then stationed there. He was a particular friend of mine, and knowing how much I was interested in the enlistment of the Zouaves, he requested me to help him in selecting the ornaments and trappings of the uniform which it was intended to make for the faithful soldiers of the Pope. I was utterly ignorant of everything connected with the dress or accoutrements of military men, but with the aid of the ardent doctor, I manufactured designs for all that was needed, including dress and undress coats, collars, cuffs, caps, pouches, belts, etc., and then drew and colored them. The Papal and Irish emblems were intermingled, and my friend, Dr. Whyte, having resigned his commission in the Queen's service, with the encouragement of the colonel of the regiment, the Hon. Colonel Lyttleton, and the warmest approbation of his wife, was appointed to the headship of the medical department in the Papal Zouaves of Ireland, and proceeding at once to Rome took my designs with him. He wrote me soon afterwards, and told me that my proposed sketches for the uniform of those who left Ireland to fight for the Holy Father were accepted with many thanks. But unfortunately for their laudable ambition, as Pio Nono did not wish that any more blood should be shed in his own defense, or to regain the Papal territories of which he himself, and through him the Church to which they belonged, was being deprived, the soldiers of the Pope were soon after disbanded, without wearing the uniform in which they were preparing to fight so bravely. In a subsequent letter from Dr. Whyte he informed me that I was a persona grata with the authorities in Rome, and that any favor for which I might ask I could depend upon it would be granted.

It is wonderful when the mind reverts to some event long since elapsed in life's history, or to some persons whom perhaps it had long since forgotten, how other events, or other persons, occur to the memory, tempting one to exclaim, "How came I to forget what happened on that occasion, or those persons who crossed my path at that time?" Thus it is since beginning my series "People I Have Met," there is scarcely a day on which I have not to say to myself "I forgot that person; surely he was much more notable than many of those whom I have mentioned." Nor is this so much to be wondered at when it is borne in mind that no fewer than fourscore years of life have been spent in various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and subsequently in Canada and Massachusetts; and that Almighty God has deigned to impart to me a tenacious memory of all that has passed since I was six years of age. With regard to this last point, I well remember how I was kidnapped, before I had reached that age, in one of the squares of London, and was carried across Westminster Bridge into the borough of Southwark, and was actually being stripped of my clothing when one of those who were searching for me discovered me, and brought me back to my distracted mother. I had received permission to stand at the front door, and to listen to the hackneyed tunes of a barrel-organ, and, what was far more attractive to me, to watch the vagaries of an unfortunate monkey who was disporting itself for the delectation of beholders, and the profits of its owner. I had been allowed to satisfy my curiosity on condition that I should not stray a step from that spot, but the gambols of the monkey were so entrancing that I totally forgot the injunctions I had received, and followed the leadings of my new friend. Surely if Darwin had been acquainted with this episode in my life it might have

strengthened his theory of man's descent from the ape, as I thus became an exponent of inordinate attachment for a monkey, and nearly succeeded in bringing about a catastrophe which must have changed the tenor of my life.

During the twenty years of my ministry in Ireland there was scarcely a bishop in the hierarchy there whom I did not know personally as a result of the missions I had preached, the retreats I had conducted, or the sermons I had delivered in their dioceses. Thus I met three or four Primates of Armagh, and the Archbishops of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, with the Bishops of these four provinces. I cannot call to mind a single vicar-apostolic, or bishop, in England,—whether before the establishment of the hierarchy, or since that memorable epoch in the development of the Catholic Church, nor yet in Scotland,—whom I did not also know, but I think there were two in Wales whom I never met, though I had occasion to correspond with them at various times. In this list I should also include some who were but auxiliary bishops, but were eminent for their piety or learning, such as Bishop Patterson of Chelsea. During the octave of the dedication of St. George's Cathedral, where I acted as acolyte and assistant sacristan, I had the privilege of hearing some eminent French and Belgian bishops preach, and of being introduced to them. Amongst these I could not omit the great orator, Mgr. Dupanloup. Every Catholic will understand that it was an induitable honor merely to meet these princely pastors of the Church militant. My retired life at the termination of my career on earth has, of course, prevented me from meeting many of the zealous bishops of the United States,—with the exception of those connected with Boston and New England,—but I must not omit Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Shanley both of whom kindly came to my assistance while I was pastor of St. Mary's in Winnipeg. On the other hand there were but few of the archbishops and bishops in Canada whom I did not meet, and with whom I was not more or less acquainted. At one time there were no fewer than four of these whom I had known well in Ireland before their appointment to sees in Canada. These were Drs. Lynch, Cleary, Power, and Mahoney, all of whom have now passed to the possession of their eternal reward.

With regard to the first named of these four, Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, I knew every member of his family intimately, from his venerable mother, with whom I lodged for three months before the house we had purchased for our residence at Inchicore was ready for our reception, down to his married sisters, and a brother who was a priest. The last mentioned was thrown from his horse on the road in front of our house, and landed on a heap of broken granite, ready for the macadamizing of the road. He was fearfully bruised, and his face badly disfigured. He was to perform the marriage ceremony for one of his sisters on the following day, in the parish church of St. James. He sent for me in the evening, and as I was an intimate friend of the family he asked me to perform the ceremony for him. I readily promised to do this for him, but the faith of the saintly old mother changed all our plans. In the immediate neighborhood of their residence was a famous holy well. It was intermittent, and people used to flock thither, at twelve o'clock in the day and at midnight, with pitchers to receive the water as it gushed forth for a short time from above the hitherto empty hole. Nearly opposite this St. John's Well was the historic Bully's Acre which was notorious for resurrectionists until it was closed as a place of sepulture, when the beautiful cemetery at Glasnevin was opened. Tradition states that the fa-

mous Irish leader, Brian Borhoime, who was killed in the battle of Clontarf, was buried here, and there are the remains of an old Irish cross which, it is said, marked his last resting place. Mrs. Lynch, after making her son as comfortable as she could, and telling him what she was about to do, sallied forth with her pitcher to await the outflow of the miraculous water, and after filling her vessel she returned to the injured priest and gently bathed his face for a considerable time. He went off in a sound sleep, and his mother, sitting by his bed all night, prayed fervently for his recovery. When I went to her house in the early morning, after offering up the Mass, I was amazed to find that Father Lynch was quite well, with no vestige of bruise or swelling on his face, and ready to accompany the wedding party and myself to the church where he administered the sacrament of Matrimony as if no accident had occurred.

Before closing the list of my Canadian friends I wish to mention the name of Dr. Conroy, for although he was not in that portion of the British dominions during my residence there I knew him well in Ireland. After he had been consecrated a bishop, Cardinal Cullen asked him to go to St. Kevin's Reformatory, Glencree, up in the Wicklow mountains, of which institution I was then the manager, to administer Confirmation to upwards of one hundred youngsters whom I had prepared. Dr. Conroy was delighted with our poor boys, and of course they almost worshiped him. He spent a few quiet days with us and I drove him to visit the Seven Churches at Glendalough, to Luggielaw, Lough Bray, and a few other places of interest in the neighborhood. As it was then tolerably well known that he was about to be appointed Papal Delegate to Canada, a position which his humility and modesty made him most reluctant to accept, he asked me before his departure from Glencree to get the boys to pray fervently that he might escape such a nomination by the Holy See. But believing, as I firmly did, in the eminent fitness of this zealous prelate for the discharge of this most important duty I need hardly say that I purposely refrained from asking my boys to offer up such a prayer, though they implored hard enough that every blessing should be poured down on himself and his labors.

In connection with St. Kevin's Reformatory I must not omit the Earl of Granard—who was an active member of our committee, and a distinguished convert,—the Bishop of Canea, Dr. Donnelly, who spent a few days with us, and Sir John Lentaigne, Government Inspector of reformatories and industrial schools. The last named was of Huguenot descent, but was a fervent Catholic, and had both a brother and a son in the Society of Jesus. He was the owner of the ruined abbey and former church property of Tallaght, where Father Tom Burke, O.P. lived and died. He wished to sell what he owned there, and no one was more anxious to purchase it than the erudite but bigoted Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, the prime supporter of the so-called Model and National Schools, which boasted of the openly-avowed object of counteracting the good that was being wrought by the Christian Brothers, and other Catholic teachers. But Sir John Lentaigne was equally resolved that what once belonged to the Catholic Church should not fall again into the hands of Protestants, so he sold it to the Dominicans, who eventually founded their novitiate there.* On the day subsequent to this sale, when the Archbishop and some of his intimate

*In a previous essay I have mentioned the name of Sir John Lentaigne, as having been at one time the owner of that precious relic, St. Patrick's Bell.

friends were seated in the drawing-room of his palace in Merrion Square, a gentleman came into the room and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Your Grace, Tallaght is sold." "And who has bought it?" "The Dominicans." "Ah! those d—d Inquisitors," retorted the Archbishop. "What a calamity!" The above anecdote which betrayed so vividly the animus of this Protestant dignitary was told to me by one who was present on the occasion, a young man named Pope, a nephew of the Archbishop, who soon afterwards became a Catholic, and in course of time, a priest.

When stationed at the reformatory I sometimes called on Sir William Wilde, who was reputed to be one of the cleverest oculists of his time. He was bitterly opposed to reformatories, and made no secret of his animosity; not so, however, his talented and patriotic wife, Lady Wilde, who was better known by her *nom de plume,* Speranza. She used to take lodgings every summer for herself and her children at a farm house, at the foot of the vale of Glencree, belonging to a worthy family of the name of Evans, intimate friends of mine. On my calling there one day she asked my permission to bring her children to our chapel to assist at Mass on Sundays. As we had a tribune in the chapel from which the boys and the altar could be seen without actual communication I readily acceded to her request, and after the Mass was over, I enjoyed many a pleasant hour with this excellent lady. I am not sure whether she ever became a Catholic herself, but it was not long before she asked me to instruct two of her children, one of them being that future erratic genius, Oscar Wilde. After a few weeks I baptised these two children, Lady Wilde herself being present on the occasion. At her request I called on their father, and told him what I had done, his sole remark being that he did not care what they were so long as they became as good as their mother. I presume I must have been removed from Glencree soon after that time, as I never met any of the family again.

I also met Lord Monck, who has been a lieutenant-governor of Canada. He lived near the foot of the Glen, and I became acquainted with him at the house of his much wealthier neighbor, Lord Powerscourt, our landlord, and the son of that excellent Catholic lady, the Marchioness of Londonderry. Lady Londonderry often spent an hour watching our boys at their games or listening to their band, and on two or three occasions handed me sums of money to give them a feast in her honor. I had to double these donations to satisfy the appetites of 350 healthy youngsters, but she got the credit of it all, and was of course, a prime favorite.

Another near neighbor of ours in the Wicklow mountains was the cordially detested Judge Keogh, the political apostate, and accomplice of the bankrupt suicide Sadler. His wife and her widowed sister, and his daughter, were exemplary Catholics and used to drive up weekly for confession to Glencree. As they greatly admired our Christmas Crib they manufactured one on a smaller scale in an empty room in their residence at Bushy Park, but when the Judge heard of it he paid a visit to that room, accompanied by a visitor who was one of the fiercest bigots in Ireland, and scattered the sacred figures right and left, whereby some of them, including that of the Divine Child, were broken. To show his animus he said aloud, "Clear away that infernal rubbish, I will have none of such trash here." I shall not forget my mortification when on suddenly meeting the Judge one day in Dame Street, one of the principal thoroughfares in Dublin, he caught hold of me by the button-hole, and kept me a prisoner for at least ten minutes, so

that every one of those passing by who knew him well and thoroughly hated him might be tempted to say, "Well, bad as he is he seems to be good company enough for that priest." When the Prince of Wales, before he became George the Fourth, was visiting Lord Powerscourt, he was standing at one of the windows to view and admire the charming prospect. Turning to address a certain bar-

FATHER LACOMBE, O.M.I.
The celebrated missionary among the Indians.

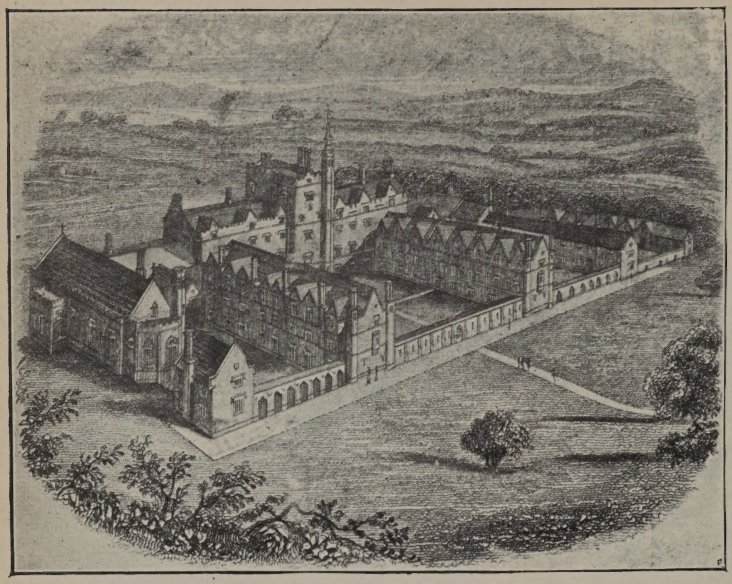
onet who was near him, he said: "It is certainly very lovely, but if I were the owner of this place I should purchase that house on the opposite hill and pull it down. Would not you do the same?" "I should be sorry to do so," said the other, "seeing that I am the owner of that place." This house of course was Bushy Park, the subsequent property of Judge Keogh.

In Dublin I became acquainted with that eloquent preacher and famous lecturer, the Rev. Dr. Cahill, and dined at his lodgings, in company with my assistant chaplain, Canon O'Hanlon, who distinguished himself in later life as the author of the "Lives of the Irish Saints." Yet another literary character whom I knew well, a recognized authority in Irish history, was Father Meehan, and still an-

GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
whose two sons I prepared for, and to whom I administered, their first Holy Communion.

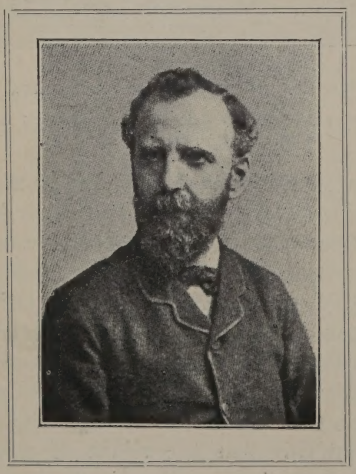
other was Mr. Fitzpatrick, the author of the "Life of Dr. Doyle," and other highly-appreciated works. I had the honor of the personal acquaintance of the holy abbot of Mount Melleray, and of Father Paul, a confessor of world-wide celebrity in that famous abbey.

I may here mention that I was by no means a persona grata amongst the Fenians, but this was the result of circum-



NORTHEAST VIEW OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT, WHERE I FIRST MET CARDINAL WISEMAN IN 1851.

stances rather than from any personal animosity on my part. I was preaching the month of Mary, with one of our Fathers, in the historic town of Drogheda. The Primate of Ireland, Archbishop Dixon, spent half his time there, and the rest of the year in Armagh. His Grace never missed one of our instructions and regularly occupied his place in the confessional. Some one informed him that a certain head-centre was secretly imparting the oath again to those who had received the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, after promising to cease belonging to that secret society. At that period there was not a bishop in all Ireland who had not made it a reserved case unless the penitent should solemnly promise to renounce the oath forever. The meek and saintly Bishop was very indignant and insisted on my enlarging on the subject before the sermon that evening. I implored him to allow my fellow-missionary who was a well-known Irish patriot to perform this duty, but to no avail. It was I and I alone who was to emphasize this critical subject. Now Drogheda was the borderland separating Leinster from the "Black North," the headquarters of Orange bigotry, and though it had been the scene of Cromwell's most bloody massacre, and was at the mouth of the Boyne, where the troops of Dutch William gained the victory over those of pusillanimous James, yet the vast majority of the inhabitants were stanch Catholics and doubtless many of them were fervent sympathizers of Fenians and others who were groaning under the hand of English persecution. There was a certain Dublin paper which was openly favorable to the efforts of Fenianism to snap the yoke of ages, and in its columns for nearly two years a brief paragraph would be inserted from time to time in which it would be stated that Father Fox of anti-Fenian notoriety was about to



WILLIAM T. STEAD.

give a mission in such and such a town or parish, and warning the inhabitants of his intended visit. On my return to Inchicore, after a mission in the beautiful church at Kanturk, I received a letter from a young man in that place, in which he stated that he had been the author of these defamatory announcements, and that he regretted very much what he had been doing, and that having gone to confession to me during the mission he found that I was not such a dreadful man as he had been led to imagine.

FANNY PARNELL.
Sister of Charles Stewart Parnell, whom I heard speak on several occasions.

Soon after that time I was engaged with others of our Fathers in preaching a mission in the important town of Cahir, and an event occurred which did more to reinstate me in the good graces of the Fenians than anything else that could have happened. One of the Fathers who was with me was to make his debut as a preacher at the last Mass on one of the Sundays, and I went up to the organ loft that I might listen to his first sermon without being seen by him. The organ was a very large one, and inconveniently blocked up the greater portion of the gallery. There was a sufficient space, however, behind the organ for two or three who might wish to conceal themselves, provided that they were not too stout, but it was a cul-de-sac. I had not been there long before one of the choir, over whose heads I had been watching the preacher, left his seat and came to me. "Father," he said, "you had better come

TWO YOUNG OBLATE FATHERS WHO WERE SHOT BY THE CREE INDIANS ON HOLY THURSDAY, 1885.

away from there, for one of the Fenian leaders is concealed behind the organ and the constabulary are searching for him." I had the presence of mind to say to him, "On the contrary, don't you think that if I remain here, he is the more likely to escape detection." "Perhaps you are right, Father," he replied, and returned to his seat. A few minutes later two of the Irish constabulary, or "Peelers," as they are called, after Sir Robert Peel, who brought them into existence, stealthily mounted the stairs of the gallery, and after scanning the face of each member of the choir fixed their eyes upon me, but as I pretended to be thoroughly engrossed with the preacher, and paid no attention to them they took their departure, covered with dust and cobwebs. The man for whom they were searching came out of his hiding place after the Mass was over, and with the help of his friends, he managed to reach the coast on the following day and escaped to the United States. It got bruited about in the town that I had connived at his escape, and the parish priest told me that everyone was speaking about it. We may learn from the conduct of this poor fellow how united was his faith to his patriotism. He ran the risk of being detected by his enemies rather than not fulfil the obligation of hearing Mass on a Sunday.

During my residence at the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill, London, a visitor sent in his card with a request for an interview. I found he was no less a personage than Mr. W. T. Stead, who is at this present moment the editor of the "Review of Reviews."

SQUAMISH INDIAN MISSION. IN CHARGE OF OBLATE FATHERS, NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

A REUNION OF THIRTY INDIAN TRIBES IN HONOR OF THE CONSECRATION OF MGR. DURIEN, 1875.

There are few persons more widely known than this same Mr. Stead, and yet it were no easy matter to define his special claim to excellence. Perhaps it would be safer to say that he is the patron of universal (if sometimes misdirected) philanthropy. He brought me a letter of introduction from Cardinal Manning. He had heard that successful efforts had been made to control the wildness and bound the ignorance of a large number of poor girls, and he wished to become informed on all the details of the work. I took him to call on two excellent ladies who had lately settled in our neighborhood to assist our good nuns in prosecuting this work. They were sisters of Canon Douglas of Nottingham, and were converts like their brother. They eventually became nuns themselves, and their admirable labors were continued by the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle and other pious ladies.

But I must bring this paper to a close although numerous names of persons more or less prominent still crop up before me, as if wanting to thwart my endeavor. Thus I have omitted Father Resignan and other celebrated preachers whom I heard at the Lenten services of the French Church, Father Bernard Smith, one of the earliest of the Oxford converts, who died but lately, almost a centenarian; some of the Augustinian Fathers who became bishops in Australia; Father Herber, a Carmelite, who before his conversion was a celebrated operatic singer; Bishop Leonard in Cape Town; the Hon. and Rev. Father Plunkett, the Redemptorist; Mgr. Talbot, brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury and Lady Lothian; another Mgr. Talbot, son of another Lord Talbot; Mgr. Capel, who received the Marquis of Bute into the Church; Father Rawes, one of the Oblates of St. Charles, a well-known pamphleteer; and the Rev. Dr. Keenan of Dundee, the author of the Controversial Catechism. I might mention some of the presidents of St. Edmund's and Oscott colleges; the indefatigable Dr. Doyle, better known as Father Thomas, whose weekly bulletins to the Tablet were at one time as eagerly demanded as anything to be found in Punch; Mgr. Gilbert, the learned Vicar General of London; Father Clare, the

erudite and eloquent Jesuit; Mr. John Young, K.S.G., Lord Plunket, who paid us a visit in Winnipeg; and Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, father of Bishop Clifford of Clifton. This last named venerable nobleman impoverished himself by his extensive charities, and ended his days on a small pittance which was granted to him in Rome. I will bring my list to a final close by mentioning a priest, the Rev. Dr. Marshall, who was universally known as the "fat priest." He was supplying the place of the Rev. Dr. Hook, the Protestant minister of Leeds, and after astounding his audience by an eloquent sermon on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he became a Catholic and in course of time a priest. He certainly earned his cognomen of the "fat man" well for he was quite a David Lambert in size. I regret that I have quite forgotten his weight though I used to know it. On one occasion he was spending a week with a clerical friend in Lancashire and agreed to preach at the Sunday Mass. He was proud of his eloquence, which was universally acknowledged. Later on in the day he was taking a stroll in the neighborhood and met an old Irish woman who saluted him. He then asked her if she had heard him preach that morning, and inquired if she had liked his sermon. Her reply must have pulled him down a peg or two, for she quietly said, "Never fear, your Reverence, don't be afraid; you did your best; but you will get on better when you have had a little practice." Evidently the discourse was of much too high-flying a nature for her comprehension.

INDIANS AT PRAYER. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO.

THE LATE REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I

THE AUTHOR OF "PEOPLE I HAVE MET."

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

"I have been singularly fortunate," wrote the late Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I.—in the opening pages of People I Have Met—"or rather I should say eminently privileged by God to meet with many who were like guiding stars for me, to point the way both by precept and example." Among those who read these words of grateful acknowledgment were many to whom the devoted priest himself "had pointed the way" during his long missionary career — a period of unwearying service extending over nearly fifty years.

On seeing the venerable Oblate for the first time it was difficult to realize that he was, as he said, "in the sere and yellow leaf, upwards of fourscore years of age, and physically unable to take any active part in missionary labors.

My last effort of that nature was a retreat in Winnipeg, in 1896. I have every reason to be thankful to Almighty God for sparing me to labor in His service for so many years. May He at the time appointed by Him deign to receive me amongst those who were faithful over a few little things."

With this expression of gratitude and thanksgiving Father Fox brought to a close the series of "Reminiscences" of his missionary life in many countries. So deep was the interest in this series that after each month's instalment appeared, letters were received by the publishers, asking for information relative to the author, expressing for him the deepest regard, and recounting personal recollections of the scenes he described so vividly. Thus, after his account of the mission in Donegal—an account circulated widely by the Catholic press—the *Northwest Review* printed the following letter from a correspondent in the Northwest Territory:

"In your issue of the 14th instant there appears an extract from an article by the Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I., in DONAHOE'S for January, headed "An Incident of a Mission." I would be glad to have seen the whole article, as, to me, it reads like a dream, reminding me of the long past.

I attended that mission when I was a boy. I belonged to a neighboring parish. The people from the district, from ten to fifteen miles outside the parish, were largely represented at the mission. I remember seeing the cross (mentioned by Father Fox) being carried round the chapel yard by a number of stalwart men, and then set up in place. I remember the closing exercise. The congregation was so large that no church in the world, except St. Peter's in Rome, could hold it. So the closing exercise had to be held outside. It was a calm midsummer night. Each person present had a lighted candle in his hand. The number present was about thirty thousand. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten. I heard that before Lord Leitrim sent for Father Kair he asked what the cross meant, and then replied "It must come down. It's like the Devil." Lord Leitrim has long ago given an account of his stewardship, but the cross still stands there and also the two little rooms. They never were taken down.

JAMES HARKINS,
Sintaluta, N. W. T."

Such evidences of grateful remembrance were very pleasing to the aged missionary, and were invariably acknowledged with words of appreciation for the little service of forwarding them. "I thank you for sending me Mr. McCormack's letter. I hope he will write to me;" "I have had three letters of enquiry from friends in different States;" "I have received several letters thanking me for my reminiscences;" "One of my boys found me out through my essays." Nearly every letter bearing on the publication of the series contains a reference to the sympathetic interest of the writer's friends, or pleased comment at having heard from some one whose early life had been directed by him.

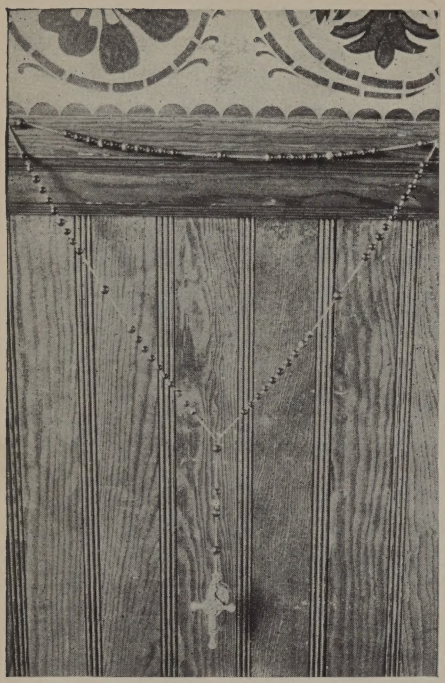
When the series was nearing conclusion, chance references suggested the idea of giving to the public other papers dealing with the celebrated men and women whom Father Fox had met.

The suggestion was approved by him, and, at his invitation, the writer of this sketch had the pleasure of calling on him at the Novitiate, Tewksbury, Massachusetts, to make a selection from his pictures to illustrate the papers.

Tewksbury on a grey November day was not particularly cheery. The road from the station was strewn with dead leaves, flecked here and there with white—the first snow of the season. A well-worn path led past the state almshouse, through occasional clumps of trees, crossed a track, and descending a gentle slope spread out in a level stretch with fields on either side. "When you get that far," said the driver of a team, "you'll see a brick building, with a gold cross, and that's the Novitiate."

Here Father Fox spent his last years, devotedly attended, and happy in the many pursuits in which he engaged

THE SUNNY ROOM WHERE FATHER FOX SPENT HIS LAST YEARS, OBLATE NOVITIATE, TEWSKSBURY, MASS.



ROSARY GIVEN BY POPE GREGORY XVI. TO FATHER FOX.

when his health permitted. On every side was evidence of the industry and ingenuity of the venerable occupant who could not endure to be idle, and even at eighty-five kept in touch with the outside world and its interests. I found him weaving evergreens into festoons, his chair encircled by the glistening green coils. After a few words of welcome he bade me "sit down till we talk things over," and then his face lighted up with amusement as he noticed that every chair was filled with books or papers or heaped with feathery tufts of ground pine and other pungent-smelling evergreens.

"Put the basket on the floor," he directed, briskly. "Things are a little upset this morning but I must keep busy at something, I'm helping with the Christmas decorations."

The basket of evergreens was added to the profusion filling every available space in the window corner where Father Fox sat.

There was no indication of the inertness of extreme age in his appearance or manner, and the deft movements in binding the stems together might have been made by young hands, instead of those of an octogenarian.

"I have fifty yards made," he said, "but we shall need many more for our chapel. You must come out to see the Crib."

Just then a bird began to sing. I looked at the cage hanging in the window, but Father Fox nodded to a recess back of my chair, and turning round I saw another window, set in the angle of the wall. It was wreathed with Irish ivy, and filled with plants (like the one in view in the picture), and swinging on his perch amid all this bowerlike environment was another canary. "That is Patsy," explained his owner. "He is welcoming you."

"You have two birds?"

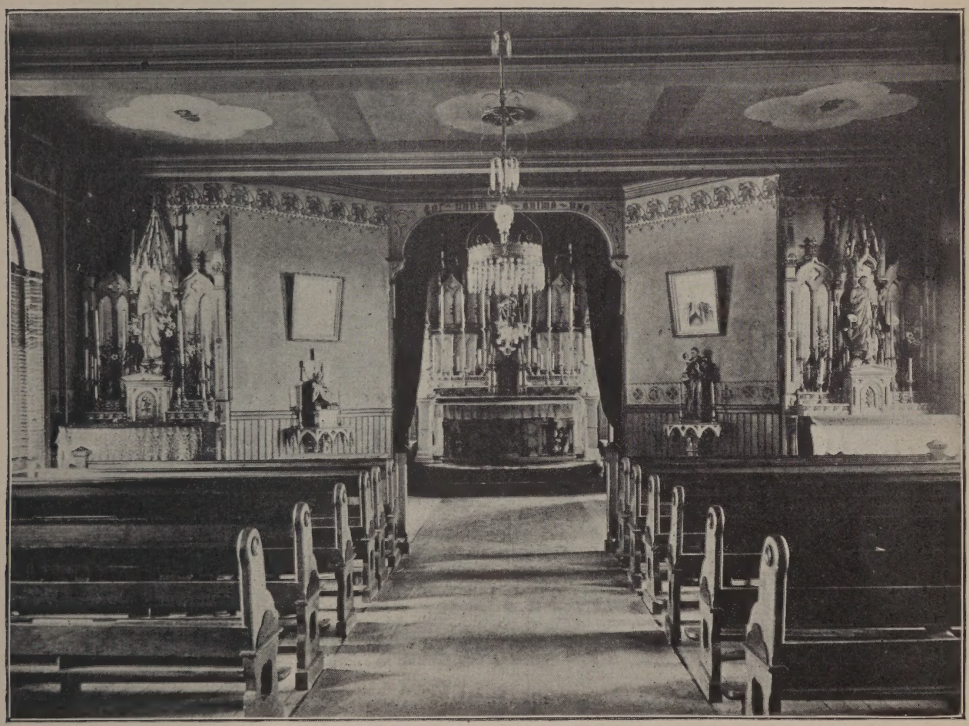
"Three," he corrected, laughingly, "Patsy, Larry O'Toole, and Biddy," pointing to a projecting hook farther down the room from which hung another cage. "Yes, my birds have Irish names. I loved the Irish and lived among them for many years."

And then he drifted into recollections of people and places—the reminiscences that have since been given to the public through the pages of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. The last instalment, that appearing in this issue, was mailed to the publishers only one short week before the venerable author passed away.

"I am afraid that you will find the postscript rather long," he wrote, on March 23rd, "but (of course I am prejudiced) I cannot help thinking that it is quite as interesting as much that has preceded it. I have been very ill, and had to spend half my time either in or on the bed, but I managed to write about

ten pages of the postscript I am sending you to-day, in pencil, while in bed. But it has given me much trouble to decipher, and copy it all off for you, for it was more illegible to me than the handwriting of a perfect stranger. However, I finished yesterday, and I am glad of it. Of course I disobeyed both my doctor and my kind nurse, but I was determined not to disappoint you."

"All I can do now," he said, cheerfully, "is to make scrap-books for my friends. I am making this for a lady in Lowell, for a fair. And while I am working I remember 'People' that I had intended to write about, and I jot down their names." He drew a slip of paper from a table at his left hand, and read the names he had noted—"I will send you the copy next week."



CHAPEL IN THE OBLATE NOVITIATE, TEWKSBURY, WHERE FATHER FOX SAID MASS.

The carefully-written and punctuated manuscript was in itself an object lesson, speaking of the fine courtesy and thought for others that allowed no bodily ills to interfere with the keeping of a promise made three weeks earlier when Father Fox was feeling comparatively well. On that occasion I again had the pleasure of seeing him in his room, still at work, but engaged on a lighter task.

The rosary given to Father Fox by Pope Gregory XVI hung from a gas jet, its amber beads glowing in the light from the window in the recess. This charming corner was so cut off from the rest of the room that it escaped the range of the camera. Amid the ferns, vines and budding hyacinths "Patsy" still swung, carolling blithely; on a bush beneath his cage mounted butterflies swayed, as daintily poised as if they had just fluttered

from the soft green moss massed on a table near by. From this bed of moss steps led upwards to a shrine that Father Fox had built of virgin cork, a miniature copy of the grotto of Lourdes, perfect in every detail from the figure in the shrine to the little Bernadette. Brackets placed her and there held other statues of the Blessed Virgin.

The walls were decorated with specimens of his handiwork — illuminated beading was a piece of work of which the artist seemed to be specially proud. "I cannot hold a needle like I used to," he said, regretfully. "There was a time when I could sew well. A missionary must know how to do many things."

Books and papers were everywhere in evidence, and, in the immediate vicinity of Father Fox's chair, extra accommodation was provided for them on shelves fitted under his desk and table, within

NOVITIATE OF THE OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE, TEWKSBURY, MASS.

writing, water colors, drawings, pen and ink sketches — and treasured souvenirs of notable events in his life, such as the papal benediction on the occasion of his golden jubilee, a framed cablegram expressing the congratulations of Mgr. Merry del Val, a picture of Abbotsford, — yellowed by time,— where Father Fox had said his first Mass, fifty-two years ago.

A pillow cover of brilliant-hued cloth with a border of silk lace and irridescent easy reach. From one of these shelves he drew out what is probably one of the most remarkable autograph collections ever put together. It was a large, thick volume, with strong covers, and many pages — the turning over of which was a delight to the book-lover. Here were autographs from men prominent in many walks of life, and particularly from men of letters — every author of eminence in the past century being represented, and some from long gone ages. One page

held the autographs of Martin Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, John Fox, Calvin, and Knox.

A manuscript poem by Burns, a letter from Alexander Pope, a note from Dickens, the signatures of men high in affairs of state, expressions of regard from princes of the Church, including Newman, Wiseman, Manning; the autograph of a sultan, traced in fantastic characters — these and very many more found place in this wonderful collection.

"Yes, it is valuable in more ways than one," said Father Fox, as he explained and commented, turning from one section to another with the ease of the collector who knows by heart the history of each bit of writing, and can recall every incident connected with his possession of it. "An expert has valued it at from eight hundred to a thousand pounds, at the very least. I have often been asked to give or sell some of the rare specimens in my collection, but I couldn't part with them. When I am gone the book will become the property of the University of Ottawa."

"When I am gone!" The words made one remember what the fascination of turning over the leaves had caused one to forget—that the aged priest must not be over-taxed by a protracted call. It was time to go.

"Good-bye," he said, shaking hands warmly, "God bless you." And then as we turned away, "You know where the chapel is, just outside my door. I showed it to you when you were here before. Take your sister in to see it, and say a prayer for me."

A few weeks later the beloved priest passed away, and was laid to rest in the little cemetery near the Novitiate. Even in the hours of pain and weariness when his mortal life was drawing to a close he retained his interest in the last work his active brain and hand essayed — the writing of the reminiscences.

Incidental references to attacks of illness are frequent in his letters, always with words of thanksgiving for the temporary improvement in health that permitted him to resume his writing. Thus in a recent letter, Father Fox wrote, "I have been very ill again lately, but at my age I must expect these frequent reminders that we have no abiding city here below."

MATER IMMACULATA.

BY JOSEPH L. EARLY.

Nor taint of Heva's primal guilt, nor stain:
Sinless thou art, —God's purpose to attain —
The Virgin-Word hath virgin flesh of thee,
O! spotless Mirror of Divinity.

"THOU HAST BROKEN MY BONDS, O LORD."

(PSALM CXV. 7.)

FOR A POSTULANT, ON HER ENTRANCE-DAY INTO CARMEL.

From Soeur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus,

BY S. L. EMERY.

Thou, Jesus! on this day my earthly bonds hast broken;
In Mary's order old, my soul true goods shall find;
And if to-day "farewell" my quivering lips have spoken
To those who loved me best, so dear, so true, so kind,
Thou, Lord, will be to them far more than I could be;
And Thou wilt deign to win some sinful souls through me.

Jesus! on Carmel I shall dwell,—
Thy love has called Thy child to that oasis fair;
There I desire to serve Thee well,
To love Thee there, and then to die
There! yes, my Jesus, there!

O Jesus! on this day, Thy love my prayer has granted;
Before Thy altar-throne hereafter 'tis my part
Calmly to wait for heaven,—all pain to bear undaunted,—
And, lifting to the rays of Thy white host my heart,
Within that fire of love all *self* to burn away,
And, like a seraph blest, to serve Thee night and day.

Ah, Jesus! 'twill be mine to dwell
One day, with Thee on high, in heaven's bright mansions fair;
There evermore to love Thee well,
To love Thee, and no more to die.
There! yes, my Jesus, there!

EDUCATION IN BONANZA CAMP.

BY THE REV. J. T. ROCHE.

"I'll never forget dear old Bonanza Camp," said Father James, as he settled himself down in his chair for an evening's chat. "It is not the town it was in the old days, but I love it just the same. Give me a miner's camp for big-heartedness and generosity. Its wild life and free and easy habits appeal to me somehow in a way I can scarcely understand. Other men have felt the same. Perhaps because it is a return in a measure to man's primitive condition or a certain sense of freedom from the restraints of modern civilization. I have seen dukes and lords and gentlemen to the manner born, meet and mingle with rough miners on terms of equality, and they seemed to enjoy it immensely.

Old Bonanza had its gambling-dens, its tough resorts and places of iniquity. It had murders by the score; but it had lots of honest, decent hard-working people, who appreciated a man's services if ever a people did. And the children — God bless them, they were as wild as deer, but they were not as bad as you would expect them to be. As I look back, I wonder how it was that so many of them grew up to be good, honest, upright men. A miners' camp is a hard place on children and particularly on the boys.

When I lived there, there was no coin in circulation smaller than a quarter. These were great days. It was two bits or nothing, and some of our Sunday collections would be a surprise to Eastern church-goers. Money was no object there. It was the larger and harder task of bringing the people back to a sense of their religious duties.

There was a fairly good church in the place when I arrived, so I set about the work of building something which was more needed, if possible, than a church. That was a Sisters' school. I felt that in such surroundings it would be the only salvation of the children.

The people took very kindly to the idea. They were careless and indifferent themselves, but they wanted their children brought up right. I have found that no matter how bad most men and women are, they want their children raised in the fear of God.

Within a year I had collected enough money to make a start, and by September of the second year, we were ready to open for work. The children themselves were delighted. I cannot truly say that their delight was based upon motives of religious zeal. They had somehow come to regard the public school as a kind of penitentiary. The teachers had a hard time of it. They were mobbed in the school-rooms and on the streets, and had a bad time of it generally. Poor Molly McCarthy came all the way from Buffalo to teach. She gave it up at the end of a week. The boys dubbed her "snub-nosed Irish Moll," and made life so miserable for her that she was forced to quit. I got her a position in a dry-goods store and she held it for many years.

Well, our school opened with every seat occupied. We started with more than three hundred children, the majority of whom were boys. And such boys! One of the first things they did was to march in a body to the public school and engage in a general fight with their former classmates. Johnnie Gilday was the leader. He is now, I understand, a professor of theology in Baltimore; but he was a bad one in those days. The princi-

pal came to me that evening for an explanation. His face was a sight. The descendants of the Tipperary stone-throwers had done their work well. He was ready and willing to agree to a truce for his boys had gotten the worst of it. The Sisters were almost in despair. Such boys they had never seen before. They respected and reverenced the habit to a certain extent, but their ideas of discipline were very crude indeed. The superior came to me at the close of the the first day. She was ready to resign and go back to the mother-house. She had started in with prayer and while she was praying the trouble began. They had never seen a school opened with prayer before and trouble immediately arose between the boys who wanted to pray and the boys who didn't. It was the same all through the day. They were testing their new teacher's mettle, and the ordeal was a trying one.

The Sisters finally got them more or less under control. It was not an easy job, but they were gritty and the parents of the children stood loyally by them. At the end of the week it seemed as if they would be justified in bringing them in a body to church for Benediction, at the close of the school hours. The church was four blocks from the school and the Sisters led them forth in fear and trembling. That procession is still spoken of by old residents of the camp.

A soft snow had fallen in the morning and conditions were ripe for a grand old snow-balling contest. It was liable to snow in Bonanza on any day of the year. It was over ten thousand feet above the sea, and snow in July was not an uncommon sight.

Well, the procession started out all right, two of the pluckiest bringing up the rear. Johnnie Gilday had shown symptoms of reform, so he was placed in the lead. A block from the starting point they encountered the public-school boys and the war was on. It did not last long. Their adversaries were no match for the children of the fighting race so they scattered and ran for shelter as fast as their legs could carry them.

The boys' fighting blood was now up and nothing could stop them. The Sisters lost control of them entirely. Led by the redoubtable Johnnie Gilday and by another lad just as bad they wandered from the line of march and circled round until they struck Harrison Avenue, the main street of the town. It was a wild and exciting time for the Sisters. Sister Mary Clare was plucky and tried to head them off, but they were too quick for her. Then she gave it up as a bad job, but she stuck to them for weal or woe. The woe element had the upper hand by a big majority. For a brief space they took full possession of Main Street. Everything gave way before them. Old man Brogan was coming down the street, in a condition commonly called fighting drunk. He started in to stampede the crowd but the crowd could not be stampeded. After they had rolled him around in the snow to their hearts' content they left him sitting in the middle of the street without hat or coat. Mrs. Con Murphy came to the door of her bake-shop to protest against the old man's treatment, and was met by an avalanche of snow-balls — which put her out of business for several hours.

They took full and undisputed possession of the street. There were few police in those days, and, like all police, they were not to be found when most wanted. Sister Mary Clare told me afterwards that she felt eternally disgraced, but she could not tell why she did not leave them and go back to the school. Many of the miners on the street enjoyed the boys' prank and fought back. A venturesome lady put her head out of a store door to give the mortified Sisters her opinion of such children. A well-directed snow-ball

hit her in the mouth and she collapsed in a heap. Clothing-store dummies and cigar-store Indians received special attention. The fusilade was general and continuous. There was very little real damage done, but the Sisters felt the disgrace of it very keenly. When they had bombarded Harrison Avenue to their satisfaction, they turned and filed up the street leading to the church. Having arrived there they entered reverently, as if nothing had happened, and waited for what was coming.

I had been told beforehand of what was going on, and was waiting for them in the sanctuary. I had come to understand those children pretty well. You could not frighten them into doing anything. They really feared nothing. I had, however, to make a great show of being displeased, if for no other purpose than to uphold the authority of the Sisters. I told them what I thought of them, in plain words. I tried to impress upon them the fact that it was not themselves alone, but their teachers and the school that they had disgraced in the eyes of the general public.

As I looked down upon their eager, excited, and guilty faces, I felt somehow that I loved them then more than I ever did before. I knew too that love and patience could turn their daring and fearlessness into proper channels. I felt too as I looked at them that if the time ever came when the country needed men to defend its honor and its liberties, it would be grown-up boys of this kind upon whom it would have to depend. So I made them promise there and then that they would never repeat the offence, I made them promise too that they would obey the Sisters in all things, and respect and honor them. And I think the boys kept their promise pretty well. At least we had no serious trouble from that time forward.

I met a Sister from the Bonanza school the other day and she told me that whilst the boys, who attend school there, are still wild and daring, they are, as a class, the most innocent and the best lot of boys morally in any of their schools. Wild boys are not bad boys. In fact I think that at heart I have always been weak enough to admire the lads who took possession of the streets on that day, even if their behaviour did cause us a good deal of worry and annoyance at the time.

THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT FORGET.

BY JEROME HARTE.

Out in the sun a bird tilted on the edge of his nest and thrilled with song and gladness. Somewhere an anvil rang out with steady rhythm, and a nurse-girl in the window across the lawn sang a tuneful song to her charges.

The woman at the garret window was conscious of each sound. She had heard them all so often, and up here in the garret they had a particular note in them, an undercurrent of wild, mad grief that sang to her soul. They sounded so only in the garret, when she was kneeling by the chest beside the window. When she was downstairs, she heard them as one hears dull monotony when one's heart is numb and one's ears are all but unhearing. Up here, it was different.

She untied and tied again a blue ribbon in the neck of a long white dress. Then she folded the wee blue stockings on the dress and laid the wee blue shoes above them. She closed the lid and looked out with hard dry eyes upon the world. The bird had flown away and the nurse-maid was scolding her charges. The anvil rang with crunching vengeance. The woman shut her teeth and gripped her hands. As the anvil pounded, so pounded her leaden heart. Oh, God! the grief of it!—and the justice!

Sometime in the lives of all of us, when grief and terror come, there is a certain savage satisfaction in the self-torture we inflict with that which is often the truth: we have only ourselves to blame! we deserve the anguish that has come to us! The woman knew that she was such a one. God in his justice was wreaking upon her a vengeance from which there seemed no deliverance, and her proud head could only hold itself erect beneath the burden upon which her great eyes looked steadily, with a grief worse than death in the light behind them. She, too, deserved her cross.

Back through the years, her mind traveled. There had been a man, young, ambitious, handsome and noble in his way, but hard, unbending, unchanging in his mind's bend. There had been love for both of them and because of love, a joy not all of earth. That was before the question of religion entered in. With the blind, flint-like bigotry of his Huguenot forefathers, the man hated the Church in which the woman had been reared. It was a bitter, but a short struggle. The woman, ever weaker, ever tenderer, suffered as only a young girl can suffer from love's perverse ways, and then—preferred love to her faith.

That was the first mad step; all other miseries had followed from it. She who had married in the unbelief of her husband could not lightly turn from it again to the true Church. There had been a brief glimpse of Paradise in the honeymoon time, and then, had come repentance. The first few years brought bitter quarrels and struggles, and ever the woman, weaker and more loving, gave in for the sake of peace and hoped for the future.

There was a child. Long she had waited and prayed that, some day, some light would enter and lift the hardness and blackness from her husband's soul. Because it had never come and because she hoped that a child reared in the Catholic Church would bring her some measure of comfort in her old age, she at last hailed the coming of her babe with a joy unspeakable.

Her joy was short-lived. The babe was born and there were stormy scenes

in the ill-starred home, for the man would grant no baptism to his first-born. The woman struggled, weakly, now, and madly, then, and after a time she told herself that she would struggle no longer, but soon, when the storm had blown over and she was stronger and was no longer spied upon, she would herself take her baby, and alone, in secret, dedicate him to God in the true Church.

But she grew strong slowly and she was watched closely and while she waited her baby died—and the mother's soul was damned.

That was long ago. Her fair hair had grown very white and her sad face bore traces of the years. The man, handsome, debonair, and but little grayer and older-looking than the day on which she had quitted God for him, found in the world many things of worth and joy. Religion had now become a subject tabooed by him. He was master of his own house and of his wife's soul. Younger women found him interesting, and the wife perhaps because of the old faith she could not quite forget and because of the new order she had never been quite cowed into accepting, was a being rather to be tolerated than cherished. There were long lonely days for her and long lonely nights and always there was the suffering that sin had brought and the dull madness of a soul that cannot turn to God for comfort. And there was the chest in the garret.

She went down from the garret through the great rooms of the lonely house. They were beautiful rooms and rich, but cold and hard as the clear-cut features of the man who owned them and her. She went out into the sunshine and sat there and thought until dusk. She thought of many things too bitter to set down here.

That night, she said to her husband: "To-morrow, I am going down through the town to the old church on Adams street. And I am going there every day after that. I am going to be a Catholic again."

The man looked at her, coldly. "Very well," he said. "As you please. But when you go to-morrow you need not come back. And I will no longer support you."

"I will choose," the woman said.

That night she did not sleep. The moon was cold and deadly blue and its light hurt her eyes. She went up into the garret and sat with her head upon the little trunk, but she did not weep. She had not shed a tear since that morning when they had lowered the little white coffin into the grave. She was trying to choose.

It was late afternoon when the man came home. The woman was waiting for him at the foot of the veranda steps. She had dressed herself carefully in a trim blue gown and she had on her hat and gloves. Once she had looked very well when dressed this way in blue, but now her curling hair was gray, and her mouth was tense and old at its corners. She had a satchel on the step at her feet.

"Jim," she said, unsteadily, "I have chosen. I am a Catholic again, and I mean to be one before the world."

The man looked at her, coldly. "Very well," he said. "There is the gate. Go and do not return."

She picked up the satchel and went down and opened the gate, alone, and went out. She turned and looked back. There was the house to which she had come, a laughing, frightened girl, when she sold her soul for love of him; up there, above the veranda, were the windows of the room in which her baby was born and in which he died. Her husband had stopped on the bottom step of the veranda to light a cigar. His handsome head was bent sideways and his broad shoulders stooped a little as he lifted the match toward his face. My

God did he mean it? And didn't he care, even a little? He was rich and she was alone. She was old and gray and the health of her youth was shattered. Somewhere, in another city, they were going to take her in at a convent door and she could teach there for the mere pittance that would serve to support her. But was it possible that he cared not at all, even for the sake of their dead baby? Was it possible that now, in her old age, when she had turned back to God for some measure of comfort before death claimed her, he would be as hard and unrelenting as ever?

The dog bounded around the corner of the steps and greeted him. He threw away the match and stooped to caress the animal. The woman lingered. He threw his cane out on the lawn and waited for the dog to bring it back to him; he did not turn his head. He ascended the veranda steps and picked up the evening paper. He went into the house and the woman saw him, still without turning his head, put his hat on the rack and go straight up the stairs. He was whistling and talking to the dog and the whistling sounded from the upper hall and died away at the back of the house; the woman knew that he had gone straight back to his den and she knew, too, that he had not once turned his head.

She closed the gate and stepped along the moving pavement. She had sold her life for a pot of clay and now, only in a just God could she find an hour's reprieve.

GROWING OLD.

BY HONOR WALDRON.

I'm growing old, yes, growing old,
  The world is far away;
The song of bird and whirr of wings
  Fall on dull ears to-day.

'Tis spring, but in my heart, ah me!
  No chord responsive thrills,
Nor moving sap in plant or tree
  My frame with gladness fills.

The shimmering robe of Nature's green
  On bank or young-leaved tree,
No longer moves me inwardly,
  Nor sets my pulses free.

For I am growing old, my dear,
  My day is at its close,
And naught but Peace within me dwells
  As darkness softly grows.

IN SORROW'S NIGHT.

BY HENRY COYLE.

To win the Crown we bear the Cross,
And Joy is born of Grief and Loss;
In Sorrow's night Faith's star shines clear—
"A rainbow sleeps in every tear."

Sad heart, be glad! the night is past,
And Easter morn dawns bright at last;
The mists and shadows roll away,
Look up, rejoice, this happy day!

EXCHANGE HALL, CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE

THE WORLD'S FOOD EXCHANGE.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER ON THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

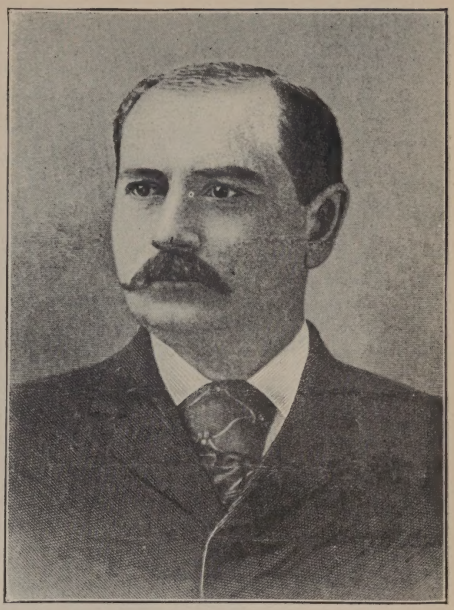
BY P. G. SMYTH.

For some distance in the heart of the city the Chicago street which is named in memory of the gallant Chevalier de La Salle, one of the first white explorers of Illinois, is overhung and shadowed by towering office buildings which give it a narrow, alley-like appearance. Hence this part of the street, extending two or three blocks north and south and crammed with banking concerns, brokers', real estate and insurance offices—the Wall street or Threadneedle of Chicago—is known to many as "The Cañon." It presents an impressively picturesque vista in summer, when the sunlight, slanting over the sky-scrapers, cuts it into triangles of bluish shadow and golden haze. At other times its aspect is dreary and dispiriting, as when it wallows in yellowish gloom under the pall of Chicago's smoke plague, or in winter evenings when the tall buildings loom dismally through the flying snow.

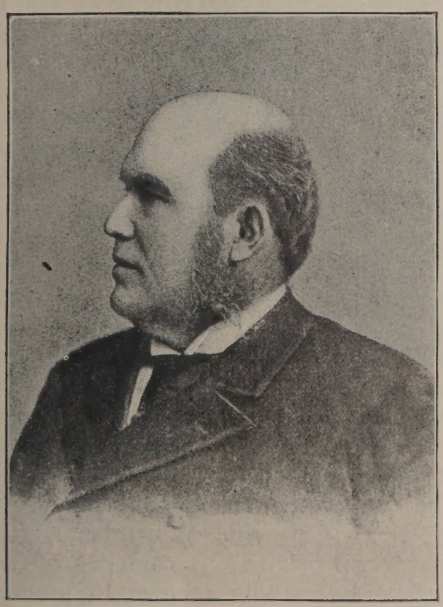
Southward in this vista the view is bounded by a building which looks comparatively insignificant in the perspective, though seeming to stop up the end of the street. This building homes an institution to which at intervals the eyes of the civilized world are directed in amazement, admiration, or alarm, at some new deal or juggle in the food-stuffs on

which mankind depends for its subsistence, some new and daring "corner" which may bring immense wealth to one or to a few, ruin to many, want and distress to hundreds of thousands. For this is the Chicago Board of Trade.

As a typical local product the institution does not, of course, possess any remarkable degree or halo of antiquity. Little more than a half a century ago, when Chicago was a growing border village of wooden houses and rickety sidewalks, about two dozen grain dealers, live stock dealers, vesselmen, lumbermen, commission merchants, and others, were wont to assemble in a little, dingy, low-ceiled room on Dearborn street. What the meetings were for, beyond social intercourse and discussion of the limited news of the day, did not very definitely appear; but each man who attended with any regularity paid a membership fee of five dollars a year. Of the small sum thus levied $110 went for the annual rent of the humble place of meeting, and the little club thus formed audaciously dubbed itself the Chicago Board of Trade. After some time the members began to grow lukewarm in their attendance, whereupon, as an inducement to come on 'change, the directors set forth a daily free lunch of crackers, cheese, and ale. This, however, did not materially increase the membership, but the non-membership enjoyed the arrangement, and the alert hobo of the period drifted appreciatively in from the highway and byway, until at length a guard was placed on the door to exclude him.

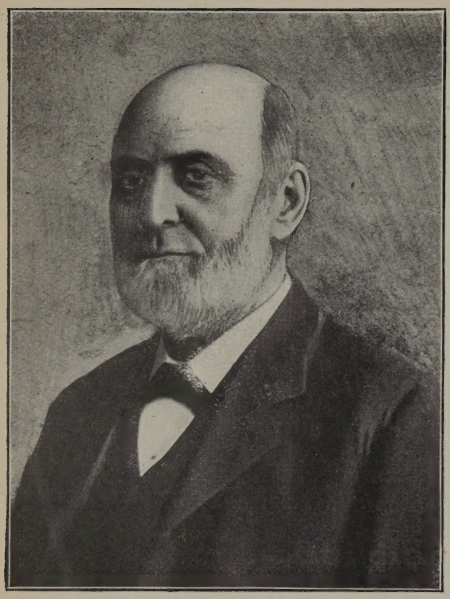


JOHN CUDAHY.



THE LATE PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

Today it would have to be a rather recherche lunch that would engage the attention of brokers or clerks during the bustling hours of 'change. The incipient organization, which was started in 1848, grew spasmodically. A growing sense of dignity caused for a time the abandonment of the cakes-and-ale attraction, but the attendance began to dwindle, and the secretary had again to set forth the festive buffet. The board adopted very useful rules for the measure-



GEORGE W. HIGGINS.
Oldest member Chicago Board of Trade.

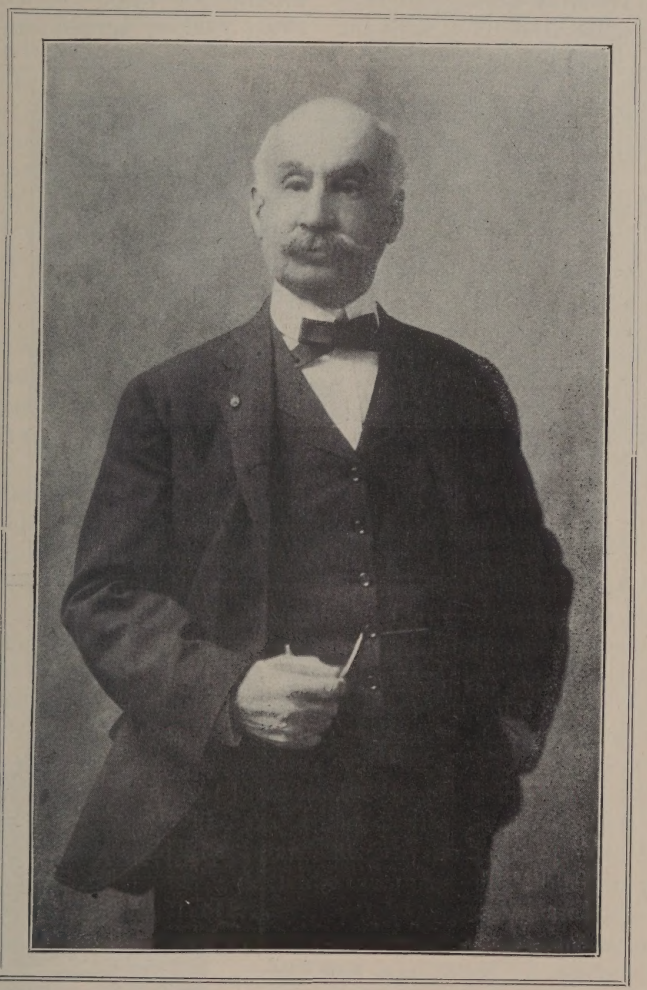
ment of grain in bulk, also for the graduation and inspection of various qualities. It also exercised much practical interest and influence in matters touching the commercial growth and prosperity of Chicago, such as wharves, lighthouses, canal and harbor improvements, the navigation of the Illinois and St. Lawrence rivers and of the great lakes.

In April, 1861, the membership was 725. The outbreak of the Civil War found the board heartily loyal to the Union. Under the auspices of Colonel John L. Hancock, who was president of the board in 1863 and 1864, $10,000 was appropriated for the organization and equipment of the Board of Trade battery, which did active and ubiquitous service during the "unpleasantness." During the war Colonel Hancock enlisted and sent to the front over 30,000 men and turned into the State Treasury several hundred thousand dollars allowed for the payment of bounties. Unselfish and honorable, he declined all reward for his services to the country. In the early seventies he became wealthy. His speculations were soon on a large scale, but the strain of the strenuous speculative life proved too much for him, and during the last ten or fifteen years of his life he was a charge upon his family and friends.

From 1860 the board occupied quarters on South Water street, whence it afterwards moved to much better ones, at Washington and La Salle streets, on the site of the present Chamber of Commerce building, whence it was temporarily driven by the great Chicago fire of 1871. Up to this time the character of the board was that of an association of men of quiet and regular business habits, whose operations lay unexcitingly along the ordinary grooves of commerce. Said recently a veteran of the board, namely Israel P. Rumsey, whose cousin, Julian S. Rumsey, was first president of the regularly organized board and also mayor of Chicago: "Times have changed and trading methods with them. Men did a legitimate business, shipping and receiving, and were generally successful in it. 'Plunging' is not a genuine Chicago product. Strange to say, it was introduced here by men from quiet Milwaukee in the early seventies. The grain business of Chicago was built up before we were cursed with the heavy manipulations which have brought about so many calamities and failures."

About the first noted "corner" on the board was the Lyon wheat deal of 1872, and with it is associated a story of disaster and suicide. Lyon & Company and some other firms combined with some Toronto speculators to buy up several million bushels of wheat, in hopes of making golden profit on the same. The deal was promoted and engineered by T. C. Chisholm, a member of the board, and originally a capitalist of Toronto. Everything seemed to promise well for the daring scheme, when sudden-

ly, as a result of an inspection of the grain, the bankers who were furnishing capital for the enterprise refused to carry out their arrangements, and the corner collapsed, to be followed by failures and suspensions. Among the largest losers in New York. A man of proud and high-strung nature, he sadly bade farewell to his friends in Chicago and set out for the eastern city. On arriving there he found that his stored corn was heated and comparatively worthless. This, the last drop



GEORGE F. STONE,
Secretary Chicago Board of Trade.

was Mr. Chisholm. Two years later, however, he returned to the board and realized $100,000 in a successful barley deal. But thenceforth his losses were steady and frequent until nothing was left him but some corn which was stored in his bitter cup, was more than he could bear. He crossed on the ferry to Brooklyn, strolled down to one of the slips, filled his pockets with stones and threw himself into the water. His corpse was recovered and identified.

Another milestone in the history of speculation on the Chicago Board of Trade is what is remembered as "the lard corner of 1883." Peter McGeoch had been for twenty-five years a successful operator on the Milwaukee Board of Trade when he came to Chicago in 1878 and opened an office. In 1883, with the

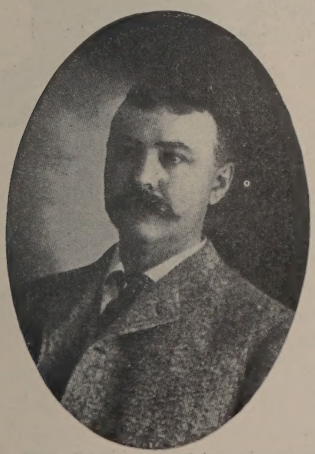
JOHN HILL,
Foe of Bucket Shops.

aid of sundry capitalists and banks, he proceeded to buy enormous quantities of lard, or, in board parlance, to corner it. All went well until he objected to the quality of the lard, 20,000 cases of it, supplied by Fowler Bros.' Anglo-American Packing Company. This aroused doubt and suspicion as to all the lard on the market; the co-operating banks, fearing danger, not only withdrew their further support from the scheme but demanded large margins on the purchases. The "cornerist," in dismay, looked around for help. P. D. Armour, the great packer, agreed to advance McGeoch half a million dollars if Alexander Mitchell of Milwaukee would do the same. Mitchell, who was about to start for Europe, refused, and McGeoch failed for $1,500,000, carrying twenty minor firms with him in his slide to ruin down that mountain of lard. Returning

to Milwaukee, however, McGeoch re-entered speculation and regained wealth and standing.

While the floor of 'change was ringing with the excitement of the abortive lard deal the walls of the present Board of Trade building were creeping up at La Salle street and Jackson boulevard. The edifice, which is of granite, 175 feet wide and 225 feet deep, was designed on a magnificent and palatial scale. Originally it had a handsome tower, 322 feet high to the top of the ship that symbolically surmounted it like a vane and was designed to contain the largest clock in the United States. On account of defects this tower, which gave a finished and picturesque effect to the cañon of La Salle street, had to be partly taken down several years ago, giving the building a stunted appearance and spoiling its plan of architecture. The building, which cost $1,800,000, was commenced in 1882 and was inaugurated with elaborate ceremonies, brilliant oratory, and a magnificent banquet, on the night of Tuesday, April 28, 1885.

A memorable and menacing night was that for the Board of Trade and for Chicago. While the traders and friends and distinguished guests were ranged around

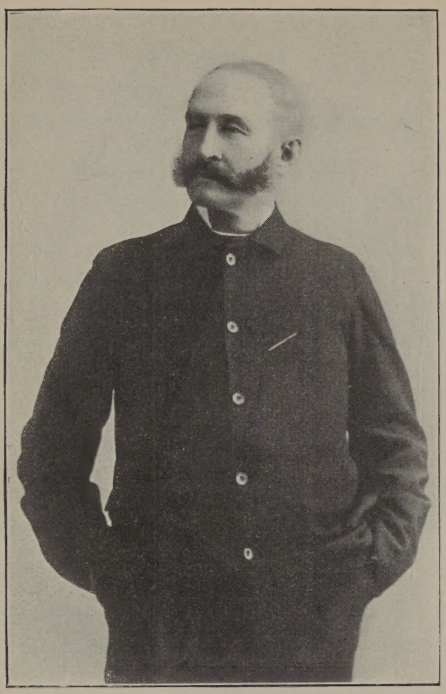


SHERIFF THOMAS E. BARRETT.

"GOVERNOR" WILLIAM YOUNG.

the glittering tables that filled the brilliantly-lighted and decorated new hall of exchange, in full enjoyment of the viands and the wine, they might have heard from without, in the intervals of the oratory, a hoarse, threatening, hungry growl, as of wild animals prowling round a fold. For anarchism, socialism, and communism were aggressively abroad that night in Chicago, in special protest and demonstration against the Board of Trade, or, as the leaders of the mob called it, the "Board of Thieves." An anarchist meeting was called to assemble on Market street, the circular that convened it stating:

"After the ceremonies and sermons, the participants will move in a body to the Grand Temple of Usury, Gambling and Cut-Throatism, where they will serenade the priests and officers of King Mammon and pay honor and respect to



HARRY SCULL.

the benevolent institute. All the friends of the bourse are invited."

At nightfall excited crowds surged towards the appointed rendezvous, where a band played the Marseillaise and other revolutionary airs, and red and black flags floated. Inflammatory speeches were made. Samuel Fielden, an anarchist leader, pointing to the red and black flags, which were borne by female anarchists, said that the red one represented the common blood of humanity—equal rights of blood, whether it coursed in the veins of falsely-named aristocrats or through the veins of tramps or beggars. The other, he explained, was the black flag of starvation, and it was fitting that it should be unfurled when a Board of Trade was being opened, for a Board of Trade meant starvation for the masses—privileges for a few—disqualifications, insult, robbery, everything that was mean and contemptible. The new Board of Trade building, it was said, cost nearly $2,000,000. Before it had been in operation many years it would have cost the people of Chicago and the Northwest a billion dollars.

"Blow it up with dynamite!" yelled a thorough-going anarchist, and a stormy, approving cheer saluted the idea.

"This Board of Trade is an establishment where thieves are at work," continued the speaker, arousing the anger of the human sea around him as a gale arouses the ocean, "and the commercial colleges of this city are the establishments which train these thieves to pray upon the people. Men have paid $5,000 for memberships who have never in their lives earned one single meal. Last summer one of these thieves went on the Board of Trade and came off in twenty-four hours with a million dollars more to his credit in the bank than he had before. Where did he get it?" [A voice: "Stole it from us."] "Yes, he stole it from you and I. The men who have put up the money are not invited to the grand banquet. How long are you going to sit

"OLD HUTCH"

The late Benjamin Peters Hutchinson, from a pen drawing by Farl B. Reed.

down to a 15-cent meal, with a piece of pie thrown in, while these fellows sit down to $20 dishes?"

"We're going anyway." "We'll invite ourselves," shouted the crowd with cheers and laughter, and it looked as if the traders' festive dinner were in imminent danger.

Then came Albert R. Parsons, intense and extreme: "Have we got the right to live? Do we want our natural rights? Then, if you do, let every man lay up a part of his wages, buy a Colt's navy revolver, a Winchester rifle, and learn how to make and use dynamite. Then raise the red flag of rebellion, and strike down to the earth every tyrant that lives upon this globe."

The advice was received with applause and cries of "Vive la Commune," and the crowd, about 2,000 strong, set out, partly in processional order. The band played the Marseillaise, which was sung in French, English and German. The program was to sing the hymn at the very door of the Board of Trade, so that the men at the twenty-dollar plates might hear it. There were exclamations, some of surprise and admiration, but mostly of wrath, disgust and menace, as the crowd came in sight of the brilliantly-illuminated structure. They were not permitted, however, by the police, to approach within more than a block of it, and had to content themselves with making a wide circuit and dispersing. It afterwards transpired that many of them were armed that night with revolvers and many with nitro-glycerine bombs and cartridges to be used in case of conflict with the police.

A year and a week after the inauguration banquet and strange anarchistic investment of the Board of Trade came the Haymarket riot—when the anarchists resented with a bomb the attempt of the police to disperse their meeting—resulting in deaths and maimings and the subsequent execution of Parsons and three others.

Despite the occasional storms of proletariat prejudice against the great grain exchange its membership has included many whose lot would scarce be envied by the most wild-eyed enemy of law and order.

Many have sought to use the Board of Trade as a commercial Monte Carlo, and as a Monte Carlo it has used them, entailing the loss of fortune and honor, the destruction of home and happiness, the pangs of ruin and despair, with occasionally, as we have seen, the introduction of the red spectre of suicide. Once in a while comes the report of the discovery of the dead body of a trader or broker, the victim of his own hand, perhaps in some quiet spot in the parks; his brother brokers shake their heads, exchange reminiscences of him and comments on the cause of his downfall, and the affair soon becomes a dim memory. Some ruined members bring home more closely to their fellows the shadow of their doom, as instanced when an unfortunate man walked across the floor of 'change and shot himself in the screened-off washroom. It is only a year or so ago since a married member killed himself at the door of the residence of a woman who had wrecked his fortune and domestic happiness. But probably the proportion of suicides on the board is not in excess of that in other speculative business; the average trader seems to be of tougher and more elastic stuff than the kind that seeks refuge in felo de se.

Some notable cases have occurred, pitiful and pathetic, though illustrating the folly and baseness of despair. In 1868, A. de Belloy, a Parisian gentleman, handsome and highly-cultured, appeared in Chicago and began to speculate on the board. He possessed some peculiar talents; as a skilful mesmerist he had given convincing exhibitions before the lead-

ing medical society of Philadelphia. In Chicago he attained much popularity and high social standing. He was, however, generally unsuccessful in his business deals, and was at length ruined in capital and credit by trade fluctuations caused by the Franco-Prussian war.

One day, his last dollar gone, De Belloy walked into Kirchoff's beer tunnel, then a favorite resort of traders, politely apologized to the bartender for the temporary inconvenience he was about to cause, and shot himself dead. When some members of the board brought the corpse home to the bereaved wife and infant son they found there was in their home scarce food enough for a single meal. A charitable lady kindly interested herself in the poor widow and helped keep the wolf from the door.

One month later came a notification from the French government to its consul in Chicago, that, by the death of an elder brother, A. de Belloy had been left a fortune of $2,000,000 and the title of marquis. To both wealth and title the claim of the suicide's infant son was in due time fully proven, and in less than six months after the tragic passing of De Belloy his family were living in the elegant and aristocratic luxury which they enjoy to this day.

One of the chief show-places of Chicago is Exchange Hall of the Board of Trade during business hours, which are from 9 a. m. until 1.15 p. m.—until noon Saturdays. It is in area 161 by 144 feet and 80 feet high, with two entrances, north and south, with galleries, public and private, over one, and an official gallery over the other. To a first visitor in the gallery the alarming impression is that of a wild, many-sided, free-for-all battle or series of battles between hosts of raging lunatics. Men, young and old, struggle towards each other yelling fiercely and shaking their fists and fingers, and suddenly stopping, as if at the crucial moment of conflict and slaughter, to scribble furiously on cards. In the center of the hall are the "pits," octagonal spaces enclosed by raised tiers of steps on which the brokers crowd and frantically shout and gesticulate, all facing inward, giving the idea that some poignantly-interesting encounter, dreadful manslaughter or red murder, is being perpetrated. The largest is the celebrated and historic wheat pit, a commercial maelstrom in which many a golden fortune has been made and lost. Beyond it is the corn pit, smaller and not so noisy, and adjacent is the quiet provision pit with its little circle of undemonstrative brokers, a place, compared to the wheat crater, generally as a monastery unto a madhouse. On the east side of the hall are a number of tables covered with samples of grain, etc. On the west side are about a hundred telegraphers, making a noise like a continuous rattle of musketry; they are kept busy during trading hours receiving and sending messages, direct wires connecting the board with all the principal cities in the United States and with all the leading commercial exchanges. Messenger boys rush about, and the floor is yellow with torn telegrams, lying thick as autumn leaves.

It is certainly an exciting scene of activity, uproar, frantic struggle for the dollar. It vividly impressed the Irish cartoonist, Harry Furniss, well-known for his parliamentary sketches in the London Punch, and it also gave another cartoonist, De Fornaro, some piquant subjects for his pencil. And it rather dangerously impressed a wandering crank, one Cassius Belden, who somehow made his way into the official gallery during trade hours, on September 27, 1893. Amazedly the crazy man surveyed the seething, shouting crowd; then, drawing a revolver, he proceeded to blaze away. Bang, bang!—"bulls" and "bears" precipitately deserted the pits and broke for

shelter from the firing, hustling and falling over one another in their haste. Three bullets had found their billets—a veteran broker named Amie Bennett, a lady in the visitors' gallery, a telegraph boy—when a nimble, dark-haired young man rushed up the stairs, seized and disarmed the marksman, and with some assistance subdued him. A subscription was afterwards made up for Mr. Bennett, whose hurt was the most serious, and who is now an employee of the board. The young man who seized the crazy individual was "Tom" Barrett, an Irish-American, broker, baseball player and general favorite. Some years ago he ran for political office; he was elected by a large majority—the only successful candidate on his party ticket—and the Hon. Thomas E. Barrett is now sheriff of Cook county, which contains the city of Chicago.

Among the crowd on the floor are several gentlemen of patriarchal appearance, most of whom sit and quietly watch the scene of bustle. Says Alonzo J. Cutler, who conducted some famous million dollar deals for the late "Ed" Pardridge: "Those old fellows you see lingering on the floor are not trading on their own account but doing commission work for other people; that is why they have managed to live so long, for otherwise it is a killing life and the strain is too great to stand."

These old-timers are full of reminiscences, and among the giants of speculation that figure most prominently in their stories of three or four decades ago are "Governor" William Young, Asa Dow, Billy Murry, Nat Jones, and Ira Holmes.

"Honest Bill" Young was at one time lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin. He had a palatial residence in Milwaukee, but came to Chicago daily to attend the board, and lively were the card games on the train during his going and coming. He was more than six feet high and heavy in proportion, with long reddish side whiskers of the kind made familiar by Du Maurier's "Taffy," and he carried a heavy cane, usually with the handle crooked over his arm. He was a principal in the big pork corner of 1872 and the big wheat corner of 1876, in which latter he made an independent fortune. He was always a firm believer in higher prices for breadstuffs and wore as a watch-charm a large gold bull which he had cast out of gold coin won from the bears. His commissions ran as high as $300,000 in a year, and at one time his fortune exceeded a million. Yet when he died, in April, 1895, it was said his estate amounted to hardly $100,000.

Asa Dow was some thirty years ago corn king of the West, controlling the trade of the entire country. He was twice president of the board. He was strong physically and mentally, hearty, whole-souled, vigorous, and inclined to conviviality, of which boon companions took advantage. On his election to the presidency in 1879 he was in the heyday of his fame. A large and unlucky wheat deal—which afterwards cost the speculator "Jim" Keene $2,000,000—was the beginning of Mr. Dow's downfall, and the last fifteen years of his life were a struggle against adversity. When his accounts were looked into after his death, which occurred Sept. 23, 1890, the balance was found to be on the wrong side.

W. H. or "Billy" Murray, the first man who ever bought a million bushels of grain in a single bid on the board, was a dashing and daring speculator, who was often known to start in with $250, covering 25,000 bushels of grain, and by doubling up to clear from $400,000 to $500,000 in two or three months. He was an elegant dresser and a gourmand, an appreciative hunter for delicacies at Tom Andrews' and Schlogl's restaurants. Fortunes came and went with him with dazzling rapidity. Finally, after one long and

disastrous campaign, they went to stay. Then this intrepid plaything of fortune went for a rest to a winter resort, the Mexican Gulf hotel, then run by his friend Frank Maginn, at Pass Christian, (Miss.) and there he died in ordinary circumstances early in 1894.

In the early eighties the wheat market was well nigh controlled by the "Big Four," consisting of "Nat" Jones, Norman B. Ream, John Cudahy, and C. J. Singer, who instituted the system of "investment short selling," getting the premium for future delivery over the cash prices of wheat. Jones who was at the head of a commission house with office expenses of nearly $1,000 a day and income of corresponding ratio, made a rapid and princely fortune and was considered a multi-millionaire. On the fashionable North Shore drive he built a magnificent residence at a cost of $225,000. The fever of success drew him to New York to try his luck on a larger scale in the stock market. After brief success there the tide turned and he lost all. His castle, which he had never occupied, he sold at a great sacrifice to the late General Torrence. After a few years' desperate but vain struggle to regain his fortune his health went also, and in a Chicago hospital, in the early spring of 1895, he died in the arms of his wife, whom in the glow and glitter of wealth and popularity he seemed to have neglected or forgotten. He lies buried in Calvary.

In the seventies the wizard of the pits, whose exploits were a wonder and an admiration to the people of Chicago, was Ira Holmes. He had failed as a banker, but had afterwards paid all claims in full. As a speculator he was bold and gigantic in his operations. Seven or eight million bushels of wheat formed his ordinary trading line, and his ordinary daily loss or gain ran about $200,000. He died at Milwaukee in March, 1895, without a dollar.

Such are the kind of plunger championship stories one hears from the veteran occupants of the cane-bottomed chairs in the now historic exchange hall of the Chicago Board of Trade. They, almost one and all, have the same drearily instructive ending, telling of final disaster and poverty.

But there is one peculiar personality around which the light of reminiscence plays strongest, one strange and eccentric character whose memory is long destined to linger in these precincts. In the sixties, Benjamin Peters Hutchinson came to Chicago from Lynn, Mass., where he had been a shoemaker. In 1868 he and George W. Higgins—now about the oldest member of the board—built the first packing houses at the celebrated Union stock yards, thus laying the foundation of Chicago's world-famous Packingdom, the queer trading methods of whose bosses, by the way, are now attracting the critical attention of the federal government. "Old Hutch," as they called him, was more than six feet tall, lean and angular, with large hands and feet, eyes cold and clear, a prominent hooked nose, and thin, beardless lips. He was of the traditional Yankee type, cool, shrewd, calculating, a close student of men and things. Versatile in tastes he could quote copiously from the poets, compound a cocktail, or cook a chop, with the same gusto and correctness. His frugality even in times of affluence led him where, for a nickel, he could get a glass of beer and a free lunch; his generosity rescued many a hard-pressed trader with the prompt and free use of tens of thousands of dollars. He had a fondness for music, which he gratified at the spectacular operatic opening of the Auditorium by buying himself the cheapest seat he could get, away in the furtherest gallery, where he smiled serenely at the banter of those who recognized him. He loved children and hated bores and frauds. He never

had his photograph taken; the only portrait of him in existence is said to be a pen drawing made by Earl B. Reed, an artistic broker. In the Kent building, opposite the Board of Trade, "Old Hutch" rented rooms and established what he called the Century Club. Here he entertained his old friends and their friends free of charge, and occasionally he would don the chef's white cap and apron and do the cooking, in which he found pleasure and recreation. Welcome at all hours was the man, be he millionaire or pauper, who avowed honest admiration for the Hutchinson chop or cocktail, but swift and unceremonious was his exit if the "old man" surmised that his praise was hypocritical or plausible.

A man of iron frame and wonderful energy, Benjamin Peters Hutchinson daily visited the stock yards at daylight, got exact information as to shipments and receipts, walked the three miles back to the city, ate an enormous breakfast, and appeared fresh and alert on 'change while men young enough to be his grandchildren were still drowsy. He liked to be considered harsh and hard, even mean. A "blackboard boy"—his duty being to chalk up trade returns—who was the only support of his mother and two little sisters, died suddenly of pneumonia. "Go away!" gruffly said "Old Hutch" to a broker who approached him with a subscription list. "I have no patience with beggars. If the boy wasn't a fool he wouldn't have caught cold. What do I care about his mother?"

That broker and many others said and thought severe things about this refusal. But when the committee went out to attend the boy's funeral they found "Old Hutch" seated on the front steps of the house of death. He had paid all the funeral expenses and, moreover, lifted a mortgage of $450 which lay on the boy's home. "Give what money you have collected to the boy's mother; she will need it," he said to the man at whom he had stormed a day or two before, and without another word he arose and went his way.

He had a frank and vigorous contempt for what he considered shams, no matter by whom advanced. His son Charles, president of the Corn Exchange bank, and Greek consul in Chicago, once made a speech, wherein he lauded the Board of Trade as of vast benefit to the farmer, and, on the whole, a rather philanthropic institution.

"Did you hear what Charlie said?" derisively cried the old man, next day, in a crowd of amused brokers. "Did you ever hear the like? Charlie says we're all philanthropists. Why, bless your souls"—he did not say "bless"—"we're gamblers—just plain, downright gamblers! You're a gambler, and you, and you"—pointing to several in turn—"and I'm a gambler!"

Probably most of the old man's hearers agreed with him, each in a greater or less degree. But there came a time when many of them, to their dolor, had ample reason to dissent from "Old Hutch's" classification of himself as a gambler; however it might fit themselves, he seemed to them to be anything but that, at least as regarded that particular and memorable crisis.

It happened one day in 1888 that an unusually intrepid and tenacious agent sold Mr. Hutchinson an accident insurance policy. Two days later Mr. Hutchinson fell downstairs in the Sherman building and broke his collar bone. The accident confined him to bed for a long time, but he resignedly chuckled at receiving fifty dollars a week from the insurance company and thinking how he had got the best of the bargain, and he devoted much of his time to studying copiously and closely the returns of current crop conditions the world over. As

soon as he was well and about he announced that "the world was short on wheat." He told it in his son's bank, and nobody paid any attention; he repeated it in "Conley's place," and the brokers he met there merely expressed their pleasure at seeing him well; a little later he declared it on 'change, but it fell on heedless ears.

It was then "Old Hutch" started the great wheat corner of 1888. He found September wheat at eighty-five cents a bushel, and he proceeded to buy, predicting that it would go ten cents higher. And it did so, and kept going up. "Buy wheat, and more wheat," was his advice to all. At length he found that the "shorts" had sold him millions of bushels they had no possibility of delivering unless by buying it back at his own price. "Plenty of wheat here by settling day," was their boast and hope; but there was not, for "Hutch" headed off the shipments by large buying orders at Duluth and other big outside receiving points, paying prices that left no inducement to send the grain to Chicago. His anxiety was to find how much the poorer class of "shorts" could stand without "going broke;" his directions to his brokers were: "Give every man a show; don't hurt anybody." When his friends who believed in him had taken his advice and bought wheat he sent up the price again, two cents one day, two more the next, then a jump of twenty-one cents. At length wheat touched $1.25, and it was only two days till settling day.

Frantic, pleading men gathered round the placid and taciturn old "boss of the pits," anxious to know when the advance would stop. He sat in his favorite chair, tilted back, imperturbably viewing the pandemonium. To all he quietly said: "Come in out of the rain and settle, boys, while it is time. To-morrow, September wheat will be $1.50, and it will be $2 on settling day."

Several old friends who sought to profit by the increase were allowed by himself personally—nobody else having the power or authority—to buy wheat at $1 and $1.25 in 25,000 and 50,000 bushel lots, which in a couple of days they resold at big profit at $1.50 and $2. But to many he turned an unsympathetic ear. "If you want wheat," he told them, "go into the pit and buy it; you sold it there, and now you may buy it there"—ay, buy it at his own set price, for, unintentionally though he had cornered the market, he was now taking full and grim advantage of his opportunity. "I am not after the lame ducks," he declared; "the chaps I wanted were the smart ones that have been trying to down me for ever so long, and now that I've got them I'll make them howl." It was understood that he specially alluded to the already mentioned "big four," namely, Jones, Cudahy, Singer, and Ream, and it was subsequently understood that he had "got them."

When the bell boomed the closing hour on settling day, its voice sounding as a knell of despair to many, wheat was at $2 and "Old Hutch" was winner by a sum generally accepted as between two million and four million dollars. He had worked his tremendous deal with tact and mercy; out of it came no gigantic failures, just two minor suspensions.

Not long after his memorable corner the old speculator gradually retired from the brain-killing struggle, of which he was now to pay the penalty. Of the enormous sums made by him on the board it is said that about $500,000 was saved to his family. His steely mental grip pitifully relaxed and the peace of death came to him a few years ago in a sanitarium at Geneva, Wisconsin.

Probably it was the success of Hutchinson that induced N. K. Fairbank, the great soap manufacturer, the very next year to start a new wheat corner. But this fresh bulling of the market antagon-

ized the whole trade, including Hutchinson and Armour. One morning, after having vainly tried to get out of the deal, Fairbank went to the Chicago club and sought diversion in a game of whist. While playing he received a short message from his brokers: "Corner broken." Quietly remarking that he was out $500,000, he proceeded with the game. Next the noted merchant plunger, "Ed" Pardridge, appeared on 'change and made some gigantic deals which attracted world-wide attention. He died in 1896, leaving an estate worth two million dollars; but this, almost entirely in real estate holdings and including little cash, was rather saved from than made in the vortex of speculation.

The summer of 1893, the panicky World's Fair summer, caused much tribulation on 'change. The chief event was the Cudahy failure. The name Cudahy, well and widely known commercially, was made one of general interest some years ago, when a young scion of the family was kidnapped for ransom. John Cudahy, a native of Callan, Kilkenny county, Ireland, began work in the American packing industry at the age of fourteen. In 1875 he came from Milwaukee to Chicago and by and by became one of the "big four" on the Board of Trade. Like McGeoch, of Milwaukee, nearly twenty years before, "Jack" Cudahy slipped to disaster down a mountain of lard. He had got control of the lard market of the world, when, unable to raise money enough to keep up the price, he had to let the slippery article go, and the result was failure for $1,600,000.

Among those who were ruined by the lard deal failure was Nelson Van Kirk, aged, tall and spare, with pointed beard and twinkling grey eyes, a man who always scrupulously met his obligations and who commanded the respect of his fellow brokers. Unable to meet a clearing-house balance of less than $300 and unwilling to borrow the trifling sum from his friends, he bought a cheap revolver with the few dollars he had left. Shortly after noon on August 4, 1893, or three days after the Cudahy failure, Mr. Van Kirk was found dead on a couch in his office in the Rialto building, the revolver clutched in his hand and a bullet hole in his right temple.

John Cudahy's friends came to his rescue, and he undertook to pay off his immense debt in three instalments, to run over five years. He faithfully kept his contract, the last instalment being paid on August 18, 1898, and he is now the most prominent man on the board. He is a generous patron of the local Visitation and Aid Society, which looks after destitute families. Some years ago his brother Michael made a gift of $50,000 to the Catholic University at Washington. A particular friend and ally of Mr. Cudahy is the genial and philanthropic Harry Scull, one of the best known men on 'change, a professed English imperialist married to a talented Irish nationalist, who humorously says she married him "to avenge the wrongs of her distressed country."

It was on the day after All Fools', 1897, that Joseph Leiter, restless and energetic son of the multi-millionaire, Levi Z. Leiter, came and implored broker George B. French to buy him wheat. Then ensued a pyrotechnic round of speculation and price-raising, a conflict of financial giants, that kept the world wondering for more than a year. Mr. Leiter had at his back his father's millions; his brother-in-law, the Hon. George Curzon, afterwards Viceroy of India, held a British government position that made him well acquainted with the world's crop conditions. The name of "the young bull king" was soon a household word. In six months he bought over 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, and he expected to get that much more in De-

cember, the price in the meantime rising from 72 7-8 cents to $1.09. The rejoicing American farmer looked upon "Joe" Leiter as a true apostle of posterity. The busy young man was regarded as a pillar of finance, a beacon of speculation.

But there was another and an older grain king, who was not readily inclined to yield his sceptre. This was Philip D. Armour, high ruler of "Packingdom." He saw that Leiter and his bull following were bound to buy in all the December wheat that offered, which would result in much yawning emptiness in the great Armour elevators, towering over the then malodorous Chicago river. "Uncle Phil" knew that there was much wheat in Minneapolis, Duluth, and other centres. But how to get it to Chicago, now that winter was well in and the frost was sealing up the waterways? Quick to act, Armour sent forth telegrams, agents, and checks, buying all the available wheat, chartering all the available vessels. Big grain boats making for their winter berths in Chicago were stopped and turned back for cargoes to Duluth, and tugs were sent to break up the forming ice. The large vessels filled with grain crunched safely through to Chicago; train and canal boats were also utilized; and soon in the Armour elevators in Goose Island and elsewhere was piled up a formidable answer to "Joe" Leiter, who now, instead of the 5,000,000 bushels he expected, had to accept 9,000,000 bushels on pain of being dethroned as "bull king" and losing his money.

Despite this setback, Leiter retained his nerve, likewise his faith in the policy of making costlier the staff of life of mankind. He continued buying and by the end of May, 1898, he had handled in all, 40,000,000 bushels. It was the most gigantic operation and covered the longest trading period the world had ever seen. Shortly after the beginning of the war with Spain he succeeded in again putting up the price. Foreigners commenced buying, and the price went to $1.85 a bushel, or $1.20 1-4 above the lowest level.

Had the dashing young grain gambler sold out now he could have quit with at least $5,000,000 profit. He contemplated doing so, and was even arranging the details of a recuperative trip to Europe. But now from all directions came tumbling in huge cataracts of wheat. Tickled as it were into special fertility by the tempting Leiter price, the inexhaustible West poured forth nearly a million bushels a day. Even Russia, which had been guaranteed absolutely bare of wheat—possibly the artful Muscovite imposed on Mr. Leiter's brother-in-law—found that she could spare the rest of Europe 4,000,000 bushels a week at the seductive figure set by Mr. Leiter, though bread riots raged in Spain and Italy. Leiter senior, growing nervous, refused to put any more of his treasured millions into the deal. Amid a howling pandemonium of bulls and bears the greatest wheat corner on the Chicago Board of Trade collapsed ignominiously, June 13, 1898, and Joseph Leiter had lost $9,000,000.

The newspapers, which had praised young Mr. Leiter as one of the ablest speculators of the century, now derided him as an arrant fool, a plucked pigeon, a rash, conceited, harmful juggler with the price of the people's food. He vanished from the scene of his triumph and defeat, promising to settle with his creditors later on, and since then he has been frequently heard of in various circumstances, from attending Harry Lehr's noted "monkey dinner" at Newport to engaging in pitched battle with his striking workmen.

Within the last year or so the two men who supplied the sinews of war in that great money fight have passed off the stage of life, namely, Levi Z. Leiter and

Philip D. Armour. The latter, who was born at Stockbridge, Madison county, N. Y., was long a great power in the commercial world of Chicago. He made his first money gold-digging in California, after which he entered the packing business in Milwaukee, and soared into wealth on the crest of the Civil-War boom in pork. In 1868 he established business in Chicago, with branches at Kansas City and elsewhere, and eventually controlled business with an annual output of $90,000,000, making his name as a great food-purveyor familiar all over the earth. He built and endowed the Armour Institute, Chicago, opened in September, 1893, at a cost of about $2,500,000, under the presidency of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus. It costs about $100,000 a year to keep the institution going, and the number of students each year is about 1,100.

At the close of 1902 a young plunger named George H. Phillips started a corner in November corn and entered on a career of speculation, which, though brilliant and vivid for a while, ended in disaster. Once in a while the wealthy and speculative John W. Gates plays on the board as he would play on the race-track and arouses temporary interest and sensation.

Of late, however, a case has arisen which seems to signalize the passing of the corner, the extinction of the power to create fictitious prices in the market of the world's food supply, with the abolition also of certain attributes of the Board of Trade that went to maintain that power. In 1902, a big "oats corner" was run on the board by Mayor James A. Patten of Evanston and Bartlett H. Frazier, which had the effect of sending July oats to sixty-four cents a bushel. Among those caught in the squeeze were Waite, Thorburn & Company who refused to pay this corner price and applied in court for an injunction to prevent Bartlett, Frazier, and others from appropriating the complainants' margins—the money put up by them in the banks—as they were about to do by authority of a committee of the board. The firm of Waite, Thorburn & Company was later suspended by the directors on failure to respond to claims against them growing out of a famous Gates corner in corn. The suit against the engineers of the oats corner dragged along for two years. Then, in last September, a startling decision was rendered by Judge Axel Chytraus, a decision which is by many considered as sounding the death knell of corners on the Board of Trade and greatly curtailing the powers hitherto exercised by that body. The judge ruled that operators in corners had no right to compel those with whom they had open trades to pay the corner price, and that buyers might settle at the actual market value. Said the court: "The high prices in the pit were artificial prices brought about by the artifice of man, by means of a system of rules and regulations upon the natural supply of and demand for the oats. The effect of this was to create on the last day of 'delivery' of oats a 'stalled' condition of the market and artificial prices much above the intrinsic worth of oats in a free and public market." While acknowledging the right of the board's directors to discipline rule-breaking members by fine, suspension or expulsion, he denied their authority to pass upon rights where property was involved, including margins or money. And he scouted the idea that anybody should be compelled against his will to submit to the ruling of a body so weak and impotent that witnesses might testify falsely before it without danger of temporal punishment, a body that could not even compel the attendance of witnesses or the production of necessary books and documents.

It was a heavy blow, tending to de-

molish the ancient and often sinister system of corners and even to shake the basic principles of the board itself. The case has been appealed to the Supreme Court, upon whose decision now rests the fate of a school of speculation which has by turns excited the suprise, admiration and anger of the world.

To give the Chicago Board of Trade its due, it is, in a legitimate manner, of vast benefit to the great grain-growing West, to the producer and the consumer, tending to equitably adjust prices and to effect a regular and generous distribution of the food supply. Last year it handled over 27 million bushels of wheat, 102 million corn, 74 million oats. It has curbed the elevator monopoly. Under the detective auspices of John Hill it has done much to suppress the pernicious system of bucket shops, by which foolish speculators were long victimized and plundered. It has about 1,800 members, mostly young men, able and hearty. A membership is now worth about $3,200. The annual fee, which fluctuates, is $75. Most of the younger men who daily yell and raise fingers on 'change are employees of various grain-broking firms; frantic though they appear, they are personally unconcerned; so long as they draw their salaries they care not if the heavens fall.

Secretary George F. Stone, now in his twenty-first year of office, is a native of Newburyport, Mass. In 1873-4 he was president of the Boston Corn Exchange. He came West in 1876, and in the World's Fair year delivered the address of welcome to the congress of boards of trade of America. A genial, cultured, observant Easterner, he has this to say regarding the alleged crimson thread of suicide that runs through the history of the board: "There are less cases of suicide arising from depression among members of this board than in any other class. Their business experience is such that disaster does not discourage them. Changes in the market do not affect them so much as others; by their habits of business they are fortified against adverse financial happenings. Men who are ordinarily depressed and disheartened may in moments of weakness be led to self-destruction by violent changes in business affairs or in values; but the average board of trade man is of other metal; he is hopeful and looks upon the bright side of things, and in case of disaster his first impulse is to consider that better times will come, and that 'to-morrow will be another day.'"

As a general thing, under charge of its ordinary attendant members of the board, the pot of speculation boils orderly and normally. It is usually when a venturesome witch, in the shape of an impetuous outside "plunger," rushes into the charmed circle and throws in such potent ingredients as a few million dollars, that the cauldron furiously seethes and bubbles, creating a turmoil which the world views with amazement and out of which the rash "weird sister," who creates it, generally emerges with tattered skirts and empty pockets.

GRANDMOTHER.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Nearer to heaven as the years go by,
  Led by the guiding Hand;
Silver the locks that once were gold,
  Watching the dropping sand:
But dearer and fairer than ever before
  To the heart of her stalwart son,
Who sees in her eyes of faded blue,—
His boyhood's love,—the eyes he knew.

Slower the hands in the knitting work,
  Stiff with the clasp of Time;
Fading the home scenes meet her now,
  Under the old home-vine:
But dearer and fairer than ever before
  To the gray head bent at her side,
Who sees but the hands he pressed so tight,
One far, far eve, on his wedding night.

Clearer the Sabbath church bells sound,
  Down through the hush of yore,
Bidding her come in the early morn
  Where loved ones meet once more:
But dearer and fairer than ever before
  To husband and wife as one,
The face of the Christ and His promise true:
"Some day, beloved, I come for you."

EASTER PRESAGE.

BY MARY WEST.

O riotous roses!
What tidings? What message?
Your voice is the presage
Of gladness to be!

O languorous lilies!
What dreams stir your bosoms?
Look up little blossoms
And whisper to me.

A radiant rose soft blowing,
When Easter dawn was nigh,
In voice with rapture glowing,
Made tremulous reply—
"The heart of Christ shall bear me,
The spear-point's wound to trace,
The living God shall wear me,
Triumphant Love to grace."

I saw the lily gleaming,
The Shadowed Valley's flower,
It murmured, gently dreaming
Of Resurrection's hour,—
"More blest than life's brief blossom,
Upon His pains surcease,
The Lord within His bosom,
Shall keep my kiss of Peace!"

That morn I marked them greeting
The Risen Lord Who came,
Upon the altar meeting
In sacramental flame;
And then I knew the message
They brought me from above,—
Tho' Life or Death the presage,
Yet He is God of Love!

EASTER LILLIES.

Rev. Edward P. Hickey. Rev. Geo. F. Hickey. Rev. Wm. D. Hickey. Rev. Chas. A. Hickey. Rev. John F Hickey.
Martha Hickey. Patrick Hickey (Fathe). Johanna Hickey (Mother). Sister Mary Annunciata, S. N. D. (Mary K. Hickey).

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Some weeks ago The Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati, Ohio, published a picture and sketch that attracted much attention all over the country. Through the courtesy of the Rev. John F. Hickey, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati, Donahoe's has the privilege of presenting to its readers a copy of the original photograph of a remarkable family group. The account printed by our contemporary is a deeply interesting history of parental devotion and sacrifice, as the call of the Church drew six children from the home circle. We wish that space permitted of re-publication in full.

The death of Mrs. Johanna Stanton Hickey, in Cincinnati, some weeks ago, was deeply mourned in the community where she was known familiarly as "the mother of five priests and one religious."

At the funeral four of the sons served as pallbearers. They were Father Edward Hickey, pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Middleton; Father John Hickey, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cumminsville; Father Charles Hickey, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Dayton, and Father George Hickey, irremovable rector of St. Mary Church, Urbana.

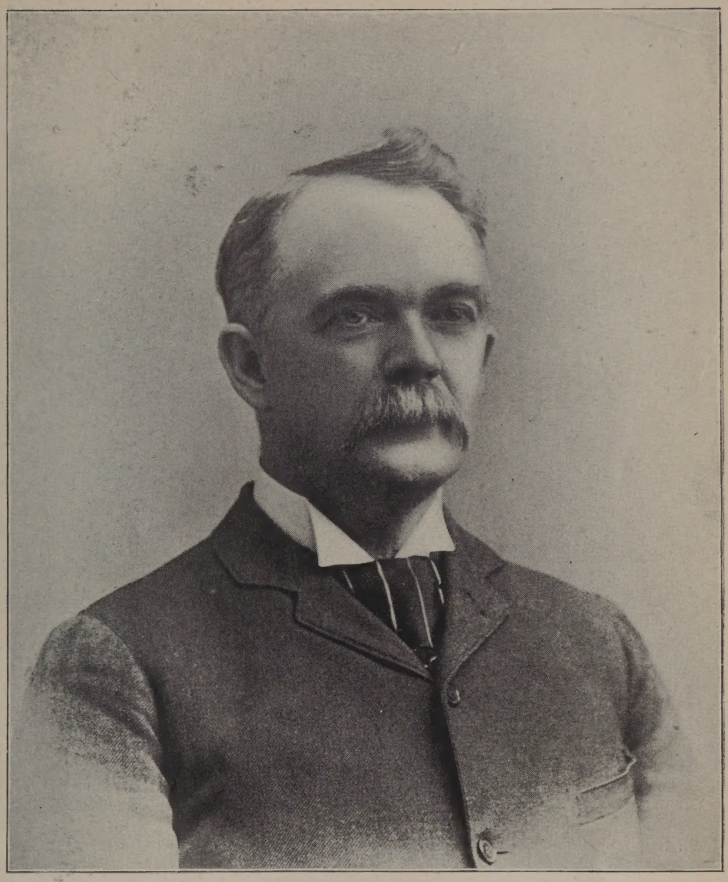
The oldest son, Father William Hickey, walked with his sister, Miss Martha the only daughter at home. Fathers Edward, William and George were the celebrants of the Solemn Mass of Requiem and Fathers Charles and John were the deacons of honor to Archbishop Moeller. In the sermon it was remarked that the spectacle of five sons officiating as priests at their mother's funeral had never before been seen in this country, and seldom in the world.

The mother was laid to rest in St. Joseph Cemetery, at the side of her husband, and over their remains falls the shadow of the family monument, a Celtic cross.

The sons returned at once to their posts of duty. The cloistered nun, to whom the Archbishop had granted permission, in suspension of the community regulations to at-

tend the funeral, bravely made the heroic sacrifice, and tenaciously adhered to the spirit of her convent rule by remaining in prayer in the chapel at her convent home at Reading.

Of even greater importance than the distinction of receiving the Laetare Medal is the fact that the occasion has caused a wide circulation of the story of Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick's life. No youth can read it without learning from it that character alone can achieve success. The press day by day places before the public lamentable results of false ambition and the untrue standards that men set for themselves, but far more effective in inspiring noble effort and worthy ideals is this story of success won through unswerving fidelity to principle.



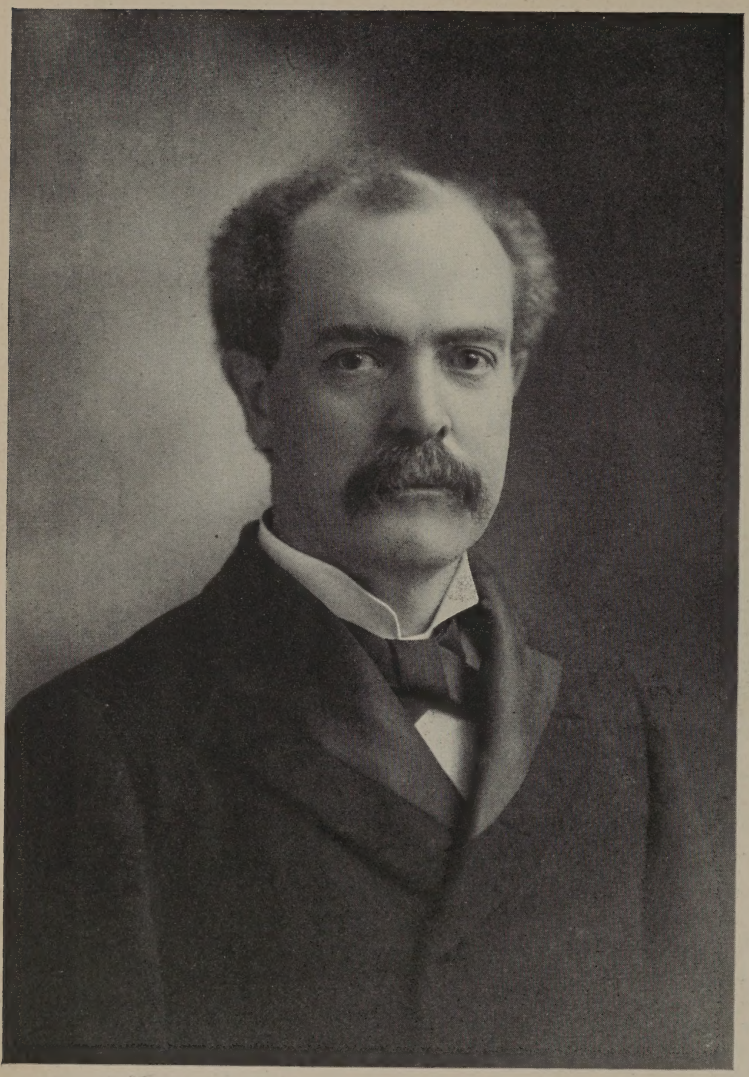
THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK

As a boy on his father's farm, laboring from dawn to dark, and frequently traveling through the night hours to the Boston market forty miles distant; as a student eagerly seizing the educational opportunities afforded him; as a youth of eighteen entering on his business career at a salary of two dollars a week; through every step of his advancement, industry and integrity marked the way, and earned the awards of fortune.

Today Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick is one of Boston's most prominent Catholics and best known business men. His zeal for religion, his thorough knowledge of affairs, his administrative ability, his untiring energy and the facilities afforded him by wealth and position, enable him to achieve untold good for his fellow-men. His name has of late years been identified with all the great Catholic philanthropic movements in Boston.

Every public issue bearing on the good of the community receives hearty co-operation; but perhaps the greatest work of his life has been, and continues to be, the active part he takes in promoting the welfare of young men, particularly, as is natural, those of his own race and creed. He has spared neither money nor energy to better the condition of young men and to give them a start in life. There are in Boston to-day scores of successful business men who owe both their first step and much of their subsequent progress to the positive assistance and unfailing encouragement and advice of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Active in promoting educational movements Mr. Fitzpatrick is a staunch friend of the Catholic Summer School, and gave to the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle the charming site on which the Boston cottage stands. He is a forceful writer as all who read his article on "Business Success," written for Donahoe's, a few years ago, can testify, and as a practical speaker on sub-



HON. E. F. DUNNE.

jects of interest to the community he holds the attention of large audiences.

Donahoe's Magazine adds its congratulations to the many daily voiced, personally and through the press, that such a signal honor has been conferred on this truly representative Catholic, Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, the Laetare Medallist of 1905.

Chicago is to be congratulated on the election of a mayor with the record of Judge Edward F. Dunne, a man thoroughly informed in matters of finance, with sane ideas on the lessening of crime, and the value to the nation of citizenship based on Christian principle.

At the recent meeting in Cooper Union, New York City, when Chicago's mayor-elect was introduced, a wit in the audience shouted "Well done, Dunne! Three cheers for all the little Dunnes and for Judge Dunne!" Amid much laughter and applause the three cheers were given with a will. Judge Dunne is the father of thirteen children—a fact that no doubt quickens his sympathy for other fathers similarly blessed who find a five cent fare a serious matter. Speaking of street car ownership the Judge said, in part:

"Fully half a century ago the citizens of Chicago drove from control of our water system the private capitalists who were then plundering the public. Ten years ago they dislodged the coterie of private capital which was exploiting our streets for the sale of electric light to the city. Next Monday Chicago starts upon her mission of dislodging private capital from the control of our street-car system.

"Chicago is the only city in America that has declared by an overwhelming majority in favor of the municipalization of her street-car system, and what Chicago wills she does.

"The citizens of Chicago know that gas is being manufactured by municipalities in Great Britain and is being furnished to citizens for about one-half the rate paid in Chicago. They know that no city that has ever taken over its street-car system has ever reverted to private ownership. They know that all over America where private ownership of street-car systems prevails the charge for fare is 5 cents, while in Glasgow 1⅞ cents is the average fare paid."

"THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP" ACT III.
The Courtyard of a Paris Hotel.

NOVELTIES IN DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

In the world of the stage the same thing has happened as in the world of education. Everyone knows that our educational system, being a system, has excluded from the machine all initiative and originality. A system is mechanical, and can do only routine work. For originality and flexibility the experts go to the independents, who have a difficult time of it getting their ideas before the world, but make fame and often a little money when they do get a fair hearing. The stage is now a system, a money-making machine, which gets easily out of gear and is expensive to mend. Only a certain quality and color and shape of material can get into the machine. If a dramatist can provide that exact description of raw material his fortune is made. Very few playwrights can. So the managers hie them to Europe where the independents have some sort of opportunity, and they bring back a load of dramas, which are hammered and trimmed and riveted until they assume the shape necessary for the machine called the American stage.

Mr. Arnold Daly, as an independent, demonstrated to the owners of the machine, that George Bernard Shaw wrote plays quite suited to the American dollar. He is therefore no longer an independent, but a fixed star of the machine; and having made Shaw a co-star in his enterprise we shall now have a constellation; and as the constellation is bound to

"THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP." ACT I.
The House of the Pipps in New York.

scoop the dollars of the public in handsome fashion we may decently be permitted to refer astronomically to the new constellation as the Little Dipper. Mr. Frank Keenan succeeded Arnold Daly on the independent stage, by attempting the same enterprise: that of making short plays a popular form of entertainment. He did not succeed in that matter any more than his predecessor, nor did he develop another Shaw; but he brought to the light a clever skit on official dignity in the shape of a one-act farce, and he is now playing the same successfully on the continuous stage; which shows that the practical side of affairs is not unknown to this clever actor and daring adventurer on unknown seas. A gentleman recently played Hamlet *once* to the New Yorkers, and it is the general opinion that he will never get a second chance to do it; as he came out of the west the supposition is that he went back, and his name need not be mentioned.

An Irish lady made the hit of the season as an independent. Miss Margaret Wycherley presented a fragrant bunch of the poet Yeats' plays, and while she convinced very few of the value of Yeats she left no doubts as to the ability and charm of her own personality. Besides the short plays of the Irish poet, a four-act drama, *The Countess Cathleen,* was presented. In Ireland the play created some excitement through its theme, which the more thoughtful critics considered doctrinally a trifle blasphemous. The country of the Countess Cathleen is visited by two demons in the guise of merchants, who are really and truly merchants in souls. They try to buy the souls of the peasants, and do succeed in getting a large batch at a low price. To redeem them the lovely Countess sells her own soul for a large sum, and the generous though irreligious act results in the intervention of an angel, who snatches her soul from the demons and bears it to heaven. Little use to find fault with a poet of symbolism for his use of this theme. Mr. Yeats' theology hardly reaches the primary grade of the catechism, and symbolism is not concerned with doctrine. His play did not

prove highly interesting. As the curveting Alan Dale said of it: "Nothing happened in the first act except certain painful noises: dogs bayed, two-horned owls screeched, a few actors mouthed, and one of them joining the dogs and owls emitted most distressing sounds; but the play revealed Miss Wycherley as an actress of sound training and personal charm." If the managers become convinced of this fact her days as an independent are already numbered.

On the regular stage the reigning novelty was a comedy by Augustus Thomas, founded on the drawings of Charles Dana Gibson, and entitled properly as to the source, but improperly as to the facts, *The Education of Mr. Pipp.* We used to laugh at the attempt of Nicholas Nickleby to dramatize the practical pump of Mr. Crummels, but we can laugh no more with *Foxy Grandpa, Happy Hooligan* and *Buster Brown*, not to mention again *Heinz's 57 Varieties*, all dramatized. Mr. Thomas has let loose in the drama the recent creations of Mr. Gibson with rather agreeable effect. The story told in the drawings is ancient and familiar. Mr. J. Wesley Pipp made a fortune in Pittsburg, and retired from business at the command of his wife. Mrs. Pipp stirred up her ambitions by reading society novels, and finally set sail on the fatal stream which circles around the Four Hundred of New York, then around the English aristocracy in London, and leads usually to a marriage or a scandal as the fates determine. Mr. Pipp was as clay of the potter in the hands of his wife; she was large and positive, he was small and affectionate; henpecked he began his stage career and henpecked he remained.

They made their appearance in a New York house of the old-fashioned type, which had a long narrow hall and an immense stairway to the second floor. As Mrs. Pipp phrased it, "they cut out the partition between hall and parlor, and by leaving the stairway just as it was

"THE LIGHT OF ST. AGNES"

"THE ROSE"

THE EYES OF THE HEART.

produced a beautiful Queen Anne effect." Here as guests they entertained at dinner the Count Charmarot, teacher of French to the Pipps, his dear friend the Duc De La Touraine, Herbert Fitzgerald, a riding-master, but really and truly young Lord FitzMaurice of Carony Castle, England, and John Willing of the Pipp iron works. "Permit me," said Mrs. Pipp to her company, "to introduce to you Mossu La Duc della Touraine." "How are ye, Della," said Mr. Pipp. "Oh, Madame," whispered the Count to his pupil, "Monsieur Le Duc is masculine, so you must not use 'la' but 'le'." "How stupid of me," returned Mrs. Pipp sotto voce. The gentlemen enjoy a cocktail before dinner, which is brought in by the butler, always addressed by the reverential yet scornful Mr. Pipp as *Mr.* Watson. "I don't know but what I'd just as lief have quinine in the cocktail as what Mr. Watson puts into it," said Pipp to Willing, "but when you're paying sixty-five dollars a month to a butler, you've got to let him buttle." As they all pair off for dinner Mrs. Pipp suggests that the etiquette of the nobility be observed, and that they enter the dining-room according to rank. Therefore the Count and the Duke march off together, the other guests follow, Mrs. Pipp majestically brings up the rear with her husband as a single knot in the tail of the kite.

The pictures of Gibson were faithfully produced in the different characters, particularly in the Pipp family. The two daughters were genuine Gibson girls, Kate Denin Wilson presented Mrs. Pipp in fine detail, and Digby Bell, who has happily deserted comic opera for a truer sphere, clothed the meek and genuine Pipp with the qualities of a lovable, humorous, capable old fellow. He won his way to the hearts of the audience, not merely by the fact that he had the best lines and the centre of the stage, but by the tenderness, jollity, and generosity of his character, and even by that very infirmity of will which made him the abject slave of his wife. He loved her and he loved his children, and did not have the heart to check the laughable follies of her silly ambition. He turned her darts against herself by the sharp good humor of his protests and complainings. When he rushed to the window to see his own automobile carrying away his guests, and his wife angrily reminded him that they were in New York, not in Pittsburg, therefore no window-staring, he answered: "It's my only chance to see the darned thing go off: and when it goes off for good I want to see the explosion."

His retirement from active life for the innocuous desuetude of a fashionable career ages him. "I am sure you feel perfectly well," a friend remarks. "Well, I'll tell ye jest how I feel, neighbor. When I was at work I never knew a day's sickness. Now, I've got all the symptoms of all the advertisements of all the mineral waters." In England he gets interested in the abbreviated pronunciation of certain proper names. "I'll have you to understand that we are the J. Wesley Pipps of New York," cries his wife on one occasion. "Not by a long shot," is the reply; "over here they call the Cholmondeleys Chumlys, so hereafter we are the Jeslypps for sure." In Paris he attempts a little French. "Garcon, bring me a demi-john of coffee." The astonished waiter politely suggests a demi-tasse. "Why, of course, a demi-tasse. Did I say demi-john? That comes from imitating mother's French." He invites two or three people to accompany his party to Paris, and at each invitation kindly asks the courier: "say, Mister, would it be any trouble for you to curry for just one more?"

The comedy is interesting and suggestive, and in Mr. Thomas' best and worst vein. It seems an impossibility

for this clever dramatist to escape melodrama at any time. His first act is always a fine illustration of what he sets out to do, be it comedy, melodrama, or farce. After that anything may happen, but the melodrama is bound to come. The Count and the Duke are villains in this play, not nobles, and they rob the Pipps, plot to murder Mr. Pipp and to marry the widow and the fortune. The blend of comedy and criminality is as happy and artistic as the welding together of fine gold and cordwood. It was altogether unnecessary, for the mere display of character, and the incidents bound to rise from the ambitious career of Mrs. Pipp and from her awkward methods, provided material sufficiently rich in interest to fill three acts with life and color and substance. There is little doubt but that Augustus Thomas possesses the power of writing first-class comedy; all his approaches indicate that robust sentiment and nice appreciation of character which brought to life *The School for Scandal* and the Goldsmith comedies; yet the persistent misuse of melodrama proves that his knowledge of his own powers has not yet matured. Apart from its technical merits and faults *The Education of Mr. Pipp* is a comedy worth while, and will both tickle the nation and leave a fine memory behind it.

At the Manhattan theatre Mrs. Fiske provided her admirers and the public with a novelty in her debut as a dramatist, and won instant success with three one-act plays of considerable dramatic power. The critics gave them much praise in a discreet way, as if they were surprised at their excellence, and were not quite sure at the same time that the author had, single-handed, accomplished so much. While they were mechanically perfect and acted beautifully, they served rather as a good illustration of modern ways of thinking than of Mrs. Fiske's powers as a dramatist. The first play was named *The Rose*, and told an old story whose essence lay in these lines:

> Some measure love by gold,
> By endless time and boundless sea,
> But I—I love you well enough
> To leave you, love, if needs must be.

Count de Rohan is old and sickly, and is deeply in love with his young wife. By accident he learns that she has fallen in love with his handsome young physician, Frederic, and the physician has fallen in love with her. Neither knows the other's love. She is a faithful wife, and Frederic is an honorable man. The old Count studies the position calmly but with bitterness. He examines all the facts. His beloved wife is grieving, Frederic has bidden them good-bye for honor's sake, he himself is an aged invalid, a sick dog that may be carted to the grave any moment, and he loves his beautiful, innocent, faithful Marie. Why should he delay the coming death? He begs of his wife to sing him the song with the above refrain, and while its sentiment beats upon his feeble heart he calmly drinks the poison which in a few moments ends his life. "Send for the physician, Frederic," he whispers to his valet, and dies knowing that these two will find happiness in his sacrifice.

This thoroughly pagan theme is told with dramatic power and with the utmost delicacy of sentiment and situation. It repels, however, rather than attracts. Its inconsistencies are too glaring. It is true that in a pure pagan or downright materialist sensuality does not always extinguish the power to love and to love nobly. Petronius in *Quo Vadis* is an example. Yet the Count is portrayed as a man of dissipated life, redeemed in his old age by the power of love. This also is probable, but it is difficult to conceive of such a man being capable of a tremendous sacrifice. In his whole life he sacrificed all things to his own pleasure.

His youth, his faith,— for his race supposes him to have been trained a Catholic,— his virtue, his honor, and his conscience have all been sacrificed on the altar of Venus. Men of this stamp are rarely capable of self-sacrifice. It is not in their nature. Moreover, the old Count had the shrewdness of the worlding. He knew that his death was not far off, and of what use to commit a crime in order to hasten it by a month? He appears therefore as somewhat of a fool in his easy and hasty suicide, and his death impresses the audience rather as a useful than as a tragic incident. Mr. George Arliss gave the character all the pathos possible, and his fine art redeemed the awkward and disagreeable exit of the Count from life; but no art could make the theme, with its attending circumstances, acceptable.

The second play, *A Light from St. Agnes,* might be called a thriller, and it certainly caught the audience. Antoinette is a young outcast with no reputation, for whose conversion to decency and virtue a good lady of the neighborhood labored until her death. When the play opens the good lady's body is lying on its bier in the chapel of St. Agnes, awaiting burial, and Father Bertrand, the parish priest, has come to the lost Antoinette with the last word and the last gift of the dead woman. The girl receives the message and the little crucifix with sullen regard, but nevertheless her wild dissolute nature has been touched. In the poor room which belongs to her and her brutish master, Michel Kerouac, her bed stands in the middle of the floor. The priest asks her the reason of its strange position, and she explains that the sun, falling on the windows of the chapel and reflecting on her window, wakes her each morning at an early hour. The brute Michel enters and drives the priest from his house with words of abuse. Between Father Bertrand and the dead woman, Michel's particular trade and its revenue have disappeared from the village. Michel is in a rage against both, and he plans to steal into the chapel, rob the dead body of its diamond cross, and mutilate the corpse in revenge.

He is about to steal into the chapel and cut the bell-rope to guard against the possibility of alarm, when Antoinette persuades him to leave the work to her. She takes his knife, and runs to the chapel, determined to save the body of her benefactor from outrage. The alarm-bell rings wildly on the night air, and Michel knows that she has betrayed him. On her return he murders her, flings the corpse on the bed, and flies to the wilderness. The sun rises, its reflected light from St. Agnes falls in glory on poor Antoinette, lying dead with outstretched arms, holding in her stiffening hand the little crucifix. The symbolism of the play is effective, but the best bit in it was the final tableau, in which the sun and the crucifix played nobly their parts in the gruesome tragedy. There were no contrasts in the characters or the incidents, all was violent and repulsive, and the crime was as horrible as the murder of Nancy Sykes in the play of *Oliver Twist.* The effect, however, was powerful, and a little recasting of the drama would give it the artistic grace in which it is deficient.

The third play was entitled *The Eyes of the Heart,* and proved a charming and touching comedy. Mrs. Fiske attained remarkable excellence in this production. The story was of a blind old man, whose fortune had been squandered by a speculating son, and who had been kept in ignorance of his reduced circumstances. The removal from his chateau to a modest cottage in a distant part of France had been urged by the physicians in order to restore the failing health of his grandchild, Mignon. For some time the

deception is carried on with considerable success, but with very trying moments for all concerned. The blind man at last becomes suspicious, and since he cannot discover the deception with the eyes of the head he makes use of the eyes of the heart. A score of telling and amusing incidents finally reveal the actual condition. He has an interview with the father of Mignon's lover with a view to removing the obstacles to their marriage. He suspects that three members of his family are still in the room with the aim of directing the interview secretly, and to discover them he falls with a cry of pain into his chair. They all rush to his assistance, and are at once ignominiously dismissed. By ingenious devices of this character he at last learns the truth, his own poverty, the cause of Mignon's failing health, the distress of his affectionate attendants. By that time the marriage of Mignon with her wealthy lover is an assured fact, and further mystification becomes unnecessary.

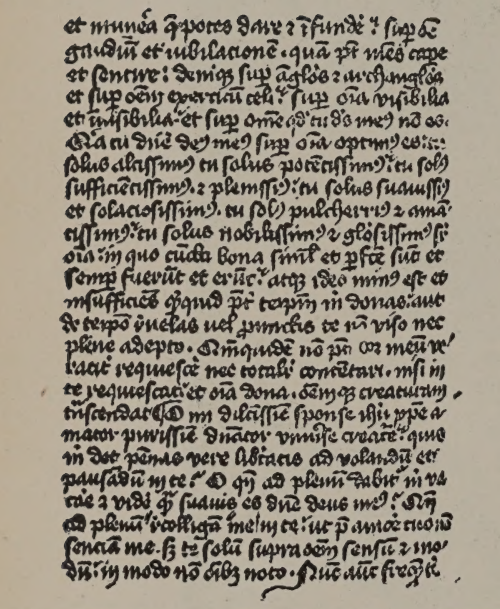
This charming theme, worked out in incidents amusing and pathetic, and well acted, showed the author at her best as a playwright. A similar theme is used in *The Cricket on the Hearth,* as Joseph Jefferson played that drama in his prime; and it may be said without fear of contradiction that Jefferson surpassed himself in his part of Caleb Plummer, the father of the blind girl, whom he led to believe that the Plummers were living in a state of elegance instead of abject poverty. All his other famous characters faded before the powerful pathos of old and devoted Caleb. It has always been a puzzle with his admirers why he discarded this drama. Mrs. Fiske's play possesses the same contrasts of humor and pathos, and it has the merit of achieving in one act what required two in the other case. The three plays received something like an ovation, and were a genuine surprise to the critics, who are not too ready to credit an actor with the ability of the playwright. Nevertheless, the themes of the three plays were purely conventional. Their moral fibre was of the lumpy sort peculiar to the modern stage. While they proved Mrs. Fiske to be a playwright, they also proved that she must study somewhat to improve her standard. With her fame and skill as an actress, and her ownership of a metropolitan theatre, she should be in a position to give us plays of the moral power that uplift the conventional, and give it a new significance and a fresher interpretation.

WASHING THE BEGGARS' FEET ON MAUNDY THURSDAY.

GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

II.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.



FA CSIMILE PAGE OF THE AUTOGRAPH MS. OF "THE IMITATION OF CHRIST" PRESERVED IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT BRUSSELS.

"The world has opened its arms to receive it," Dr. Johnson said of the *The Imitation*. He quoted the following passage which he said had always struck him forcibly. "If thou canst not make thyself such as thou wouldst be, how canst thou expect to have another exactly to thy mind?"

"'The cross, if rightly borne, shall be
No burden, but support to thee,'
So, moved of old time for our sake,
The holy monk of Kempen spake."
Whittier.

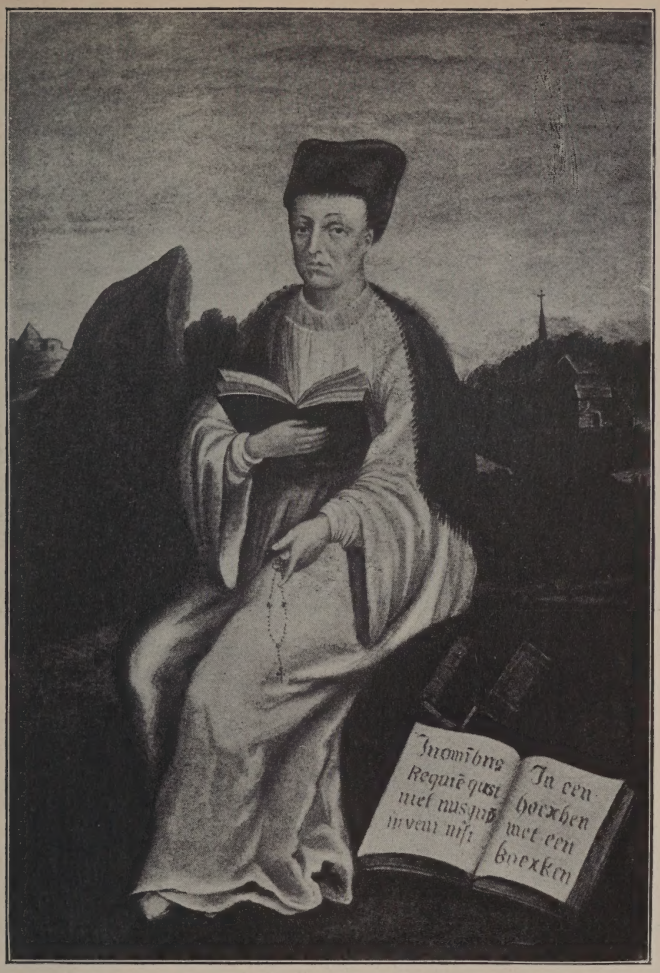
"I suppose that this is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness; while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph — not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced — in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent, far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness." —*George Eliot.*

"Born to these brawling days, this work-sick age,
Oft long I for thy simple heritage;
A thought of thee is like a breath of bloom
Blown through a noisy room.

"For thou art quick, not dead. I picture thee
Forever in that close beyond the sea;
And find, despite this weather's headlong stir
Peace and a comforter."
Lizette Woodworth Reese.

"He is one of the world-authors; and *The Imitation* is so clearly stamped with the impress of his genius, that wherever men can read they recognize it as a book that comes home to their business and bosoms for all time. Go where you will, you will perceive its silent influence working for good, and upon natures that seem least prepared to be affected by it.

"Here is the secret of the magic influence wielded by *The Imitation.* Pick it up when or where we may, open it at



Gertruidenberg Portrait.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

I have sought rest everywhere, and never found it, unless in a little corner with a little book.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

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any page we will, we always find something to suit our frame of mind. The author's genius has such complete control of the subject, and handles it with so firm a grasp, that in every sentence we find condensed the experience of ages. It is humanity finding in this simple man an adequate mouthpiece for the utterance of its spiritual wants and soul-yearnings. And his expression is so full and adequate because he regarded things in the white light of God's truth, and saw their nature and their worth clearly and distinctly, as divested of the hues and tints flung around them by passion and illusion."—*Brother Azarias.*

"With reverent feet, his face so worn, so fair,
Walks one who bears the cross, who waits the crown.
Tumult is past. In those calm eyes I see
The image of the Master, Christ, alone,
And from those patient lips I hear one prayer:
'Dear Lord, dear Lord, that I may be like Thee!'"

Richard Rogers Bowker.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

Upon every plantation of considerable size in the ante-bellum south there was set apart a quiet spot for the dead of the family. Sometimes the caskets were placed on the stone shelves in the Gothic vault, covered on the outside with ivy, and, again, many were buried beneath mounds over-run with the blue-eyed, glossy-leaved periwinkle, sometimes marked by a headstone, oftener left unmarked. It was not a sign of neglect that many of the dead were unnamed on stone, but rather that, all those who loved, and cared, also knew who slept silently beneath, and their posterity should hear of their lives from loving tongues and from old family records and letters, which would do more to foster remembrance than a cold stone. The southern family burying-ground was a sacred place, indeed, and few were the days when some member of the family in the great house did not go there for a quiet hour in which to commune with the dead. Imagine, then, when war came, and some of the Union men were buried within the sacred precincts of those southern cemeteries! Was bitterness lost in pity, and did pity melt into sentiment, when those southern women saw some young soldier from the far north buried on their land, amongst their dead? It must have been thus, when they walked down between the box-bordered path, one day in early spring, culling the quivering snow-balls, the moss-roses, the crepe-myrtle, or the oleander, on the way through the old garden. Spring had come with all her forceful life emphasizing the pity of the dead who slept in the box-bounded enclosure. The women stop, they look upon the naked grave of the stranger who drifted in amongst their dead ones. Per-

haps one, the mother, thinks of *her* son lying in some strange grave; perhaps the daughter has felt something more than pity for this man whom she has helped nurse while a prisoner, or an unwelcome guest, under her own roof. Who knows from what sentiment that first grave was decorated with the sweetest of southern blooms? No one. But it was the southern women who were the first to observe Memorial Day, and from some such slight incident as that which we have imagined it has sprung.

In May, 1867, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, publicly observed Memorial Day by decorating the graves of the Federal, as well as the Confederate, soldiers. This incident gave birth to that beautiful poem, "The Blue and the Gray." Then it was that some of the southern men stood up for their women and denied the impeachment that they were bitter yet in their attitude to the women of the north. Had they not remembered how the northern women's hearts bled because their soldiers slept in the enemy's land, and had they not, with all compassion, kept the graves of those same soldiers more than green, yes, embroidered with flowers of the loveliest hues? "And, when?" asked the northern women, "did this occur?" "It was going on all during that bitter war, whenever one of your dead was brought to lie beside ours!" was the reply.

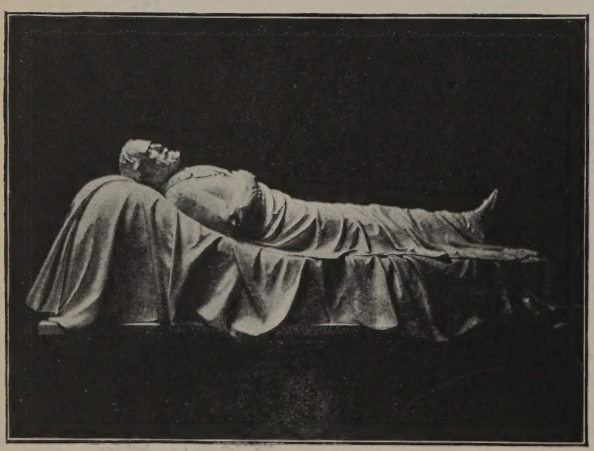
Then it was that the wife of a gallant Union soldier, Mrs. John A. Logan, who had shared many of the hardships of the war with her husband, proposed to him that he do something towards inaugurat-

ARLINGTON, "THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD."

ing a national "Decoration Day." Accordingly, General Logan, as commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued orders that May 30th, 1868, be set aside by all posts, for the decoration of the graves of their dead comrades. This was done, and it made such an impression upon the people that many of the states made May 30th a legal holiday. It is not a legal holiday as yet, in all of the states, nor does every state commemorate their brave soldiers on the thirtieth of May. Some of the southern states set aside May 24th for that purpose, while others choose an April day. Until a few years ago, the term "Decoration Day" was applied to the day in the north, and Memorial Day to that of the south, but, since our war with Spain the term "Memorial Day" has become the one most generally used.

In 1894, as if inspired by a strange premonition of that war which was thrust upon us in 1898, the Grand Army of the Republic, together with other patriotic organizations, called attention to the fact that Decoration Day was no longer being observed in the spirit in which it was founded. The younger generation looked upon it as a free day, to be devoted to picnics, sports, athletic contests, and such diversions—usually a feature of the Fourth of July. This was but too true, and many of this generation recall clearly the spirit which prompted them to reply that, as they had no dear dead, they could not be expected to mourn. Oh, bold reply from ones as yet untried by the grief of Death! It may have been that the merrymakers, on their way to a favorite picnic-ground, passed one of their little comrades on his way to the cemetery where his soldier father rested, and they may have sobered for a moment at the sight of the blossoms which he carried in his arm and shielded with his broad straw hat from the May-day sun; but it was only for a moment. Life seemed so much more alluring than Death; especially on such a glorious May-day.

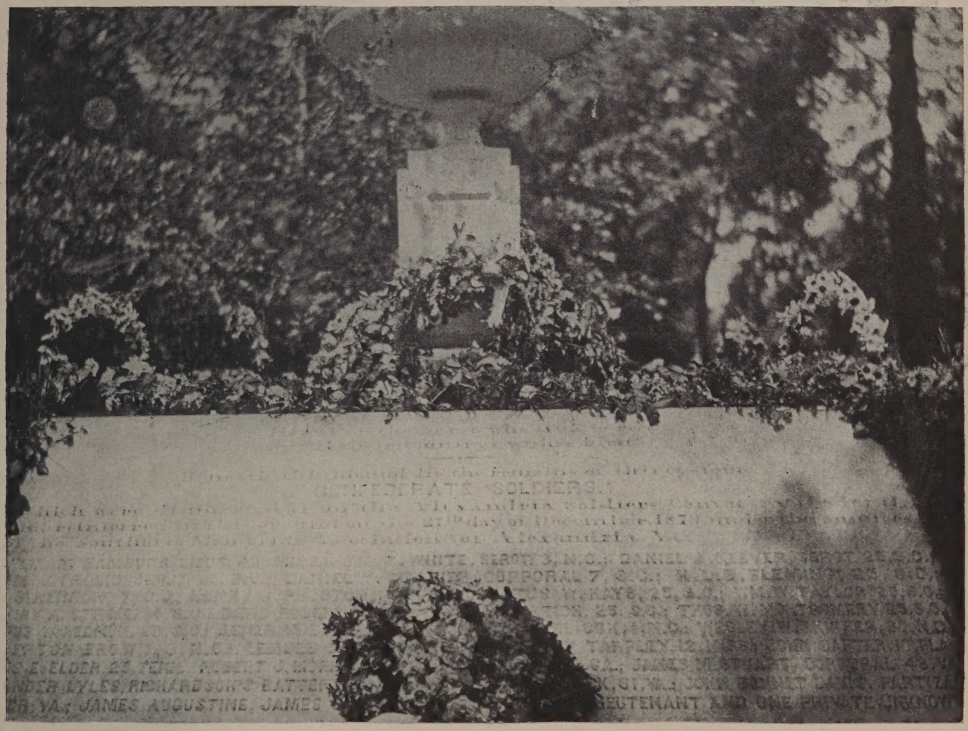
When the denunciation of the patriotic societies came to the ears of some of the faculty of our greatest universities, they, in turn, appealed to the students to make it something more than a day of recreation. The students replied that they would have done so had provision been made for it. They had not even been called to Memorial services in the college chapel, hence, it was but natural that their healthy minds should turn towards the athletic field, or the river.



LEE'S TOMB AT LEXINGTON, VA

Some other reformer suggested that instead of special exercises held before the grand tomb of the most famous of the Nation's Dead, that flower-laden companies should travel to all the neglected battlegrounds and to the National cemeteries, and there with prayer and song spend the day as they covered the grave of the unknown, as well as the known. Had Decoration Day become a day during which thousands should pour

to Grant's tomb, on the Hudson; to Washington's on the Potomac; to Lincoln's at Springfield, and to Sheridan's and Porter's at Arlington? Why not imitate the spirit of those southerners who, remembering their Lee at Lexington, never forget the exercises before their various monuments to the Confederate dead? For many years the school children of the south, to whom the Civil War was but history, had been in the custom of bringing to the schoolhouse on the day preceding Memorial Day, heaps of flowers, picked in garden, field and wood, to be strewn upon the graves of friend and foe, alike, on the morrow. Why should not all the school children of the nation follow their example?



CONFEDERATE TOMB, ALEXANDRIA, VA

When appealed to the American school teacher was at attention. As a rule she, (we speak in the feminine, because it is the majority) can inspire as much patriotism in the hearts of her little wards as can twenty tattered battle flags, a regiment of soldiers, and a brass band. And nobly did she respond to this call from the old soldiers who wore the blue. Flag Day was coming into prominence, too, and so it was not to be wondered at that Decoration Day, 1894, was, by the combined efforts of the patriotic societies and the schools, made one of the most notable yet observed.

In the city of Washington, where northerner and southerner seem to meet as nowhere else, Memorial Day was never lightly commemorated. It is true that, here, as elsewhere, many of the younger generation used it as a day for picnicing; but, it may be said, not with the approval of the older folk who knew, too keen-

Photograph by Narramore, Alexandria.

APPOMATTOX MONUMENT, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

ly, through what sorrow the day had been born. But for the young people there were always the pilgrimages to Mt. Vernon and Arlington, which, while always tinged with a sweet sadness, still hold a hundred delights when May smiles sunnily over their lawns, or sighs softly through their giant oaks. For, time was when these two estates were scenes of many pleasures, and it was to thoughts of these the young people were wont to turn, up to the year 1898, when they realized what war was, as they saw their playmates, comrades, brothers, lovers, march away; many never to return, others to come only to be interred in the silent city of Arlington, others yet, to come back—changed!

Now, this same Arlington where many a youth strayed on fair afternoons, over velvety turf and under giant oaks, beside one he held dear, seems to him the one desirable spot in which his weary sick body may rest, as he dreams of it in some of the islands which the war of 1898 has brought to our care. He remembers how on Decoration Day, the queenly city of Washington is astir at an early hour for the march of the men in blue to Arlington. Years ago, when he was a little fellow, those soldiers were wont to march through the streets of Washington, battle flags furled, the Star-Spangled Banner flying, to the tune of fife and drum, their hands flower-laden, as they made their pilgrimage to Arlington, and walked every step of the way, showing that they were still "true soldiers." Over the Potomac bridge, up the red Virginia road that led past Fort Myer, and then into Arlington they went, and then the exercises of the day began as they visited first of all the tomb of *The Unknown Dead* and strewed flowers about it. He recalls the graves of all the great officers who sleep on the hillside that slopes towards the Potomac river. He recalls the many humble ones in that part of the cemetery given to the privates, and then his mind travels to that new spot which the late war has opened. Shall he rest there? Oh, would that he could *know* he was to rest there!

This is no hysterical cry; it is the natural cry for home. It is the last boon that a warrior asks of his country; that he may be brought home to die, or to be buried. It is a cry as ancient as war; it has been sung of by the poets from Homer, to the humbler ones of this mechanical age, and yet, but a few weeks ago, when the Army appropriation bill was up, before Congress, one of the members had the audacity to ask, "Why

this country should spend so much money, every year since the Spanish War, to bring home its dead soldiers and sailors. Were we to be like the Chinese who believed that, no matter where a man died he must be brought home to be buried, else his future state of happiness is interfered with?" He was answered by men who know what patriotism is. May his name be forgotten, and may such a question be voted out of order if it should ever again be brought before the Congress of these United States!

We have now about eighty-four national cemeteries in this country. Many of these are not famous for either their natural beauty or their silent tenants, and yet, you will know them by the rows and rows of little white stones over which it is the custom to fly a small American flag. Since 1894, when the commemoration of Decoration Day received an impetus through the patriotic societies and the schools, every single one of these tiny headstones and sunken graves is decorated with flowers. If the spirit of the soldier below does see and feel, who can say but it loves the ragged bunch of wayside daisies placed by children on the spot over his once-valiant breast more than any laurels which Fame might have placed upon his brow had she been less fickle.

In May 1898, Richmond decided to hold its Memorial Day exercises on the 30th of May. Governor Tyler, of Virginia, wrote to President McKinley inviting him to be present at the services to be held in Hollywood Cemetery, where over 12,000 of the Confederate dead are buried. We were in the midst of the war that had brought Blue and Gray together under one flag, fighting for a common cause, and it is interesting to note how the President received this invitation, which, of course, owing to his important duties, he was unable to accept.

"Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.,
May 28th, 1898.

DEAR GOVERNOR TYLER:

I have your favor of the 25th instant. The kind invitation which you have so courteously extended to me in behalf of the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association, and personally, is cordially appreciated, and I am very sorry that I cannot send an acceptance, but it is impossible for me to leave Washington just now.

The observance of Memorial Day is a fitting and a beautiful tribute to our heroic dead. Every citizen should consider it a privilege to take part in these ceremonies. The splendid patriotism exhibited in every part of our common country exalts the American name, and the spectacle of the North and the South marching under the old flag at the Nation's call fills all hearts with pride and gratitude.

Thanking you heartily for your gracious offer of the hospitality of your home, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

On this particular Memorial Day, in Richmond, but one flag was carried in the procession which marched to Hollywood cemetery, where the principal exercises of the day were held. That flag was the one under which the sons of the men in Gray, who marched in that procession, were now fighting for Cuba. Many Confederate flags, hallowed by memories, waved from the windows of the houses along the line of march, and these were honored by cheers and tears. A summer storm came up and wet the gray uniforms of the veterans, and it was remarked that they looked like the "old army blue" when they were well soaked with rain.

At all of the cemeteries around Richmond, those on old battle-grounds, and those formed long years before the Civil War, special attention has been given to the decorating of the graves at some time in May. It is a mistake to state that no union of Blue and Gray was held before the war with Spain, as this has been done many times, and in many place, both North and South. At Houston, Texas, it has long been one of the

features of the day. It is easily seen that those states which were divided in opinions, and which sent men both to the Union and to the Confederate Army, naturally gather them all to their bosoms and honor all alike when regal Death has made them equal—valiant sons!

In some of the southern towns near the city of Washington, they observe both Confederate Memorial Day and Decoration Day. Many of the inhabitants belong to the new south, and hold to the new way of decorating the graves of all beloved dead on the thirtieth of May. Others have never forgotten the Civil War. They revere the Gray and only the Gray. There are so many to honor the victorious men in Blue, they argue, why should they devote part of this sacred day to strangers who do not need their pitying, their prideful remembrance!

One such town is Alexandria, Virginia. It is seven miles from Washington, and, as the roads run, about as far from Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, as it is from Arlington, one-time the home of the Custises and the Lees. It worships the name of Lee, as it does that of Washington, and it never forgets that both these great men of Virginia called her their "town." It has one monument, and one only. It is called *"Appomattox,"* and represents the typical southern soldier when news of the surrender reaches him. The head, bowed as if before the blow, cannot blind us to the broad shoulders which, we know, will straighten up again when the sternly folded arms relax. Well is this named, and yet, as well might it be called "honorable surrender." But, perhaps, the day is not far off when that word "Appomattox" may be synonomous of that very term, "honorable surrender." It is around this statue that the old soldiers in Gray hold the most important exercises of Memorial Day. The writer attended on Memorial Day a few years ago. She was impressed with the orators who touched on every attribute of the beloved Gray, and made no references whatever to their foes of forty years ago. Speak of "the cause," one orator did, but not as "the lost cause," for, he said, "no cause is lost which we believe is just and right and which we would die to uphold." General Lee's unmarried daughter was present on this occasion, and, no doubt, her presence inspired the orators, if that handful of worn, gray men around the statue which pictured "them" did not. To me, they were most eloquent, as the procession moved slowly up the cobbled streets, just as twilight was coming on, and the soft May breeze was bringing some of the evening damp of the Potomac with it, lifting the locks of white hair on the uncovered heads of the little band which marched sadly while the shrill fife wailed out "Safe In the Arms of Jesus."

They halted then in the rear of Christ Church, which Washington attended, and where Robert Lee also came with his sweetheart and his wife. There, before a grave and slab dedicated to the Confederate soldiers, they gathered, and you could almost hear the fife say as it played the notes:

"Hark! 'Tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory!"

As the old soldiers deposited their flowers on the grave, then turned silently away and rejoined the broken ranks. It was not the sprightly tune of "Dixie," nor yet the inspiring one of "the Bonnie Blue Flag" which was played for them as they disbanded in the May twilight, but the voice of the fife still crying:

"There by His Love abiding,
Sweet, too, my soul shall rest."

Within a fortnight of that evening, three of this small band had joined the

the Greater Army. It so often happens that after such a day, men who wore the Blue and men who wore the Gray, die in noticeable numbers. Of course, many attribute their death to this extra exertion. But, we think that with Moore, they cry:

"When fond hearts are severed
And loved ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!"

Yes, they are dying out in great numbers, and they are realizing it most forcibly, of late, when they see their sons, or their neighbors' sons, brought home from some foreign shore to rest at Arlington. Said one old soldier, on Decoration Day, 1899, as he gazed towards the southern plateau of Arlington, where lay hundreds of our boys who had joined the army but a little over a year before: "It took *that* to make us a united land!"

Yes, it had taken that! Not one there but who understood what the old soldier meant, that our men from North and South, dying in a common cause, did more to bring about a perfect reconstruction of the sections whose division, thirty-odd years previous, laid the foundation of this cemetery at Arlington, than all other efforts towards that end.

Memorial Day, 1899, at Arlington, will be recorded in letters of gold by those whose privilege it was to be present. It was as perfect a day as ever slipped into life. The air was so clear, and the calm so wonderful that it seemed we might, with a slight lifting of the veil, look into another world and understand all the wonders of creation.

The ceremonies that day brought forth with wondrous lustre all the jewels of Life—Faith, Love, Charity, and last, but not least, Patriotism! As we stood around the tomb dedicated to "The Unknown Dead," we heard a bugle call, then, as if wafted from the blue hills of Maryland across the Potomac to us, came soft singing. Nearer and louder it came, until from the ancient oaks emerged a band of men, women, and children, bearing flowers which they scattered as they walked around the tomb of the Unknown. And with the Marine Band playing the accompaniment, the congregation joined in the singing of the hymn "Nearer My God to Thee! From this great tomb they then passed on to the section commonly called "The Bivouac of the Dead," and while the band played "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," those resting there, "on Fame's Eternal Camping Ground," were remembered with flowers.

"What changes have been wrought since two years ago!" we thought, as we followed the procession and saw that each and every grave received its share of Nature's most beautiful offerings. No longer are the graves of those Confederates left neglected, as in other years. How often they appealed pitifully to us as we strayed amongst them, seeming to cry out that it was not the will of their tenants to lie there amongst thousands of their enemies, scorned! They had died in prison, and were brought here, in those days when this beautiful cemetery was undreamed of, when the main question was how to dispose of the dead with the least trouble. When interred, their graves were considered beyond the pale, but now they lie between the Grand Army of the Republic and the men who fought in the Spanish War, and so, if left where they are, in the years to come, they will be in the very heart of this great national cemetery. To-day, as if in atonement for the years of neglect, they are given thick coverlids of blossoms, true peace offerings.

After decorating the graves, the crowds turn to the leafy amphitheatre where the exercises of the day are usually held. They cheer President McKin-

ley, as he appears before them, and, after listening to the orator at this Army headquarters, he, and some of the Cabinet repair to the portico of the mansion, where on the green slope, with a splendid view of Washington before us, exercises were being held in honor of the Navy. This division was made necessary on this occasion because of the immense crowd which attended, and, also because, it was felt that no single program could do justice, on this great day, to the two branches of the service.

When President McKinley appeared on the eastern lawn in front of the Navy quarters, he paused for a moment, and, it seemed to us, as if his quick, eagle-like, but sunny eyes, flashed signals to the graves of Sheridan on the right, and Porter on the left; telling them that all was now well. Past his form, diagonally across the blue waters of the Potomac, our eyes and thoughts went, and, in the house where he then dwelt, we seemed to see Lincoln, gazing anxiously from the southern windows across to the blue heights of Arlington, thinking of the dead being borne in there, day by day, and of the many dying, day by day, upon the battle-fields of the South. We realized that this man standing before us was to see consummated in his administration that for which Lincoln had prayed almost forty years previous. Now, that Time has so sorrowfully shown us that other bond between Lincoln and McKinley, we cannot help but believe that, that memorable Decoration Day at Arlington was "fraught with solemn mysteries."

The events of the past seven years, which have drawn the whole nation into as perfect a union as can be expected in this very human world, have also revealed to us the solemn meaning of Memorial Day, and so sacred has it become that many are in favor of observing it on the last Sunday in May. We hope that the President may yet issue a proclamation stating that this day be devoted to national memorial exercises. As it is, there are many societies, particularly Irish-American ones, which hold their memorial exercises on this day. The poetical ceremony of casting flowers upon the waters, in memory of our sailors, is also growing in favor, as is the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God to Thee," irrespective of creeds, and the joining of the entire assembly in "The Star-Spangled Banner," before they leave the graves of those brave ones whom, they hope, have

"Gone Forward To Greater Glory."

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Christian Home. By the Rt. Rev. Jas. A. McFaul, D.D., Trenton, N. J.

The scope and purpose of this pastoral letter may be inferred from Bishop McFaul's own words: "We have written at some length," he says, "but it has been a labor of love. As we studied the Christian Home, we gradually became more interested in our subject, more anxious to develop the thoughts which dwell within its sacred enclosure, and more deeply convinced that the family of Christian faith, purity, honesty, and obedience confers countless blessings upon its members, proves itself the saving unit of society, and sweetens, strengthens, and perpetuates the nation."

The sound advice given in the pamphlet must aid in producing the conditions that Bishop McFaul describes as essential to the Christian home. Dwelling upon the urgent need of respect for authority, he thus refers to the evils springing from disregard of law: "I cannot conclude without laying stress upon another evil which the Christian home can do much to alleviate — disregard of law and authority. Beyond doubt this disposition is dangerous. Filial obedience is very lightly esteemed by the youth of this generation. Hence, there is too little respect for public authority. The majesty of a great nation, the dignity of its legislative and executive functions, the enactments of its representatives, are entitled to our highest respect. Let regard for authority be banished from the home, and patriotism will sooner or later be extinguished. The Holy Scriptures strongly inculcate civil obedience: 'Let every soul be subject to higher powers: for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.'"

The Life of St. Patrick: Apostle of Ireland. By William Canon Fleming. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905.

Canon Fleming is anxious to spread among Catholics an exact account of the life of Ireland's great Apostle, and so in compact form and for a moderate sum he has enabled us to obtain a complete pen-picture of the life and deeds of this illustrious man. The author holds that St. Patrick was born on Wednesday, April 5, in 373, and that he died in 493, after having lived one hundred and twenty years. With regard to the vexed question concerning the birthplace of Erin's Apostle, Canon Fleming adopts the view that he was born at a place called Nempthos, on the road leading to Boulogne in Armorica or Brittany. As the learned author writes with enthusiasm, the book will be found of wide service for family reading and for private reflection. Irishmen still listen to the words which St. Patrick addressed to them in his "Confession," and they hear in spirit the sound of his voice, saying: "I congratulate myself that I have not labored in vain — that my journey hither has not been useless."

Vera Sapientia or True Wisdom. Translated from the Latin of Thomas à Kempis by the Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, D.D., V.G. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905. Price, 75 cents.

This little book breathes the same devout spirit which has made the Imitation the household volume of piety. How many have drawn enlightenment, courage and guidance from the Imitation; and from this companion treatise the same blessings can be derived. The first chapter lays down a practical code of Christian perfection: "Whoever wishes to serve Christ should endeavor to overcome his vices, to gather the lilies of virtue, to avoid idleness, to be employed in what is useful, to pray often, to withdraw from disputes, to love to be alone, to be silent about things that do not concern him."

The Holy Family Hymn Book. By Rev. Francis J. Butler. Boston. Flynn & Co. 1905.

This is a fitting crown to Fr. Butler's series of excellent catechisms. The compiler clearly understands young life and the need of infusing enthusiasm into the devotions of children. How delightful our public services are when the little ones join in heartily by the singing of well-chosen hymns and by the recitation of suitable prayers! Too much care cannot be bestowed upon the youthful members of the Church. If we want to stop the leakage, we must make the children firm and persevering in their faith.

Socialism: Its Economic Aspect. By Rev. William Poland, S.J. Herder. St. Louis. 1905. Price, five cents; $4.00 per 100.

The rapid growth of socialism in the United States is one of the striking features of our present national life. The shoe-towns of Massachusetts, the factory-towns of New York and of Pennsylvania, the commercial centres in the Mississippi valley and the seaports of the Pacific literally throb with ex-

citement over the golden dreams of the Socialist's apostles. It is, consequently, most important that our people should be informed of the fallacies and dangers of this movement. This result cannot be better accomplished than by a generous distribution of pamphlets like that of Fr. Poland, in which the matter is quietly and briefly discussed. "Let us suppose the socialistic state to be agreed upon, and an effort set on foot to put it into running order. There are three things which we may conceive to be necessary for the very existence and continuance of a civil community along those lines of material civilization with which no one would be willing to dispense. These three things are briefly: freedom of individual demand, a more or less determinate unit measure of value for the purpose of exchange, and freedom of the individual to choose an occupation and to qualify for the same. No one accustomed to the present material civilization will be willing to change it for a new order of things, unless, under that new order, he shall be able to provide himself with what he needs or thinks he needs, as easily as at present; unless he shall have some measure of value and medium of exchange no less convenient than the article which we now call money; and unless he shall have at least the same chance which he now has to select his occupation and to vary the same." In this direct and effective way does Father Poland show the impossibility of realizing the schemes of the Socialist. The pamphlet must be read through in order to appreciate the calm and logical reasoning of the author.

The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery. By the Rev. Lambert Nolle, O.S.B. Herder. St. Louis. 1905. Price, 60 cents.

The author is evidently a man of broad experience and he writes, consequently, of what he actually knows. His telling remarks teem with suggestions as to ways and means of rendering the important office of Catechist most fruitful for young life.

The Fair Land Tyrol. By W. D. McCrackan. Illustrated. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1905. Price $1.60.

Of all the corners of earth few can surpass the Austrian Tyrol in rugged mountain scenery, in chains of pleasant valleys, in dashing waterfalls, in quaint, old fortresses and in picturesque cottages, perched upon daring rocks or in remote recesses. It is a land of sturdy men and of brave-souled women, a land of music and of art, a land of heroic deeds and of romantic traditions. It is, indeed, the home of freedom and the shrine of loyalty. It is fitting, then, that the story of this fair land should be told by so able a writer as W. D. McCrackan, who brings both appreciation and affection to the task.

No one can pass even a short time in this nature-favored country without growing to love intensely the land and its courageous inhabitants, and Mr. McCrackan has evidently come to revere the Tyrolese for their superior manhood and to hold in undying affection the country for its lovely scenery. The illustrations are of a fine order and help to throw into full relief the vivid descriptions of the author.

Altogether the book is a fine specimen of modern art and would make a most acceptable gift for Eastertide or for some equally joyous occasion.

Nut-Brown Joan. By Marion Ames Taggart. Decorations by Blanche Ostertag. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1905. $1.50.

Here is an Easter book that will delight young readers, and, in fact, their elders will like to read it also—it is so filled with home scenes and the dear familiar problems that confront large families with small means. The Darringtons, however, are only temporarily embarrassed, and the close of the winter brings them back to the land of plenty. Before that time comes Joan has had her opportunity to grow into a helpful, resourceful girl, a joy to her parents, and an uplifting influence in the character building of her brothers and sisters. One doesn't need to read very far before agreeing with Aunt Deb that "Joan, the homely girl, is well worth cultivating."

Georgie, Guy, Dick, Gertrude, and the two babies, Hen and Ken, make a sufficiently generous juvenile group, but when to this number are added three girl guests, an orphan cousin, and Darby, a boy neighbor, no one can complain of being lonesome in the Darrington home. All play a part in the development of Joan, and their escapades, adventures, and attempts at improvement make a story that has much of the charm of Louisa Alcott's books. It is a hopeful sign of the times that Catholic writers are applying their talent to the writing of such books for children. If genuine merit and absorbing interest count for anything Miss Taggart's latest book should be as popular as "Little Women."

Julia. By Katherine Tynan. A. C. McClurg. Chicago, Ill. 1905. $1.50.

There is something very fine and lavish in Katherine Tynan's way of bestowing gifts

on her heroes and heroines. To the former she gives wealth in abundance, a handsome presence, a noble heart, and a chivalrous nature; to the latter grace, winsomeness, many accomplishments, and beauty of face and form, even if she has to make over an ugly duckling into a white-throated swan with dainty head crested proudly. This is what she does with Julia. And there never were more generous families than this writer discovers in various parts of Ireland. She loves a houseful of girls and provides for them with an unsparing hand, exciting the envy and wonder of readers who know what it is to belong to a numerous family and find no way out of such commonplace difficulties as the need of new gowns—except to go without.

Julia O'Kavanagh is a young Irish girl of rare intelligence and much innate refinement, but lacks the showy beauty of her five fair-haired, blue-eyed sisters. She has no liking for the pleasures they eagerly pursue, and finds her greatest enjoyment in the fields and woods, studying Nature, and thinking wonderful thoughts that come to her in her waking dreams. Of course the prince comes too. Could any one imagine this author letting him go by? Sir Mortimer O'Kavanagh arrives just in time, and a distant relationship is an excellent excuse to introduce him to the household of Miles O'Kavanagh. It immediately places him on a friendly footing.

The interior of the O'Kavanagh living room is a cheery picture—the stately grandmother, the group of young girls around the white board table, the gleam of pewter and old silver, the glow of the hearth fire at which sit stalwart Miles and his guest, the smoke curling upwards from their pipes, and the atmosphere of homely comfort and plenty encompassing all.

It is never a kindness to make known the working out of a story, and in this case it would be unpardonable to do so—there are so many delightful incidents and surprises in store for the reader to discover for herself, until the moment when—well, when everything comes out all right.

QUESTION BOX.

How many Cardinals are there?

At the present time the Sacred College of Cardinals, when complete consists of seventy members, six cardinal bishops, fifty cardinal priests and fourteen cardinal deacons. It must be noted that there is a great difference between a bishop who is made a cardinal and a cardinal-bishop. Only the bishops of the six suburban dioceses of Rome are cardinal-bishops, or bishops of the Roman Church as Dr. Smith expresses it. The other titles of priest and deacon are taken, not from the order of the recipient, but from the title of the position assigned to the cardinal. Certain of these positions, being the charge of certain churches, bear what is called a presbyteral title and others being in charge of other duties, a diaconal title. Hence a bishop assigned to a presbyteral title is known as a cardinal priest, while a priest assigned to a diaconal title is known as a cardinal deacon. Cardinals are the immediate advisers of the Pope. They form what might be called the Senate of the Church. They are often compared to the seventy ancients chosen to assist Moses, and to the disciples chosen to aid our Lord. The name itself does not appear to have been used before the time of St. Sylvester, but its exclusive application to the Pontifical Senate dates only to Pope Pius V. The word "cardinal" means a hinge, and these ecclesiastics are so styled, because they are, as it were, the hinges upon which the government of the Church rests.

The appointment of the cardinals belongs solely to the Holy Father, though formerly several positions were known as cardinalitial posts, because their occupants were, in the ordinary course of events always raised to this august dignity. The present Pope is reported to be anxious to abolish this custom.

After the office of Supreme Pontiff, the cardinalate is the highest dignity in the Church. Hence they take precedence of patriarchs, metropolitans, and primates, for priority of rank is regulated, not by order, but by jurisdiction. Now cardinals, since they have, in a certain sense, part charge of the universal Church, enjoy a greater extent of jurisdiction than those who govern only a diocese or a province. Cardinals are Roman princes and are regarded by governments as equal in rank to princes of the blood.

Cardinals have two sets of duties: those relating to the Church in general and those relating to their special churches in Rome. With regard to the former they are bound to aid the Pope in the government of the Church, and during the vacancy of the Holy See, to protect the body of the faithful; as regards the latter, they have ample juris-

diction in all matters relating to the management and ecclestiastical discipline of their titular churches. No cardinal is allowed to leave Rome without permission from the Holy Father.

The *insignia* of cardinals consist of the red cap bestowed upon them by Paul IV., the red hat given them by Innocent IV., and the red dress. The color chosen is red to signify that the wearer must be prepared to lose the last drop of his blood rather than betray his trust. The hat is now one of ceremony only. In form it is round, with a low crown and wide stiff brim, from the inside of which hang fifteen tassels attached in a triangle from one to five. It is placed by the hands of the Pope himself upon the newly-appointed cardinal, while the following words are said: "Receive for the glory of God and for the adornment of the Holy Apostolic See this red hat, the sign of the incomparable dignity of the cardinalate, by which it is declared that even to death, by the shedding of thy blood, thou shouldst show thyself courageous for the exaltation of our blessed faith, for the peace and tranquillity of the Christian people, and for the increase and prosperity of the Holy Roman Church; In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Those who are familiar with English history will remember the boast of Henry VIII. when Paul III. raised the martyr Fisher, while he was in prison, to the cardinalate. When news reached England that Paul III. had raised Fisher to this supreme dignity, the king exclaimed; "The pope may send him the hat, but I will take care that he have no head to wear it on." This hat rests upon the catafalque at the obsequies of a cardinal. It is then suspended from the ceiling of the chapel or aisle of the church in which he may be buried. Visitors to St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, are often puzzled when they see a strange-looking hat suspended from the vaulted ceiling. The explanation of this unusual sight is that which we have just given.

What change was made in the calendar during the French Revolution?

In September, 1793, the convention decreed that the common era should be abolished in all civil affairs, and that the new French era should begin on September 22, 1792, the day of the true autumnal equinox, and that each succeeding year should begin at the midnight of the day on which the true autumnal equinox falls. The year was divided into twelve months of thirty days each. In ordinary years there were five extra days, from the 17th to the 21st of our September, and at the end of every fourth year was a sixth complimentary day. This reckoning was first used on November 22, 1793, and was continued until December 31, 1805, when it was discontinued, and the Gregorian calendar, used throughout the rest of Europe, was resumed. The following were the dates for the year 1804, the last complete year of this style of reckoning:

Vendemiarie (Vintage), September 23 to October 22.
Brumaire (Foggy), October 23 to November 22.
Frimaire (Sleety), November 22 to December 21.
Nivose (Snowy), December 22 to January 21.
Pluviose (Rainy), January 21 to February 20.
Ventose (Windy), February 20 to March 19.
Germinal (Budding), March 22 to April 21.
Floreal (Flowery), April 21 to May 20.
Prairial (Pasture), May 21 to June 20.
Messidor (Harvest), June 20 to July 19.
Thermidor (Hot), July 20 to August 19.
Fructidor (Fruit), August 19 to September 18.

The months were divided into three decades of ten days each, but to make up the 365 five were added at the end of September: Primidi, dedicated to Virtue; Duodi, to Genius; Tridi, to Labor; Quartidi, to Opinion, and Quintidi, to Rewards. To Leap Year, called Olympic, a sixth day, September 22 or 23, Sextidi, "the day of the Revolution," was added.

To each tenth day, thirty-six in all, were assigned thirty-six "Fetes Decadaires," decreed by the National Convention on the eighteenth Prairial, in honor of the Supreme Being and Nature, the Human Race, the French People, Benefactors of Humanity, Martyrs for Liberty, Liberty and Equality, the Republic, Liberty of the World, Love of Country, Hatred of Tyrants and Traitors, Truth, Justice, Modesty, Glory and Immortality, Friendship, Frugality, Courage, Good Faith, Heroism, Disinterestedness, Stoicism, Love, Conjugal Fidelity, Paternal Love, Maternal Tenderness, Filial Piety, Infancy, Childhood, Manhood, Old Age, Sickness, Agriculture, Industry, Our Ancestors, Our Posterity, Goodness.

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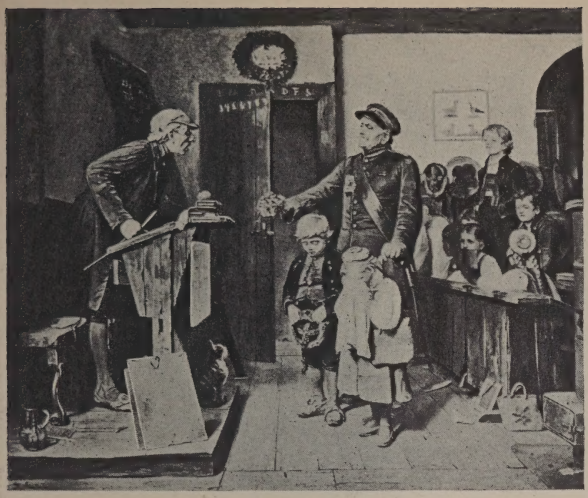

CULPRITS.

THE END OF SCHOOL.

FISHING.

THE HAY FIELD.

Donahoe's Magazine

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VOL. LIII. JUNE, 1905. No. 6

THE SUPREME COURT CHAMBER.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY C. C. COLLINS.

"I would rather be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court than President of the United States!"

In the above sentiment, we believe, there is much more logic than in the thread-bare, Pharisee utterance, "I would rather be right than President," which is attributed to Henry Clay. For one may be wrong without having any political aspirations, and one may be a President and yet be virtuous. The Chief Justice of the United States is encased in a legal armor which makes him almost invulnerable to political attacks, and when he takes his seat he is almost sure that it will be for life, as nothing short of misdemeanor or treason can make him lose it. So he, and his associate justices, may well be pictured as sitting on clouds, in a rare atmosphere, untainted by politi-

cal strife. Hence the Supreme Court of the United States has long been called "The Heaven of legal ambition."

And yet in the beginning the Supreme Court of the United States was not considered a desirable place for an ambitious man, as was evidenced by the manner in which several such hesitated before accepting a seat therein. To accept—it is understood—bars their way to the White House in the same manner as a man is barred from announcing himself as candidate for a third term. And this is as it should be, for did one of its members allow himself to be overcome by the glare of the presidency it is only natural that such a blindness would afflict his judicial sight—a blindness most unlike that borne by Justice.

It is true that the presidential ambition had little or nothing to do with the indifference with which the first Chief Justice assumed, and resigned, his office. He was closely identified with New York, where he was born in 1745, and, feeling that he had served his country in many ways, he gladly doffed the gown of Chief Justice of the United States for the more important position of chief magistrate of the State of New York. After John Jay had concluded the treaty with Great Britain he sent in his resignation as Chief Justice, knowing that few cases were tried before the Supreme Court then, and it would be almost an empty honor. Not so thought President Washington, who, with far-seeing eyes, placed that position next to that of president, for it is worthy of note that when he gave a dinner at which the Chief Justice attended he was wont to announce, "Ladies and Gentlemen—the Chief Justice of the United States. The Chief Justice will take his seat at my right hand." It would seem such precedence would forever silence the social wranglings, which have oft made official life at Washington a matter of contempt for both the old world aristocrat and the plain American democrat.

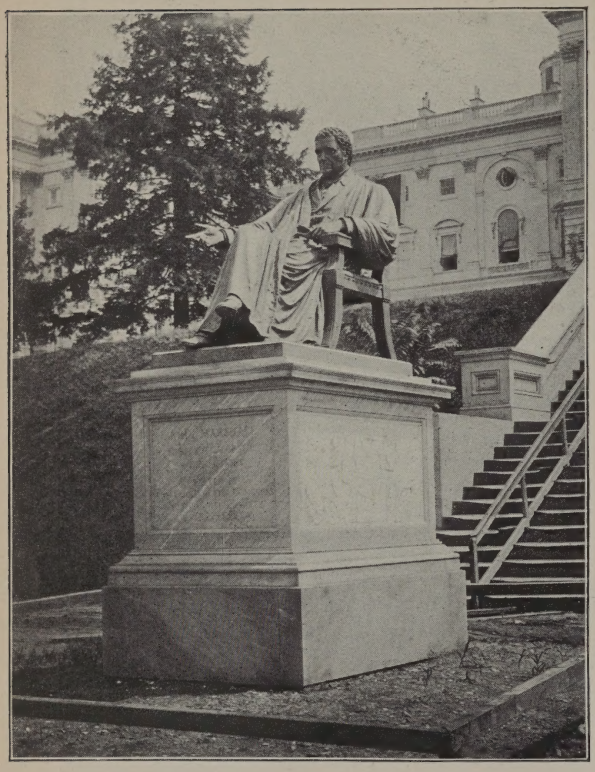
When Jay resigned his office, Washington at once chose as his successor John Rutledge of South Carolina, whom he had appointed as one of the five associate justices, after the passage of the act of September 24th, 1789, which provided for a Chief Justice and five associate justices. Rutledge had resigned the position as associate justice of the Supreme Court for that of Chief Justice of his native state. He had won renown for his just decisions in any case involving the Negroes, which, in itself is remarkable, when we consider the times and the State in which he lived. There is the notable one in which a slave owner had allowed one of his female servants to go out into service, provided that she pay to him annually a certain percentage of her earnings—the balance she could use as she pleased. This poor girl—a slave herself — saved every penny she could get towards the purchase of a loved friend, another slave girl. Upon acquiring her, she gave her her freedom. Then, the master of this noble woman brought suit in court for the recovery of the freed girl, claiming that she was his property. The case was brought before Justice Rutledge who calmly denied the right of this man to anything purchased with the money of his slave, as she had filled her part of the bargain when she had paid over to him the percentage he exacted. This decision was considered the most humane ever uttered in the cause of the Negro. The story itself is worthy of a place amongst the very best of our historical novels, did a master hand attempt its writing.

John Rutledge was born of Irish parents, and was the eldest of seven children who were left fatherless when their little mother was but twenty-six. The services he rendered to his country are too great to be recorded here, sufficient to

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Justice Holmes. Justice Peckham. Justice McKenna. Justice Day.
Justice Brown. Justice Harlan. Chief Justice Fuller. Justice Brewer. Justice White.

From latest copyrighted photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.



MARSHALL'S STATUE, WEST OF U. S. CAPITOL.

say that even Virginia, who loved her Patrick Henry, accorded John Rutledge a place beside him, even though he came from another State.

Rutledge was intense in his love for France and could not find, even in his wide vocabulary, sufficient words to voice his hatred for England. Washington's letter to him, telling him that Jay had tendered his resignation as Chief Justice of the United States, and offering the position to him, came on the same day that the exact terms of Jay's treaty with Great Britain were made known in Charleston, S. C., where Rutledge resided. The excitement in town was most intense, for the Carolinans loved the French. They burned Jay and his treaty in effigy before the very doors of the British Consul, and dragged the British flag through the dirt, — childish actions, but signifying their hatred of the British and any so-called American who would seemingly cringe to them. The Charleston Gazette published an indignation meeting to be held on July 16 (1795), and when this was held, Rutledge, whose appointment as Chief Justice of the United States dated from July 1st, addressed the overwrought crowd. We may well compare his impassioned words on that occasion with those uttered by other "hot-headed Irish-Americans" several years ago, when the Boer War with England was being fought. He considered it highly improper that we, the United States, should negotiate with England, sue for rights which we had won, saying that it was "prostituting the dearest rights of freemen at the feet of royalty."

Imagine the consternation in England when it became known that the man who had made this impassioned speech was the Chief Justice of the United States! Even in his own country, this last brilliant oration of Rutledge's met with severe condemnation; for it was considered impolitic. His own successor, Oliver Ellsworth, said of him on that occasion that "he acted like the devil!" But this was not the first time, nor will it be the last, that men have compared the Angel of Wrath, armed with the sword of righteous indignation, to the devil with a prejudiced pitchfork.

Rutledge held a few sittings of the Supreme Court before Congress convened, December, 1795. The Senate, many of its members lying in wait to punish Rutledge for his undiplomatic attitude toward Great Britain, opposed his appointment. This last blow to one who "had sat at the very cradle of Lib-

erty,"—from the Stamp Act Congress of 1765, and worked faithfully for thirty years later, was sufficient to unbalance his brilliant mind, and Rutledge retired from public life.

He died July 18th, 1800. He was a poor writer, though a most eloquent speaker, and so little of his words remain to us to ponder over. We have his picture, drawn by men of his time, and it shows him as a tall man of resolute bearing, with no indication of physical or mental weakness written on his broad white brow, from which the powdered hair was combed straight back, and tied in a knot behind. Beneath this brow, the flashing dark eyes proclaimed a spirit that remained unquenched until the light of reason failed him. Well may South Carolina reverence the memory of this son and point with pride to the spot where his body was interred in old St. Michael's churchyard.

TANEY'S STATUE IN BALTIMORE.

Washington seemed to have been unfortunate in his choice for the Chief Justiceship, for the third man he appointed, William Cushing of Massachusetts, was commissioned but one week, and had not as yet sat on the bench, when he decided to resign because his ill-health forbade him filling the position. He had the making of a splendid Chief Justice in him, for as John Adams said of him—"he was an extremely prudent man." He passed through an ordeal not unlike that of Robert E. Lee, when called upon to choose sides between two parties, when he cared for both. He held a seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, under royal rule. When the Revolution broke out he was placed in a delicate position, as he felt entirely neutral, yet, when asked whether he would receive his salary in the future from the Crown or from the Province, the chances of the latter being able to pay him being slim, he decided to throw in his fortunes with those struggling for liberty. The Congress then appointed him one of the judges of the Superior Court. This position he often held at the point of the British bayonet, to say nothing of being refused lodgings at many Tory inns, as he travelled on his circuit. To provide against the inhospitability of the latter, as well as for long intervals between inns of any sort, he carried with him a travelling kitchen, which was managed by his coal-black Negro, Prince, who followed the judge's phaeton in a wagon containing the kitchen and baggage. Mrs. Cushing often accompanied her husband, reading aloud to him from one of the

books they carried. In this manner the quiet, unassuming man travelled on his errands of justice.

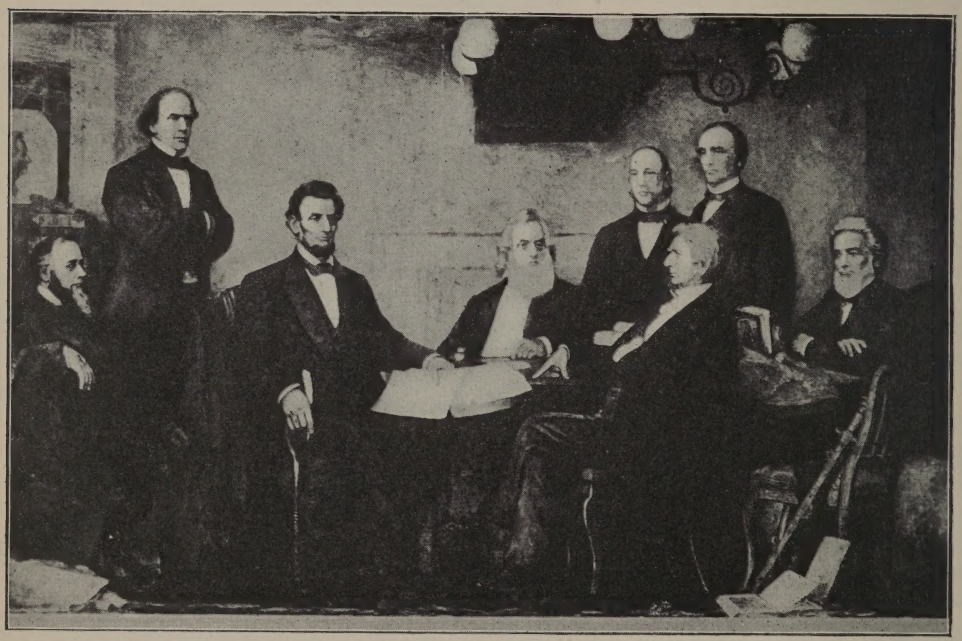
Of a jovial disposition was the man who stepped into his place as Chief Justice. Even while a student at Princeton, Oliver Ellsworth was noted for the jolly, judicial manner in which he crawled out of scrapes. It is told that one of the rules of the college was that no student should wear a hat while on the college grounds, and young Ellsworth being discovered wearing a cap was promptly brought before the authorities. With a serious face he denied being guilty of any infringements of the rules, for, he said, "A hat consists of a crown and a brim, and I wore but a cap, which had no brim."

He was married to Miss Abigail Wolcott, daughter of William Wolcott, who, like himself, was a native of Windsor, Connecticut. They resided in the country, about ten miles from Hartford, where he practiced before the courts. He was so poor in those days that he was obliged to walk to and from the city. Going along the road one day, whistling merrily, he encountered a friend who rode.

"Why walk to town, Ellsworth?" asked the friend in the carriage.

"Ah," said Oliver smoothly, "my friend, we all must walk at some time of our lives, and I prefer to do so whilst I am young!"

His affairs prospered, and he was soon able to take up residence in Hartford. It was while practising there that the promising youth, Noah Webster, studied law with him. Ellsworth said that the secret of his own success was that he had "absolutely no imagination." He was no orator, and this so impressed



THE SIGNING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

(Salmon P. Chase standing to left of Lincoln.)

men of his time who were used to fervid outpourings that they said he "illustrated his points by diagrams, not by pictures."

While a member of Congress, he received his appointment as Chief Justice of the United States, March 4th, 1796. He first sat at Philadelphia. He is described as being tall, erect, with a kindly face, big blue eyes and powdered hair. He was considered as learned as Marshall, but never approached his legal statue. When sent abroad by Adams, as envoy extraordinary to France, 1799, his health became impaired, and while in England awaiting passage home he was so seriously ill that he sent in his resignation as Chief Justice of the United States.

However, he survived several years after his return to America, living quietly. He was deeply religious, fond of humanity in general, and of children in particular. He loved to talk with the children, wise man that he was, realizing that the children, in their innocence, often drop words of wisdom which no older person would think of, let alone speak. On one occasion when a friend said he wasted too much time on the children, he replied:

"Time is not lost if I succeed in teaching these children something that will be remembered by them."

When space is limited what can one say of his successor, John Marshall, of Virginia? He is to the Bar what Washington is to the Army of the United States, and with Washington he occupies a corresponding seat in the hall of Fame. When you stroll around the grand Capitol at Washington you may stop before the statue of Washington, facing the building on the east. You may deeply censure the sculptor for portraying Washington in Roman garb — for never will we picture him thus! but on the western front, facing towards the grand Avenue and the sunset is John Marshall — robed, too, but how differently, how appropriately! There he sits, our most renowned Chief Justice, in his robes of office. It was he who gave to this office the dignity, the stability which it deserved, he — "the great expounder of the Constitution." We are well aware that some have applied this title to Daniel Webster, but if anyone has a doubt that it belongs to John Marshall, and John Marshall alone, he has but to review the decisions of this great Chief Justice to see how frequently he based his decisions on this work, how he explained its meanings, how he swore by it!

John Marshall often said that to his father he "owed the solid foundations of all successes." His father was a boyhood friend of Washington, and it was with a glowing heart that he saw the eldest of his fifteen children drill men on the village green, in order to fit them and himself as soldiers of Washington in the struggle for liberty. He was not twenty-one when he marched away to war, leaving behind him the quiet home-life, the happy musings through the woods, the dreamy desire to write poetry, and all the sweet moments of late youth. He was now a man. The tall, slender, awkward youth, dark of complexion, with flashing eyes, became the love of all the soldiers with whom he camped. At Valley Forge, tattered, hungry, half-sick, he overcame all personal feelings and laughed back to life many a fainting spirit. He was gifted with that delicious, dry wit which evokes a laugh, even from those who feel they can never laugh again. This trait he carried with him all through life, and as he never used that weapon to wound, he never made an enemy thereby.

His associate, Judge Story, related many a good anecdote of this great man. His favorite one was that while he and Judge Marshall were boarding together

in Washington during their term in the Supreme Court, they had come to the conclusion that Maderia wine was apt to be more of a habit than a necessity with them, so concluded not to take it excepting when it was raining; then it was excusable on the ground that it would either prevent, or cure, a cold. They stuck to their pledge pretty firmly, though secretly both chafed under it, for in those days a man could take wine without feeling that he was a sinful being, and, indeed, it was customary to have it at meals. Marshall was the first to evince his impatience with the pledge, as Washington was laboring under a long, dry spell just then.

"Oh, Story," he said one day, from the depths of his chair, "won't you please go to the window and see if it is raining."

Story opened the window, screwed his head in all directions, then sadly gave the bulletin:

"No rain in sight — not a cloud!"

"Umph!" said the Chief Justice. "That's in Washington. Well, our jurisdiction extends over a vast territory. It surely must be raining somewheres in it. Say, Story, let's have some Maderia!"

Marshall served as Chief Justice thirty-four years. When he died, Roger B. Taney — the idol of the Maryland Bar — succeeded him, serving twenty-nine years. These two men gave to the office of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court a stability that could never be imparted were resignations and political influence allowed to make the position one unworthy of a great man's great ambition.

Unlike Marshall, Taney had poor health all his days, but, Cæsar-like, he conquered his flesh by mind. He said that as a boy he was nervous, and doubly so as a man, when he began to practise law. Had he not been compelled, because of his lack of money, to make a living, he would have deserted the Bar and kept far from "the haunts of men." But Poverty is a whip that spurs Genius on, and once started on the road Roger Brooke Taney found it a most interesting one, and the same courage that sustained him in the beginning held him up against millions when criticism was heaped on him during those troublesome times of the Civil War. The Northern generation of his day, find it hard to forgive his decision in the Dred Scott case; but true Chief Justice that he was, he gave his decision as if it were whispered in his ear by the Greatest of all Judges.

His fame grows as the days go by. In Annapolis, quaint capital of Maryland, his statue sits in front of the State House. In Baltimore, where he lived for many years, his statue occupies a place of honor, facing the Washington Monument. In Frederick, Maryland, where he spent many of his younger years, I brushed aside weeds and tall grasses to read the inscription on the plain, flat slab, which was placed over his remains by some lawyer friends who loved him.

Taney's successor, Salmon Portland Chase, was the one Chief Justice who allowed himself to be tempted politically. It is well known that Lincoln offered him the Chief Justiceship as a consolation for his having lost in his race for the presidency, and from that loss neither Chase nor his daughter Catherine ever recovered. "Kate Chase," as she was commonly called, adored her handsome father, as he adored her. Critics have said that she was at the bottom of all his ambitions for the White House — that she wished to take her place therein. But these critics, evidently, were not daughters of men so loved that even the White House was none too good for them.

Chase was a polished scholar, a man who loved to love people and have them love him. Such a soul is seldom understood, especially in political life — when his desire to please is misconstrued as desire to win political favors. His whole nature was contradictory. He married three times, and yet, it is said, that, after the death of his first wife he lived on with a broken heart.

When Salmon P. Chase died, after ten years of service as Chief Justice, his successor, Morison Renwick Waite, found that he had a thorny seat, for the early seventies were punctuated with many troublesome questions. Waite had steadfastly refused any office which depended on political influence. He had distinguished himself by his services in behalf of the United States in the arbitration committee at Geneva, Switzerland, when he carried the point that Great Britain was liable for allowing Confederate vessels to coal in her ports during the Civil War, and when he returned to America he turned down several nominations, only yielding when the office of Chief Justice was tendered him. He fairly despised anything that savored of politics, even going to the length of refusing to be one of the five justices, who, together with five senators and five members of the House of Representatives, composed the famous Electoral Commission of 1776, in the Hayes-Tilden dispute.

Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller, who took his seat October 8th, 1888, has followed in his footsteps and has discouraged all political overtures. Chief Justice Fuller is a native of Augusta, Maine, though he acquired his legal fame after he removed to Chicago, from which city he came to Washington to assume the duties which he now has. He is seventy-two years of age, and it is rumored that he will soon retire. Yet, since the days of Marshall, so strictly is the custom kept, that a Chief Justice must die in harness, that all hope Mr. Fuller will not abdicate his seat until Nature compels him.

His eight associates are able men, each one qualified to take his seat if chosen. Justice John Marshall Harlan is of the same age as Chief Justice Fuller, only more robust. He has been a member of the Supreme Court since November, 1877. Justice David Josiah Brewer is sixty-eight years of age, and has been a member of the Supreme Court since December 18th, 1889. Justice Henry Billings Brown is sixty-nine years of age, and has been a member of the Supreme Court for fourteen years. Justice Edward Douglass White, who has held many honorable offices, took his seat as Associate Justice, eleven years ago. He is a native of Louisiana, but was educated at Mount St. Mary's, Maryland, and at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. He is now sixty years of age. Justice Rufus W. Peckham has been on the Supreme Court Bench for a decade, and owns to being sixty-seven years of age. Justice McKenna, who took his seat in January, 1898, is sixty-two years of age. Oliver Wendell Holmes appears to be the youngest of the members, but he counts eight years more than Justice Day. He was born in 1841, and has the honor, and the handicap, of being "the illustrious son of an illustrious father." It is one of his standing jokes that he is frequently pointed out as "the son of Oliver Wendell Holmes," even when he is sitting in the Supreme Court of the United States. Inheriting, perhaps, some of his father's wit, he appreciates this for what it is worth. The youngest member is William R. Day, who is fifty-six years of age. Rarely does it fall to the lot of any man to be appointed to the Supreme

Court before he has passed the half-century mark. It is an office to be most jealously guarded, to be given to men mature in wisdom, unimpeachable in honor. What wonder then that many hearts contracted with fear when it was rumored, several years ago, that a vacancy was to be filled by a "political boss." Democrats though the majority of us are, we wish to have at least one dignified, unpollutable department of our Government.

A PRODUCT OF THE TIMES.

BY NINA WELLES TIBBOT.

The Boy was reared in a hotel. It was a fashionable hotel, and the family had fashionable apartments — corner, second floor, front. His father ate at unseasonable hours, to make the suburban trains. His mother took her coffee in bed. The Boy ate in the ordinary with his nurse and sucked oranges and sopped cream all unmolested.

The father did not know very much about The Boy. He had seen him only at Sunday dinner and while travelling, and his opinion of him was rather vague and uncertain.

There was also a peculiarly vague and uncertain condition about the family belongings. They were never quite settled any place. But that all came about from the strenuous effort to make the watering-places in summer and take tropical trips in winter, to say nothing of jaunting through Europe, and cruising on the Mediterranean. Whether the good that was in The Boy was due to the training of his flat-chested nurse, evolution, or the hegira flights of the family will remain a mystery.

When The Boy was sixteen years old the father took a good look at him. It was jarring to say the least. The father stood six feet in his socks and weighed a half-stone short of two-hundred pounds. In his college days he had been an athlete. He stroked his crew and had taken a dozen firsts at the Interscholastic. He had made a sixty-yard touchdown and won a game for his Alma Mater. He played the piano and twanged the guitar, and above all, he was a Psi U. What then might be supposed to be the sensations of the man when he looked upon the face of his son and realized, for the first time, that he was blossoming into manhood. His face was as round and pink as a papier-maché doll. His hair was blonde, and he wore it disgustingly long and parted in the middle. His forehead was seamless and pink. His eyes were blue, with an innocent, almost infantile expression, while his whole anatomy resembled a wrung-out rag. The father did not look at The Boy again for a long time.

The mother detected more charms in The Boy. It had always been a consoling trial to her that she had married a man engrossed in business, but for all that, she meant to correct the fault in her son. As a starter, she had him spend certain hours of the day with her. At such times, if they were alone, she stroked his hair or toyed with his hands. If she had callers, she allowed him to make the afternoon tea and hand it about. If the time hung very heavy, she permitted him to manicure her finger nails and crimp her false hair. The Boy did all of these things meekly and without complaint.

One summer the father was surprised quite out of his senses when told they would not start on their summer outing until a month after their usual time. "The Boy is to finish," the mother informed him in a very modulated tone of voice. The father had an itching desire to enquire whether The Boy was to "finish" pink teas or a cooking school, but he resisted for he had long since learned that the feminine member of the family did not enjoy humor, especially when it reflected upon The Boy. Like dutiful parents, they sweltered in the hotel and waited patiently the propitious day when The Boy, beaming and innocent, strode into the house with his diploma. He also carried a letter which he handed his august parent. When the father had read the letter he looked at The Boy, and was forced to admit that he had been graduated two years younger than himself and had received higher markings. This encouraged him to address his son, but when the reply came in a squeaky, feminine voice, and when The Boy followed his remark with a "By Jove" and slapped his knee as though it were an egg shell, the father restrained himself and was silent.

When The Boy had "finished" there remained nothing else for him to do but go into business. His father bought a new desk and placed it in the office opposite his own. After an experience of a month, he had to admit that The Boy got down to business better than he expected. He was very painstaking, and details did not trouble him.

Simultaneously with the office desk came the fitting up of The Boy's apartments. This he did by himself without the advice of any one. They were done in Flemish oak with delf blue decorations. He ordered a hundred books in dull levant and placed them shoulder to shoulder in a Flemish book-case. They were names to conjure with, and the father tingled with pride. But when his eye dropped to the next shelf, a chilling sensation played on his nerves — La Gallienne, Bill Nye and Kipling.

In a corner stood a cabinet filled with the trophies he had gathered during his various journeys — little Madonnas in ivory, box-wood and porcelain; quaint bits of Thune pottery; ikons of enameled brass; carved cocoanuts; Mexican drawn work; Bavarian crystal; Danish glug-bottles; and a smelling salts bottle of Spanish filigree work. The walls were hung with pictures, mostly photographs in little black frames — the course at Epsom; the yachts at Menlain; a cut of De Lesseps and the Suez Canal; the Acropolis, and sandwiched in among them were pictures of Clara Morris, Rita Elandi, Edna May and Julia Marlowe. The father turned away, puzzled to know if the place most resembled a junk shop or a girl's play-house.

The father closed his eyes and mentally pronounced The Boy a "muff." He had his own conceits as to what a creature of the masculine persuasion should be, and he was frank to confess that The Boy did not come up to his standard. He was still thinking of it when he reached home and was met by his son.

"A little dinner party," The Boy explained, "and mother is out. Will you please give her my regrets for going away without seeing her and tell her I will return by twelve." The father did not answer, he was absorbed in watching his son. He was wondering if a more inconsequent-looking creature was ever gotten together and put into men's clothes. His little, round, pink face and shock of blonde hair; his thin shoulders and flat body, finished by a pair of legs of such miniature proportions as to make no impression whatever through his trousers. The father sighed heavily, and

was turning away, when The Boy reached out a little, white hand and exclaimed, "Do not worry, father, I shall be home early." Somewhere in the father's anatomy was a sense of humor that the press of business had not dissolved. He still held his son's limp, little hand, and a smile crept into his features. He had a mind to pretend it was woman's and fondle it a bit.

It was very late, almost midnight, when The Boy returned. He tiptoed to his door and turned the key softly. He had been accustomed to moving this way so as not to disturb his mother. She was sleeping now, and the father was keeping a lonely vigil. The Boy was humming softly a rag-time tune and he kept it up while he got into his dressing gown. Thus comfortably garbed, he began folding and putting away the various articles he had worn during the evening and would not put on the next day. A moment later, the father heard the water running in the bath-tub and knew his son was making ready for his nightly plunge. The father groaned in spirit. Could anything happen to The Boy that would cause him to change his horribly perfect manner of living? He could recall yet the things that happened when he had been out — the boisterous laughter, the knocking about of furniture followed by a general mixup in the morning. Nothing was more evident to the father than that The Boy needed a shaking up.

The Boy had been in his father's office a year when he chanced to meet The Girl. She had cousins in the city and had come to visit them. She was tall and willowy and moved with a stateliness that was charming. The cousins opened the season by making a dinner for The Girl. They invited The Boy, and to the surprise of everyone present he was given the seat of honor. It was a big chair and it was placed directly behind a bank of roses. The Boy flattened himself out to fit the chair and raised himself up to look above the roses, but all to no avail, he remained what he was in the beginning — the smallest man in the room.

The Girl sat beside him, she could see above the roses and she told The Boy what was going on in the outside world. This occasioned much low talking, which ended in their being left quite to themselves. This was the beginning of the "shaking up." The next day he asked for a raise in salary.

That evening while The Boy was reading to his mother, he stopped long enough to tell her he had met The Girl and that she was the peachiest thing he had ever seen. He congratulated himself on being a good judge of girls, for he had made companions of them since his pinafore days. He did not wait for comments; the case had not progressed sufficiently to be commented upon.

One evening he called on The Girl. By the way, he had called a number of times. He ordered a carriage, making his usual nice selection. He stopped at the florist's and looked the flowers over, paying twelve dollars for a bouquet of American beauty roses. Then he entered his carriage and sat back complacently, his little pink face pinker for the exertion. The Girl was very gracious, it seemed to The Boy that she beamed upon him; when he remembered the roses, he thought it was barely possible that she was beaming upon them.

During the evening he sat very straight on a divan, holding his small hands together or spreading them out on his knees as occasion demanded, but he talked of Omar, Goethe, and Cervantes as though they were his personal friends. A gentleman entered, and the conversation turned to the thing most needed for our pushing civilization. "Transporta-

tion," said The Boy coolly, "is the greatest problem this generation has to face. We must reach our destinations quickly and cheaply and we must not murder people in the going. The Suez Canal, the greatest piece of engineering in the world, will pale before the Panama problem, and that in turn, will sink into insignificance before the swinging bridges that will one day unite us with Asia. A tall problem I have been working at myself, is the doing away with the surface lines. If I could work it out, I think I should be the happiest man in the world."

The combination seemed incongruous — the big subject and the little man. One of the girls tittered.

When the other guests left the parlor, The Boy remained. He was still sitting on the divan, but he was watching The Girl play snatchy little tunes on the piano. When she stopped, he got up and came over and stood beside her.

"They smiled to-night at what I said," The Boy began in his thin, nasal voice, "and yet, it was not so much my words as myself, and I do not know that I blame them so much — I am ridiculously small. No matter what I do, I suppose I shall always give people an insignificant, no-account impression. But what is a fellow to do? We do not choose our bodies. If I had been given the choosing of mine, I would have taken one six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds. But not having this opportunity, the only thing that remains is to make the most of the one I've got. If some ingenious creature could elongate me, I'd give ten thousand dollars an inch, and pay it uncomplainingly. But supposing such a thing could be done, I haven't any width to spare. I would simply be an animated straw, a 'live stick' perhaps."

He had come nearer, and had taken The Girl's hand. It was as large as his own, so the action did not even border on the sentimental. She remained sitting, and he thought it very considerate of her — in that position he stood head and shoulders above her.

"The question I am about to ask may seem worse than useless. I am undersized, I am insignificant in appearance, and sometimes I have the notion that I resemble a painted doll. If you accept me, there are some luxuries you will never realize. I cannot carry you about in my arms, so, if you faint in a public place, I can only stand by you until I can call a doctor and a carriage. There are other and graver things. I have never made love to a woman before. I have never seen one that I wanted to marry, and I did not think it worth while to waste time and run chances on any other kind. I have never sown any 'wild oats' or had any 'high times,' since I have never visited a place I could not take my mother. In school I was not an athlete, and I never won honors at any game, but," his voice dropped a shade lower, "I was class president for four years, and made a class-record that had not been equaled in twenty years. In the face of such disparagement, can I hope that you will accept me as your husband?"

The Girl was playing with the piano keys. She did not answer, but she raised her face, and The Boy kissed her. His face was soft and smooth and he kissed her exactly as he would have kissed his mother. He toyed with her hair, and, when she was not looking, he bent his head and touched his lips to a glittering coil.

A week later, he told his mother. He had never kept a secret from her so long before, but he was only a boy, and he enjoyed hugging this new sensation to his heart. After he had told her, he took out a green box and showed her a roll of tissue paper. It was white and crisp and he held it in his palm while he un-

folded it, exposing a circlet of diamonds, great, blue stones with a larger and a bluer one in the centre. "Her engagement ring," he explained exultantly.

The months that followed were filled with hard work for The Boy. The more he thought of it, the more he felt it was only fitting to do something worth while before giving himself, for time and eternity, to The Girl. He told himself he could never have enough to offset his ungodly size. Day after day he sat at his desk tracing endless lines and making numberless figures. Many times he forgot his luncheon, and often when his father called him to go to dinner he would get up in a pre-occupied manner and ask some mathematical question that would make the father scowl. The season vanished and his work neared completion.

One evening he came home late, he carried a roll of blue prints and there was the faintest suspicion of a line between his eyes. He joined his mother at table but declined to eat. Later he asked his father to take a stroll. When out in the street, he told him he was on his way to an important meeting and desired his company.

"The truth is, father," he explained in his squeaky little voice, "I believe I have solved the transportation business, so far as it relates to surface lines, and I am to put the matter before a body of railroad officials to-night. I thought, perhaps, you might like to be there. It may not be up to the point of perfection, but if the theory is right I will soon work out the details."

The meeting was held on an upper floor of a tall block. When they entered the elevator, The Boy moved to one side where he could watch the stroke of the elevator man. When they stepped out, he turned a pink, innocent-looking face to his father, "There is a deal of power lost in that machinery. Sometime I mean to make an improvement on it."

For the first time in his life, the father saw The Boy given the precedence. The father was given a back seat and his broad shoulders made a large, dark spot against the blue wall. The Boy was given a seat at the head of a mahogany table, facing a half-dozen broad-browed men. He unrolled his blue prints and explained his plans, elaborating on resistance and lateral pressure. The father became nervous, and twitched his ponderous body about. Had The Boy really hit the mark and would the men say it was a "go?" These and many other questions annoyed the father while The Boy sat as still as the proverbial mouse, his pink face raised, and his infantile eyes looking at one and another of his interlocutors, answering their questions and expounding their theories without a quiver in his thin voice.

When they rose, the men shook hands with The Boy, and then, as an afterthought, they shook hands with the father. When they went away, The Boy left the plans; this was the first intimation the father had that The Boy's ideas were to be carried out.

The men were working on the "underground" when the wedding took place. It was a morning affair. The Boy preferred it at that time as he considered he looked less thin and insignificant in a frock coat. On their way to the train, he had the driver take them out where the men were throwing up dirt on the new road. When they were tired of Europe, they returned to the hotel and took up hegira life as their fathers had done before them.

THE SIGN OF ORION.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

"The three stars are the three Kings," said little Pedro. Old Santos crossed himself. "The three Kings, Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar; and the four stars in the corners are the four blessed Evangelists who wrote about these same wise men."

"Who told you about it?" questioned little Pedro.

The old Mexican knocked the ashes from his pipe, and shook his head before he answered. His eyes had a far away look, as of one who sees beyond the present into ages long gone by.

"I think the blessed saints whispered it in my ear," he said. "It is a mysterious sign, that three. The three Kings—yes—and the ever blessed Trinity; and the three at Nazareth, Jesus, Mary and Joseph—and always the four stars in the corners to typify the holy Evangelists who tell us about them all." A long green lizard, whose slender back sparkled like gold in the bright southern sun, here darted out from among the stones where the old man and his grandson had been sitting, and the child instantly gave chase, his bare brown legs flying over the stones and down the hill almost as fast as the lizard itself. Not quite, however, for presently he returned unsuccessful—his face flushed and his brown eyes sparkling with the exercise. Stretching out on the warm brown earth at the old man's feet, he pulled his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes and gave a sigh of comfortable content.

"There is a story," he said, "a story about Orion, the hunter. Tell it to me, *Abuelo Santos.*"

"Ah! my little *Vieto,*" said the old man. "It is a long story, and one I have not told for many a day."

But the child persisted. "I have never heard this story," he said. "When we are out on the plains, *Abuelo,* and you think I am asleep, I see you look up at Orion shining in the blue dome of the heavens; and then you talk to him who lived and is gone—the Orion who came across the great mountains far away."

The old man sighed, and crossed himself again.

"Have it as you will," he said. "It is a long story, little one, but a good one.

"It was many years ago," he began, and the child who was sitting up now, clasping his knees with his slender brown hands, listened eagerly. "Many years," continued old Santos, "and I worked then for the Señor Americano, who had come south for his health. In those days I had a double duty—in the day time I worked around the ranch for the Señor; but at night I was out on the plains with three other boys and the dogs, to protect the vast herds of cattle that belonged to the ranchero. We took turns, we four, in the watch; and always when my turn came there was Orion shining in the sky overhead. What secrets it held! What wonderful mystic significance of our faith—what strange weird tales of Orion the mighty hunter, he who was Prince of Tanegra, some said. It was my master, the Señor, who told me about that star; but it was only the heathen story that he knew. 'You seem interested in Orion, Santos,' he said. 'For my part I shun it. Virgil says it brings tempest and woe; and I like not even to see it at night by accident.' Who Virgil was I did not

know; but not a Catholic, I was certain, or the blessed saints would have whispered to him, as they did to me, of the wondrous beauty of that star—of the thoughts it brings of the Holy Trinity, of the hidden life at Nazareth, and the three wise Kings. No wonder I cross myself when I see Orion in the heavens, my little one.

"It was nearing the time when the bright star would no longer be visible in the heavens, when one morning my mistress called me as I passed the broad gallery where she sat sewing.

" 'Santos,' she said, 'a friend from the North is coming to visit us, and will arrive by the evening train. Have one of the boys ready with a cart to bring up her trunks, and meet me at the station five minutes before train time.'

" '*Si, Si, Señora,*' I answered, touching my sombrero.

"Who could the Señorita be? Was she young or old? pretty or ugly? I welcomed the thought of an addition to the family, and for that I had not long to wait. It was then noon, and would be but six hours to train time. I was at the station when the engine rounded the hill and came thundering down the track. There was the usual stir and bustle, and then I made out a fair-haired, blue-eyed young señorita greeting my mistress. Yes, there was no doubt she was beautiful.

" 'Oh!' I heard her say, 'how lovely it is to get here, Margaret, and what a country! I have been enchanted all the way northward among these hills.'

" 'Just as enthusiastic as ever,' said my mistress, laughing. 'And what of the negro shanties, and tumble-down fences, the scraggy grass and poor Mexican adobes?'

" 'Oh! they add to the picturesqueness of everything,' said the señorita. 'With these mountains and sky for a setting everything is beautiful.'

" 'And how is every one at home, Stella?' said the señora. So the lovely young señorita was named Stella—a star! My interest in her was increased tenfold. I advanced and touched my hat.

" 'Your bags, Señorita,' I said, taking them from her, whereupon she smiled at me—a radiant smile; for, indeed, this señorita was all brightness and laughter, yet the time came when I found that on a question of right or wrong she could be as firm as a rock.

"How bright the ranch became in those days. The Señorita Stella was everywhere. She rode with the master, each mounted on a stout little burro. She drove with my mistress in her comfortable surrey. She climbed the hills, and followed the trails over the mountains, and, indeed, she seemed never tired!

" 'This wonderful air is like champagne,' I heard her say.

"A month later, and one night on raising my eyes to the brilliant sky overhead, I saw that Orion had disappeared. It would be long before he appeared again, I thought. Then I rolled myself up in my blanket, for the nights were cold, and presently I was sound asleep.

"The red dawn was just appearing in the east when I opened my eyes. Was I dreaming or waking, and was it José or Alberto who stood by me, bidding me arise?

"I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Near me stood a tall, noble figure in the dress of a hunter. His suit was stained by wind, rain and sun, to a tawny brown. Brown were the eyes that looked down on me, and the short pointed beard, while around his waist was a broad leather belt fastened by a silver buckle. When presently he turned his back to me I saw, with scarce any surprise, three silver stars

on his belt, that shone brilliantly in the morning sun that now rose golden and radiant in the far-off east.

"As in a dream I heard his voice—a deep, mellow voice that seemed to have caught all the cadences of the wind when it floats across a summer's sky and rustles in the trees.

"He was asking me for the Señor Americano, and I sprang up.

"'I am the Señor's man,' I said.

"'So I supposed,' he answered. 'I have walked the thirty miles through these hills, from the city, and I thought I must be near the ranch when I saw these herds, and you Mexican boys asleep.'

"How clear and frank were the brown eyes looking at me. He appeared as one untouched by the dross and cares of earth.

"I led him across the wide, arable land and over the bridge that spanned the river, where the cattle were coming in droves for water, and so up the hill to the hacienda. It was early; but my master and mistress were on the gallery as if in expectation of the new arrival. It was my master who arose slowly; for even then the *tisis*, from which he suffered, had begun to do its fatal work. He came forward, and the young hunter pulled off his cap as he ascended the few steps to the gallery.

"'Orion!' said my master, and 'Orion,' echoed my mistress, and the new comer laughed—a joyous laugh.

"'Yes,' he said, 'here I am, some hundreds of miles across the Rockies, leaving my ranch and everything for—you know what!'

"The house door was flung open at that moment and forth came the young Señorita Stella. How lovely she looked; but her face was pale, and her eyes, usually so starry, seemed to widen, and then shrink under their lids, when they rested on the new comer who was evidently no stranger to her.

"What he felt was clear. There was no fear in his mien as he bent before her, and then advanced with outstretched hand.

"'I did not think this corner of the world would ever see you,' said the Señorita.

"'To one who has hunted across the Rockies, distance is nothing,' he answered, 'and I—well I got tired of the stern grandeur of our mountains and I came South to see if the romantic Guadalupe is all that it is said to be.'

"The call for our breakfast here sounded and I joined José and Alberto in the kitchen that stood some distance from the house. Never had my curiosity and wonder been so stirred as by the advent of this stranger in his hunter's garb, which yet became him so well. Was he really a hunter, you ask? Not exactly, little one. I afterward learned that his costume was that of what my master called a 'Rough Rider'—the tawny suit, short trousers, high boots and wide hat—above all, the broad belt.

"They said he owned and lived on a vast ranch on the other side of the Rockies. That was what men said, little one; but, well, let me whisper it in your ear—I believed it not. It was Santos who knew better, and time would show!

"That night there was such a storm as even our tropical clime seldom saw. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and the wind swept down from the mountains seeming as if it would tear all the ranch buildings from their foundations.

"I was up early after a nearly sleepless night, and found clear skies and dazzling sunshine. As I was carrying water up the hill I met my master and the Señor Orion.

"'Upon my word,' I heard the master say, as I passed, 'one would think, Orion, that you were your namesake come to earth, the bringer of tempest and disaster—just look at that tree!'

"He pointed to a tall cypress, one of the best trees on the ranch, that had been ripped right across the trunk by the lightning, and lay prone on the brow of the hill. Was it my fancy, or did the Señor Orion's laugh seem to lack feeling, as of one who had intelligence but not soul?

"I passed out of earshot, and for a time forgot the incident. There followed many weeks when the master grew more feeble, when the señora was constantly with him; and the Señor Orion and the young Señorita Stella were thus thrown on each other's society, whether she wished it or no—and something told me that she did not desire it, though well I knew that she loved him better than aught else on earth!

. . . . . .

"So there was a mystery, little one, some dark unfathomable deed in the past that made it impossible for the one who shone like a star on our ranch, to be happy. Came the day when the secret was revealed to me, and then I knew the strength of our holy Catholic faith in the heart of our laughing señorita.

"I had been sent across one of the hills on an errand for the master and on my way back I had to follow the river. The hour was almost noon and the sun overhead was hot, so I threw myself down under a tree high up on the river's bank, to rest ere proceeding on my way. I had not been there five minutes when I heard the splash of oars, and leaning over the bank I saw, coming down the beautiful stream, a small rowboat in which were two figures, the Señor Orion and the sweet young Señorita Stella. He was rowing and she was bending over the side of the boat with one hand dipped in the clear waters. From many of the trees that bordered the river's bank hung beautiful long trailing vines that in some places dipped into the water, or floated on its surface. One of these got twisted around the señorita, and the vine being strong almost lifted her from her seat.

"'Oh, I'm caught!' she exclaimed.

"'I wish you were,' he said, as he quickly put up his oars and commenced unfastening the vine. He did not take up the oars again, and the boat began to drift with the stream. Presently it got caught in an eddy, and before they quite knew where they were, it had shot up into a tiny cove right under the bank where I was.

"'Well, as we are here, let us stay a while,' he said. 'It is a good place for a talk.'

"She put out her small hands with an appealing gesture. 'No more talking, Orion,' she said. 'You have lingered here too long. You knew I did not want you to come; and only because we are both Margaret's guests, and because I cannot leave here—as I would, if I could—have I renewed an acquaintance that is full of sorrow and pain for us both.'

"And then the señor began to plead with her. He was a mighty lover, this Orion, and it was plain that the señorita worshiped him, and, by and by, as I held my breath and listened, I made out the whole story. They had loved each other once, seven years ago, but something came between them, and he married—a miserable marriage it was—and at last by every right human and divine (so he said) the Señor Orion had obtained a divorce from his wife and was free once more to marry again where he would.

"I knew little of such matters, my *Vieto*, and indeed all I now know I learned from the Señorita Stella in that

hour when her lover moved heaven and earth to break her will; and when only God and the blessed Madre kept her true to her religion and the teaching of Holy Church.

"'It would be a sin,' she said. 'You may think we would be happy, Orion; but we would not. Between us would always lie the shadow of an unblessed union. We have come on evil days, and if Catholics do not hold out for the sanctity of marriage, who will?'

"'You are quixotic and romantic,' he said.

"'No,' she answered, 'it is not romance. It is a very simple matter of right and wrong; and the world at large has twisted and warped it into a hideous thing.'

"She took off her hat as she spoke, and dipping her little hand into the cooling water, carried some of it to her head —the sun glinted on her fair head, and I saw how white and drawn was her once bright face.

"'Take me home, Orion,' she said, and her tone was piteous. 'You know I cannot leave here; but you can leave me. Be a man and go.'

"Without a word he took up the oars and brought the boat out in the middle of the stream, with a few vigorous strokes. The frail craft shot down the river rapidly, going with the tide, and presently I, too, was following the trend of the river's bank, leaping rapidly from one rock to another, till I struck the trail that led to the ranch. It was near the dinner hour and I was young and strong, so I ran rapidly, unmindful of the hot sun overhead. Just as I was leaving the trail above the river, and about to climb the hill to the ranch, I heard a cry. I knew that voice—the señorita's. In a second I was half-rolling, half-scrambling down the river's bank. Once on the shore I flew like the wind, and rounding the point where the señor had a boat landing I was just in time to see the Señor Orion, dripping wet, as he came out of the water, bearing in his arms the unconscious form of our Señorita Stella—the boat, bottom up, was floating down the stream.

"'Run, Santos!' he said, when he saw me. 'Run to the ranch for help.'

"I flew and met José. Between us we carried her up the hill. I thought I knew it all—excited and despairing, the señor had rowed recklessly, and the accident had followed.

"Yes, he left the next day, little one. He had not come off unhurt himself in that river accident, for his arm was in a sling, and that was why it was that he had called to me for help.

"And the young señorita? Many a day she kept her room, and when, a month later, she appeared once more, I was shocked. Nevermore was she like her old self; but her face had a spiritual loveliness that was not of this world—so I was scarce surprised when I learned, a short time later, that the blessed saints had called her to a life of religion.

"The night after she took her vows I was out on the plains, and there once more, brilliant and beautiful in the heavens, was Orion. The three stars on his belt shone as of yore; but his back was toward me, and I saw not the laughing brown eyes, nor could he look down into her convent cell and see his star that he had loved and lost.

"Yes, little one, they said he came over the Rockies, but—let me whisper it to you—Santos knew better. Else why did the mighty hunter Orion leave the starry heavens for a time, and return there when he had wrought his storm and stress on earth?"

"I like the three Kings better than Orion the hunter," said little Pedro.

"Ah! my little *Uieto*," said the old man, "the blessed saints have taught you; for so it is—in the heavens as on earth—heathen and Christian belief and unbelief. In the starry sky the sign of Orion the hunter to some; and the three Kings and the holy three of Nazareth to others. On earth the hunter, who seeks only his own desire, and brings darkness and pain in his wake, and fighting this evil, the pure souls who take the holy three at Nazareth for their model."

CONVENT LIFE IN AFRICA.

Through the courtesy of a well-known pastor in the Archdiocese of Boston, DONAHOE'S has the privilege of publishing the following letter from an American religious engaged in the African mission.—*Editor.*

THE CONVENT,
NSAMBYA, P. O. KAMPALA,
MENGO, UGANDA,
BRITISH EAST AFRICA.
October 19, 1904.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

There was general rejoicing in this community yesterday when your very kind letter came with its encouraging and sympathetic words and the substantial proof of your desire to favor this African Mission. You have helped us and rejoiced us more than you can ever know, dear Reverend Father. I earnestly beg you to thank our friend of the "Servia," good Mr. ——, for his share in the money order you sent.

We had no letters for a whole month, so you can imagine how anxious we were to hear from the outer world and from our loved ones so very far away. The mails are supposed to come in once every fortnight, but this rarely happens, as we usually have to wait the month. When we were coming here, Bishop Hanlon used to give us conferences on the steamer, and this isolation is one of the trials for which he tried to prepare us. He said it would sweep over us like a wave and would almost drown us in loneliness and longing for all that was familiar to us in the life and the world we were leaving. This is true! Always for a few days before the mail is due, I notice in each Sister an anxious, expectant look, despite her brave attempt to suppress the longing for news from home. I know, also, the pain it gives me to announce to the Sisters that no letter has come for them. But we all share whatever letters come in and that makes it better. So we all rejoiced together when yours came yesterday, and ever since we have been discussing what your money should buy. We are not going to give it for the church, because we have great need of it to help our women. They are the cultivators of the fields; and since our efforts

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The Diocesan Office at 62 Union Park Street, Boston, is a duly authorized channel through which donations to this mission or to any other Catholic missionary work may be made. The Director will gladly forward any offering, however small, to Mother Paul. —*Editor.*

to teach them sewing have failed utterly, we want to train them in employments more suited to their customs.

FEASTS AND FAMINE.

We have in this country a dry season and a wet season. Unhappily for us the wet season passed by with only rain-laden winds and no showers. Indeed, since the wet season of last April, when our church was destroyed we had only one fall of rain. At present there is almost a famine here among the natives, as the plantain trees have borne no fruits and even the crops of hard maize and beans have failed to grow. We nuns are not so badly off as the natives. We can get a sheep or a goat and some rice; also native wheat which we grind ourselves and, with home-made yeast, turn into wholesome bread. But the natives find no food half so satisfying as their "matoke" or boiled bananas. That is what they call "food," and the ears of wasted corn, or the boiled beans, or the millet seeds are only taken as a relish with the boiled bananas. A great treat is a few grains of rock-salt in cold water, into which they dip their morsel of "matoke" as we would use gravy. Another great feast is the addition of a few little dried fish of which they are very fond. Meat they rarely get — nor do they care for much of it. Yet they are strong and healthy when they take ordinary care of themselves.

BACKWARD PUPILS.

There is much to teach these people besides their religious instruction. They love a roving life and visit their friends and relatives for two or three months at a time. After such visits they return, having forgotten everything they had learnt in school. So they begin again — at the very beginning. It comes easier to them the second time and they are deeply interested for two or three months. Then a message comes that some friend forty miles away is supposed to be dying, and all our persuasions are nothing in the balance, so off they go with sleeping mat on the head.

However, we find that the children are more anxious to persevere, and we hope to train them to more of a home-life. It is said that forty per cent. of infants born here, die for want of proper care. The mornings and nights are very chilly despite the intense heat of the day; and as the babies are quite naked it is only the strong healthy ones that can endure the exposure. The mother goes into the fields when her little one is not a week old, and while she hoes, the baby, tied on her back, gets the benefit of the sun's fierce rays. Many infants die from such exposure.

THE BABES.

I have gone into a field, and there found one of our women at work with her hoe. I asked her where her baby "Maria" was, and she pointed to a spot at some distance where the banana trees were thick. I walked under the shade and in vain I sought the infant. The mother (a model Catholic) was greatly amused, and urged me to search further, assuring me that the little one was not far away and was fast asleep. I had to "give up," so the mother took me by the hand and led me to a bit of bark-cloth on the ground. Under this rag was the crown of the baby's head while the body was in a hole deep enough for the feet to rest on the ground. To my surprise and expostulations she said in her own language: "This is a good custom! When a Muganda woman goes to hoe it is not good for her baby to lie asleep *upon* the ground as it might injure itself by rolling — or, if it awoke, it might crawl away. Therefore we make a hole like this and line it with soft clean leaves

and put our baby safely into it so that it can neither crawl out, nor roll away; and we know exactly where to find it when we come from the fields." She said it was perfectly safe from wild beasts, because it was mid-day. I went next day with my camera and, though upon this occasion the baby was awake, I photographed her in the hole. Perhaps some of your nuns may be more successful in finding her in the photograph than I was in finding her asleep with the big leaf on her head!

Now for an answer to your questions.

OCCUPATIONS.

1. About the work the Christians do. The men of this place have learned to make mud bricks for buildings. They will work at that, and they will build native huts, or fences, or do any work which can be accomplished standing or sitting. They make mats, and have learned to sew. They carry loads, fell timber, and sell fire-wood. They wash the clothes of white folk and make very good servants. The women, strange to say, can do none of these things. They do the work that requires stooping, and one of the terms of contempt which they use to a man is that "he stoops like a woman." The women labor with a native hoe such as you see in the photograph. They cannot do much more with it than scrape the earth, for the handle is a crooked piece of wood to which the iron piece is bound with banana bark. It is remarkable that these natives found iron and had smiths make their hoes and spears, as well as iron anklets or other ornaments.

THE CROPS.

Their crops consist of beans, a hard kind of corn which at home would be considered fit only for fodder, and a small millet seed which they call "entungo."

Banana trees grow everywhere and the only cultivation they get is to keep down the elephant grass, which also grows everywhere. They simply scrape over the surface, and rarely go two inches below in their hoeing. Nor will they ever trouble themselves to turn up the earth in any other part than the spot into which they have put the seed. They plant sweet potatoes, which is the children's food, as the boiled banana is the adult's food.

I believe there would be less famine here if the natives worked the land better; for if the ground were soft, it seems to me that the dews would enrich it and produce some fruits during the dry season. Often have I gone over their fields when they have just planted their corn, and two inches down it is sunbaked clay into which a tiny root cannot force its way unless abundant rain comes to soften it.

So now that you have given us so generous a donation I am going to invest in a plow and harrow. While the order for these is on its way there may be time in six months to "break in" a yoke of oxen. I think we can buy a couple of young oxen from a tribe — Bahima — they are called, who are the only herdsmen in this land. Twenty dollars will do that, and the other forty dollars will get us the plow and harrow and pay the freight on them. Really I do not know what these things will cost, but I am going to seriously inquire and see what can be done.

Bishop Hanlon has a square mile here and he has given us a generous portion of it for ourselves and for our work. The soil is unproductive at present and this makes it difficult for us to gather about us a good number of women and girls to train. We have sent off to far-distant missions three bands of trained girls who are helping the Fathers in their missions. These girls can make hosts, bake bread, wash the altar linens, etc. They can also help teach Catholic practices

FIND THE BABY.

to those wild tribes. Fourteen are now in training. They are learning domestic work, and give promise of fidelity in extending the missionary work to places where, at present, we dare not go. The Fathers find them very helpful and are begging us to send more.

KIND FRIENDS.

The April storm nearly wrecked our school building of palm posts and mud walls. My appeal brought some donations from New York, and with one of fifty dollars from Father T——, we have built another school and made it twice as large as the first one. We have a daily attendance of two hundred children besides a class of women and girls who come half a day.

I wrote lately to a Boston Catholic weekly and one charitable soul sent me from Lowell, Mass., $2.00 (two dollars). She wrote me that she had seen by the June 11th issue of the same paper that a priest in M— had subscribed one hundred dollars for our work of re-building the church.

Father Dunne of New York City, who is the Diocesan Director of Propagation of the Faith there, has, like yourself, taken a personal interest in me and in our missions here. He was at the Central House in Paris last July, when Bishop Hanlon went there, and they met. His Lordship wrote the good news to me and told me also that Fr. Dunne had collected £13, which was then in the Paris house. This I am daily expecting. So I am hoping to invest all these dear American dollars to build up some modern farm-work that will keep our Christian women near us and make them self-supporting.

Poor Bishop Hanlon is making heroic efforts to send his priests to the wild tribes in the surrounding countries, and at the risk of their lives, and the sacrifice of every personal need, they are

PICNICKERS FEASTING ON BOILED BANANAS AND DRIED FISH.

nobly going forward. This makes me hesitate to ask His Lordship for money to invest in industrial works; but I am sure that these sums will come from time to time from interested friends in America. Be assured that not one cent will be spent in what is not of real use to our Catholics here. Their needs are so very simple.

WAGES IN ABNEA.

The men who make bricks consider themselves well paid if they receive *five cents a day*. Of course they do not work as fast as men at home, but even if only twelve bricks a day were made, surely they are worth five cents. My women will work for two cents a day. I don't want to train them to work for nothing because I think it makes paupers of them. I learned this in Norfolk, Virginia, and I believe that it applies here also. The value of the small offering should encourage those of your parishioners who contribute so generously to the Society for the Propagation of our Holy Faith. They are making it possible for the missionaries to carry on and to extend the good work for which they have offered themselves. A Promoter gathers between five and six dollars a year. At home, five dollars would not make much material difference in a great work; but here it will send five native girls to carry the word of God to those whom we could not reach. One band of our girls walked fifty miles from here; they were ten days on the road and wrote me that they rejoiced to carry the words of Jesus Christ to those who have not yet heard of Him.

"If the women of Bukedi listen to us we shall teach them of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother, and they will learn their wickedness and become gentle and good. Thus our works shall be blessed. If they refuse to listen to us, or if their men spear us because we are of another tribe and we have come to teach them, we shall die rejoicing that God has permitted us to die for the cause of our religion. And He will not punish those who kill us because they do not yet know His law." This is what our girls said when they left us in June.

A SAVAGE TRIBE.

To-day I had a letter from the priest of that mission telling me that our girls are doing well among these savage people. The natives of Bukedi are one of the fiercest tribes in Africa. A few of them visited us, last June, in company with one of our Fathers. He clothed them as you see in the photograph, and brought them here when he came for the Conference. They walked one hundred and fifty miles, and the good Father took the utmost care of them because, he assured us, if he returned with one missing it would mean death for himself. They kill each other — even though they profess friendship — over the most trifling dispute; the dead ones are cast out to be the prey of hyenas. The Father told us that once when he was with a few boys like these two of them were given some meat. One had difficulty in cutting his piece,

and his friend took hold of the meat — meaning to help him. Instantly his hand was severed by the sharp knife of the one who thus resented having his piece of meat *touched* by the friend. Nor did the priest dare to interfere,— otherwise his missionary work in that district would be ended without one moment's hesitation. It was a mark of highest confidence that he was permitted to bring these boys here. Their tribe and our Bananda were always at war. These people. This is now over, for with the exile of King Mwanga and his death since we arrived here, his little son has ruled, controlled by the British Government. The Church of England missionaries have him in hand and he is getting Christian education with a great deal of Protestant bigotry.

The Fort — "Kampala" — is twenty minutes' walk from here and an army of Nubian soldiers, who also act as police, serve under English officers. This guard

NATIVE WOMAN WALKING BY CONVENT GATE.

Bukedi boys were singing for us when I took their photograph.

Here in Uganda there has always been good order. The people had their king and nobles, as well as peasants and slaves. They rarely fought among themselves, though they loved to attack the neighboring tribes of Bukedi and Buddri. That is why those tribes are still so hostile to our people.

The kings formerly practised great cruelties to show their power over the (backed by some maxim guns), insures our safety.

BEASTS OF PREY.

At night, leopards and other wild beasts make it unsafe for men to walk abroad. When first we came these beasts were very bold and came close to our convent. Now, however, we have a very large clearing made around the convent and the beasts never like to trust themselves in such a space, as they are

NATIVE WOMEN WORKING FOR TWO CENTS A DAY.

so easily discovered. We always keep a light burning at night, and that also they fear.

Our watchmen have never been attacked. Last May a robber band made some visitations to Msambya and one night they burned down five huts close to us. The Bishop secured a guard of police—(Nubians and Baganda) and ever since these men have patrolled the hill during the early part of the night. No robber will venture on the roads late in the night as the wild beasts have then the right of way.

We are never out after six, and at six-thirty it is quite dark. So also at five-thirty in the morning it is quite dark and at six it is broad day-light. This gives a day of twelve hours to men and a night of equal length for beasts and reptiles. One of our priests at Kisummi wrote me that the crocodiles there are becoming so bold that they attacked and devoured eleven men during one month. They also attacked a bull and it barely managed to escape them. Boa constrictors infest the lake shores, and occasionally they are found in this vicinity, though we never see them. The fact is that our good bishop keeps from us any knowledge of such things, because, as he says, it only causes unnecessary fears and distractions.

Interest your nuns and implore them to pray for us and for our dear natives—that we may do these poor people some good and help them to lead worthy lives and gain Heaven. Often I think it is we who are learning from them the necessary lessons of holy simplicity and true contentment. They have so little and are so satisfied. I haven't learnt that lesson yet, I find, because I am a great deal happier since your post-office order came than I was before, and I am thinking a lot about that plow and harrow!

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

A word about the photos. Paper and chemicals change so quickly in this climate that we can do nice work only when our stock is fresh. I find that the paper is quite soft, but as it will be six months before we can replenish our store I send you these poor pictures with humble apologies to you.

The woman walking, carries on her back, her child, and on her head is a sleeping-mat, or bed. She is passing our convent gate, and was "snapped" from the opposite side of the road. It was on a Saturday and you can see some natives sweeping with a handful of twigs. The central figure in the group of boys is Paulo, a blind youth; his sightless eyes look perfect. As you see, he has been given a shirt and is considered to be magnificently dressed. This has drawn round him quite a crowd. The woman on his right is a fine specimen of a Ba-

ganda woman; notice the shells and bells on the child. The "picnickers" are some of our last band of First Communicants enjoying an afternoon feast of boiled bananas and dried fish. They spread the big leaves of the banana tree on the ground and squat round as you see, always eating with their fingers, but they never fail to wash their hands well before they begin their meal, and our dear Christians never neglect their grace before and after. In this picture you get another view of our convent thatch.

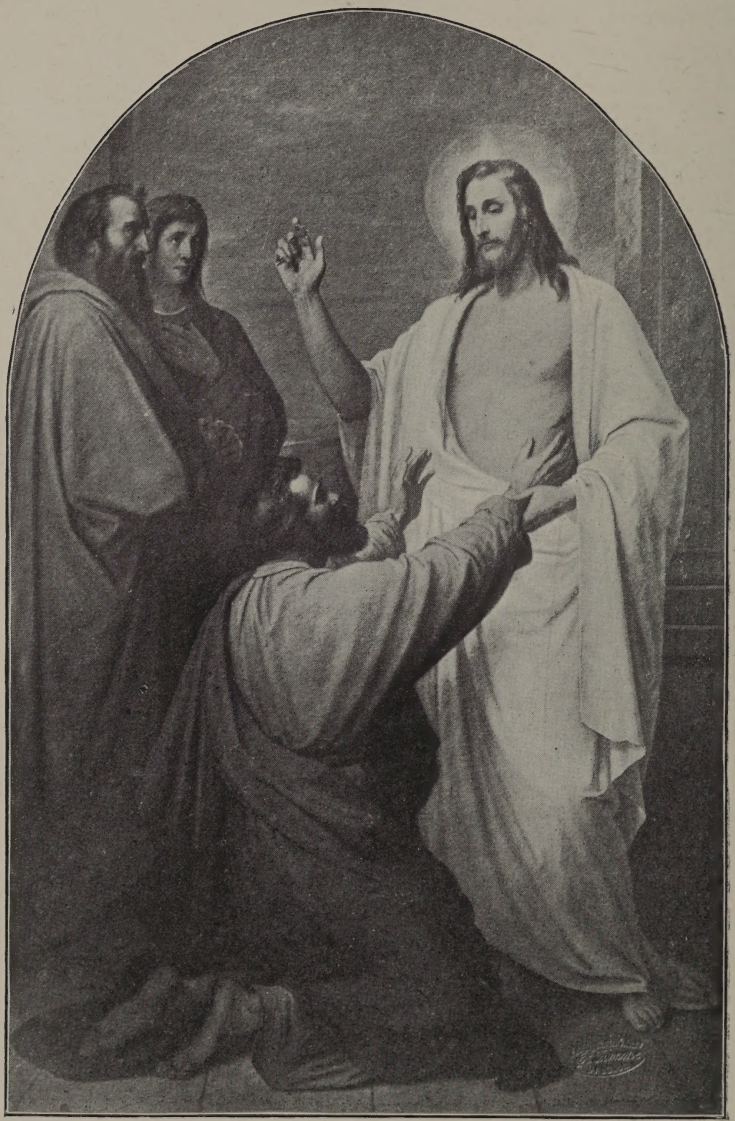
BUKEDI BOYS SINGING IN UGANDA.

Now I must finish; have I not tired you with all my chatter about our people? No. I am sure you are not vexed, for they are your people also and will not fail to pray for their benefactor. When you see dear Father H. I beg you to remember me most gratefully to him. He was one of the best friends the Norfolk, Virginia, mission ever had; and I shall always reverence his name and memory.

P.S.— The missionary Father of this station has just returned from a journey of one hundred and sixteen miles on foot! One thing which took my attention was what he related of a poor native who was attacked by a leopard. A band of men were walking on the road when a huge leopard jumped from the jungle and catching one man by the throat slung him over its shoulder, and before the men recovered their presence of mind, the beast ran off with their friend. They hastened to the chief, and he sent his men off to beat the grass and try to track the beast. Not far from the high road they found the bark cloth, which had dropped from the victim, and a little further on they found the body of their friend. The leopard had torn open his body, eaten the heart, sucked every drop of blood, and then returned, satiated to its den. The animals get drunk from the human blood and if then caught are easily taken.

PAULO, A BLIND BOY, AND HIS FRIENDS.

This is not a very nice story but you may be sure it is true, and that no doubt it is an everyday occurrence here, though there are no newspapers to announce it to the public.



THE DOUBT OF THOMAS.

Photograph by Dawkes and Partridge, Wells.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

GLASTONBURY, A FAMOUS ABBEY.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

In the heart of Somerset, that county of varied soil and scenery, of such rich valleys and richer hills, is the small town of Glastonbury, famous for the ruins of its abbey, wherein in bygone days many an Irish saint lived and died. Its population now numbers little above four thousand, yet few places in England possess more interest for the antiquarian and the scholar, or have such wealth of historic and legendary lore. The germ of the ruins was planted while the mysteries of the death and resurrection of the Saviour were still fresh in men's minds.

It was in or about the year 63 that Joseph of Arimathea was sent by St. Philip to preach the new faith to the Britons, one of whose kings gave him permission to live in a certain island known then as the *"glas"* or green island. It was surrounded by the waters of the river Brne, and was

"Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer seas."

Here St. Joseph and his twelve companions established themselves, and constructed their church—the first Christian church in Britain—of wattles and osiers. It was dedicated to the Mother of God, and "the Son of God was pleased to grace it with particular dignity," the old legends say. Tennyson speaks of this church in the *Holy Grail.*

"From our old books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury;
And there the heathen prince, Arviragus,
Gave him an isle of marsh, whereon to build:
And there he built with wattles from the marsh
A lonely little church in days of old."

After the death of these early Christian settlers their church was left neglected and forsaken till the year 166, when the legates, sent by Pope Eleuth-

Photograph by Dawkes and Partridge, Wells.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL, GLASTONBURY.

erius in answer to the request of King Lucius, established a community on the "green island." The wattled church of the Virgin was repaired, and a stone oratory dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul erected. The former became a place of pious pilgrimage; and it is said that St. Patrick once visited it. It is most probable that the St. Patrick referred to in the old legends was Patrick Senior, an Irish saint who died in the monastery. St. David, the patron of Wales, resided for a time at Glastonbury, and is said to have erected a church there, and thus Glastonbury, has a peculiar interest for the Irish, for St. David's parents were Irish. His nephew, Arthur Pendragon, the hero of song and story, pre-deceased him, and was buried in "the island-valley of Avilion, where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow." That such belief is more than idle fable is attested to by many ancient writers. Gerald of Wales was an eye witness to the finding of the bones of the great Celtic king in 1191, in the very spot indicated by the Welsh bards. At a depth of seven feet a large flat stone was found, bearing in Latin the inscription, "Here lies buried in the island of Avilion the renowned King Arthur."

Nine feet lower the searchers came on an immense coffin of oak containing the bones of the king and those of the fair and faithless Guinevere. The remains of the queen had been translated to Glastonbury from Almesbury; and they who looked into the oaken coffin saw that wonderful golden hair with which "she made her face a darkness" when Arthur bade her a last farewell in the cloisters of Almesbury.

Other historians as trustworthy as Gerald de Barri speak of the discovery at Avilion, and Henry II. paid a visit to the spot. Years later Edward I. and Eleanore of Castile visited Glastonbury and gave orders that the marble mausoleum containing the relics of the hero-king and his wife should be placed before the high altar of the great church. In the year 962 St. David's own remains were translated with great ceremony and pomp from the vale of Ross to the church where his kinsman lay.

Towards the close of the seventh century, Ine, the greatest of the West-Saxon kings, ascended the throne left vacant by the death of Ceadwalla, in all his baptismal innocence, at Rome. During a glorious reign of thirty-seven years, Ine built and re-built many churches and monasteries. He had conquered "the land of the Somersaetas," where the Tor looked over a wild waste of watery fen; and one of his churches rose on the site of the present city of Wells. In 719, he built on the older foundation a church to St. Peter and St. Paul at Glastonbury; but in 726 he, like his predecessor, died in Rome, and his erections were despoiled by the ravages of the savage Danes. That the cupidity of the heathen Vikings was aroused by its treasures is not unlikely. Ine had been a generous benefactor to church and monastery. William of Malmesbury tells that he bestowed on the church he had built an altar of gold, weighing two hundred and sixty-four pounds, besides chalices, candlesticks, and basons. Years passed on, and we next hear of Glastonbury through St. Dunstan—Dunstan the Primate, as historians proudly call him. Born beside Ine's church he had, from early youth, free access to the holy books that the wandering saints and scholars of Ireland had left in the monastery of Glastonbury, even as they left them in the cities of Germany and Austria. He received his education from the monks who had settled in the Abbey; and in the troubled after-days when the fair-haired imaginative lad filled the See of Canterbury, his thoughts often went fondly back to his loved isle of Avilion. Through the generosity of the Kings Edmund and Edgar, St. Dunstan was enabled to rebuild and restore the church and monastery; and during the time of his abbacy, the Benedictine rule was introduced among the monks. St. Dunstan died at Canterbury in 988.

The next abbot of note at Glastonbury was Herlewin, who commenced the noble pile of buildings whose ruins now remain. The work was carried on by various succeeding abbots. John Breyntone built the Abbot's Chapel; John Chinnock the cloisters and dormitory, while Bishop Fromont laid the foundations of the Chapel House. When the great church was finally finished, it formed a magnificent building, 582 feet from end to end.

The last abbot of Glastonbury was Richard Whiting. He is spoken of as a man "venerable for his age, pious, good, and truly exemplary in his conduct, provident to the poor and an example to the rich." His virtues did not save him from the tyranny of the infamous Henry VIII. Glastonbury was seized for the crown. The churches and monastery were plundered and the holy abbot, after a mock trial at Wells, was dragged on a

hurdle to the Tor, and there executed. His body was quartered and his head placed on his own abbey gate. The library of the monks was wantonly destroyed, while from the crypt, where Joseph of Arimathea was supposed to have been buried, the leaden coffins of many distinguished persons who had found there a resting place were removed and "melted into cisterns;" and at length the monastery that had witnessed the beginning and the end of the several dynasties that had ruled England from the time the Romans utilized the neighboring springs of Bath till Henry revolted from Rome for a woman's sake, was converted into a weaving factory.

To-day the streets of Glastonbury show by their names that England was once Catholic. To the south is Magdalene street, to the west, St. Benedict's street. Between the town and the railway station is Wirrall or Weary-all-Hill, where Joseph and his companions seated "all weary" one Christmas long ago. Here it was that the Arimathean missionary planted his pilgrim's staff, which at once took root and put forth branches. Ever after by reason of its origin, it blossomed on the Feast of the Nativity. The Glastonbury Thorn was renowned throughout the Christian world; and the Bristol merchants bore its branches and blossoms to foreign lands. Part of the venerable tree was cut down in the reign of Elizabeth, but the sacrilegious hewer lost his eyesight while engaged in the impious work. Not long ago a paragraph appeared in a daily paper regarding the famous thorn, and the writer of it asserted that one of its offshoots was in full flower then.

SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

BY GEORGE W. VANDEGRIFT.

A spirit dwells in darkened woods
That fits the soul's most sombre moods;
A healing power haunts the air,
To soothe the heart that tarries there.

The splintered sunshine subtly weaves
A silver web through moving leaves;
A soft wind plays where locusts croon,
By fragant pond and still lagoon.

Within these quiet vales the heart
May wander free in paths apart;
Can seek some pensive flowered sod,
And there at peace commune with God.

"NOT A JUDGMENT—"

BY GRACE KEON.

CHAPTER X (Continued.)

Mollie smiled—this was just like Mr. Selleck. There were many germs of helpfulness and truth in his practical, business-like way of looking at things.

"Tackle some knotty problem. Go at it tooth and nail. Fight it. Wrestle with it. First thing you know you'll be so deeply interested that you'll forget all about the other. Now you try it. I know a man—" he swung back in his big chair— "a clever fellow, who inherited the most melancholy of temperaments. Guess that's your case, too, by the way—some dead-and-gone ancestor poking out in you. This fellow I'm speaking about was of your faith, a Catholic; and a mighty lucky thing for him. Every time he gave way to the blue devils he'd fine himself a rosary. Before he realized it, he said, he was so busy saying prayers that he wouldn't dare lessen the restraint he imposed on himself for fear of adding to the debt."

Mollie's eyes began to shine eagerly.

"Did he cure himself?" she asked.

"That he did. One of the most cheerful of mortals at the present time—employed right here in this building—you see him every day. No one could believe it possible that he was ever anything but thoroughly happy. He's married, too. I tell you, my girl, marriage is *the* thing that knocks all the nonsense out of young folks."

The conversation had revived her spirits.

"We'll agree not to agree on that subject, Mr. Selleck."

Perhaps Mrs. Warden had confided some of her cherished hopes to the senior member of the firm, for he raised a warning finger now. There was a twinkle in his eye.

"Your choice, I think, will meet with my approval. If it does I shall give you my blessing."

To Mollie, at that time unaware of Harold Seymour's inclination and Mrs. Warden's wishes, the words conveyed no meaning not apparent on the surface. She shook her head and left him, refreshed and comforted by his cheering words.

* * * *

So many a time and oft these words returned to her, and she waged war with herself, falling back on some bright thought to help her, or praying with the earnestness of a sorely-beset soul. Dearly as Edith Selleck loved her father and was beloved of him, it is doubtful if, up to this period, she had come as close to his great soul as Mollie Farrell did. No prosperity could spoil this man; no adversity discourage. He expected the best of human nature and human nature gave its best as his right—the right of his child-like heart. Not one of his small army of dependents but would turn to him first in trouble or distress, knowing that he would not fail them. His indulgence would have utterly spoiled a less lovable nature than Edith's, for her nature was really that, in spite of the artificial veneering of the life she led. She forgot, sometimes, to be genuine, even with her father. She seemed so bright to him and so airy, and he saw so much that was pitiable in the world that he longed as only such a man could long, to keep her happy while happiness was possible. Or, perhaps, wished that when her time of trial came she would ring as true as this other girl, who had struggled upward out of the engulfing stream of circumstances, with face turned to the sun, seeking its light upon her soul.

After the conversation recorded above, Mollie tabooed introspection. She fined herself as did the man of whom Gregory Selleck told, and as she was very conscientious she soon found that her rosaries were a salutary restraint. The most pious among us would scarcely fancy an accumulating debt of prayer. But now, try as she would, fight as bitterly as it lay in her power to fight, she discovered that she had escaped her own control. Some force greater than her stubborn will beat down the barriers she had erected, and she gave in at last—yielding to the storm of emotion that shook her; dissecting Mollie Farrell brutally; acknowledging existing conditions. And though her face burned, she took that heart of hers and probed it cruelly.

She alone—she, Mollie Farrell, poor, humble Mollie Farrell—the daughter of poverty, the sister of a murderer!—she alone knew what John Rollinson had been to her. Her hero, the ideal of those dark days. It had been her childish ambition then to partly reach his level; to think like him; to see things with his eyes, though she might never attain his social standing. He was her ideal, her hero still—and now she knew her woman's heart. Now she knew why she had told Mr. Selleck she would never marry, and why she had turned with repugnance from thoughts of Harold Seymour. Because of this knowledge she asked that she might hate John Rollinson; that she might become indifferent. Strong-tempered, strong-souled, his face had led the way, kindly, gentle, encouraging, when the way was long. And so it had become part of her and she could not give it up. She faced a future more desolate than her past. She was resigned to it; she had never questioned it; had never, in all her twenty years, dreamed of anything different.

Ah, but then she had not thought to see a beautiful countenance light up as Edith Selleck's had done—for that man who had meant so much to her. The difference between those people and herself was so palpable—their accents, their manners, stamped with a likeness—yet so unlike; their indefinable air of culture—.

Her blood began to race with the protesting fury of other days. Her heart rebelled against the fate that seemed marking her out for a life of renunciation. Why should she be so different? Why could she not be content? Why these consuming ambitions? Why, above all, had she fixed her affections on a man who never thought of her, who never could or would think of her save as a creature to be pitied!

Pitied! His disdain, his contempt she would take and be glad of. But his pity, never! She did not envy Edith Selleck. Mollie Farrell with all her faults could not stoop to envy. But she wished that she might be like her for one single day. To feel like her, to look out upon life with her laughing, joyous eyes—just once to be free, to be free from desire of the unattainable.

Do not condemn my little Mollie Farrell now for these undisciplined thoughts. At twenty, one has much to learn, and if, as she herself had said, "this life is little after all" in a few more years she would understand. There are so many questions that only time, the grace of the world, can answer. Perhaps Mrs. Warden read the turmoil of the girl's mind, for she was very gentle and considerate all the rest of that day, and in the evening made a flying visit, ostensibly to call on Mrs. Farrell—who did not care overmuch for her—but really to see Mollie. Leaving she bade the girl good-night, taking the dark face in her soft palms.

"I am hasty, and brusque, and harsh," she said, tenderly. "I have no children of my own, but God seemed to send me you to make my heart softer—to fill a vacant place that I had not known was

empty. Dearie, I never meant to love you so—I meant to do what good I could for you, and let you take care of yourself, then—but now that you have crept around the very best of me, I seem to understand just when you are unhappy. I feel with you. I know your moods. If you are in trouble, let me help you. Trust me. No, no, not now—but when you can. Surely you will feel the need of me—"

The girl fastened those sombre eyes upon the other's face. Then she took Mrs. Warden's hands away—not roughly, but indifferently.

"I am not in trouble," she said. "Save the fancied one of my own making. Nor do I need assistance. What I am, I am. What I was, I was. Nothing ever can change or alter the fact that my brother slew a man in a drunken frenzy, and that in loving that brother I put myself right gladly on his level. And that my father hated me."

Mrs. Warden shrank appalled at the depth these slow and measured words revealed to her. She put out both her arms and drew the girl within her embrace tenderly, closely, as if she would shield her from herself.

"My dearest," she said, and her voice trembled. "What new temptation is this? Do not talk so. You frighten me."

"Pray for me," said Mollie, under her breath. "Just pray for me." She touched her cheek caressingly with her hand and gently released herself. "Pray that the temptation will pass. You are my friend—my only friend."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHARITY SEANCE.

Almost at the very hour a slightly similar scene was being enacted in another part of the city: that is, confidences were being given and sought, but in what different surroundings, and with what different sentiments to those animating Mollie Farrell.

"I am going to reform," Edith Selleck was saying, looking up into her father's face, with a smile.

"Reform? That's a peculiar expression. What is it now? Candies or violets?"

"I'm serious, father."

"That's too bad, Edith."

"Don't you think," she pursued, not heeding him, "that I could be more useful, and a little less ornamental? When I ponder over it, it truly shocks me. There are Mrs. Douglas, and Mrs. Martyn, and Miss Partridge! See what good they accomplish! I'm going to do something, that's all there is to it. I must give up being frivolous. I am debating upon whether or no I shall join Dr. Storrs' church, and take a Sunday-school class."

Mr. Selleck brushed the fair hair back from her forehead, gazing down into her earnest eyes. It was decidedly hard on the studied picturesqueness of her locks, she thought with a pang, but as no one was there to see the after effects, she felt that she could permit it.

And yet it was so loving, so gentle, so tender a hand! Untrained and undeveloped soul, approaching nearer and nearer your own high dignity, how these moments and these sentiments will return to you in pity some day: pity for what you were, and thankfulness for what God made of you!

"Why Dr. Storrs' church, little girl?" asked Gregory Selleck, now. "I never knew you had Presbyterian tendencies."

Edith laughed.

"Presbyterian? I had forgotten the denomination. Miss Partridge goes there, and she is *so* clever, and Dr. Storrs preaches so interestingly, and she has such unique experiences when she goes slumming—"

"That will do," said Mr. Selleck, with

a frown. "If there is a thing on the face of this earth that I detest it is what you fashionable women call slumming." He brought his open hand down heavily on the wide arm of the chair. "I should be mighty sorry to see a daughter of mine indulge in it, I can tell you. What right have you, Edith, or Miss Partridge, or Mrs. Martyn, to veil your curiosity under the name of good works, and parade among those people striving might and main—Pshaw! Supposing some of them started on a crusade to reform half of the folks *you* know? How would *you* like—"

"Father, *father,* FATHER!" cried Edith Selleck in dismay. She covered her ears with her hands, a gesture that was part of her, and looked at him with an assumption of fright. "Spare your poor little girl. I *never* meant it in that way. Why, you are angry, really angry, I believe."

"Not with you, darling," said her father tenderly. "Not with you." He kissed her.

"*Do* you imagine that I would go to them to make them feel badly, without trying to benefit them? How can you talk so?"

She was sitting at his feet. Now she crossed her hands over her knees, and looked up at him with those soft and earnest eyes.

"I would like to give them what they need. I've never had anything to do with the necessities of life, dear, but you have. Your charity is so large that it won't seem odd for me to be following in your footsteps. Let me do *something.* Dear father," her eyes were shining now, "I'm not satisfied. There is a life which I have never lived. Sometimes in dreams I get a taste of it—"

She paused. With a shiver she realized that *she was speaking the truth.* She had an object in view. In all her pampered life she had never been denied anything that she wanted badly, and all the opposition of a spoiled nature had risen up to compass this object:—merely the obtaining of John Rollinson's admiration. She did not love him, but he piqued her, and she would show him . . . Ah, but now she was voicing her real desires! She, who had a distaste for all things serious, or troublesome—what was it that rose in her to meet the words her lips were framing?

"It is the life *you* lead," she went on quickly, "the sympathetic existence that does not shrink from knowing sorrow. I have evaded all distressing things—but it is not right. Don't you think, if I go into it with my whole heart, I can accomplish a little?"

"Materially speaking, yes," answered Gregory Selleck. "But there is a charity that elevates, and then it ceases to be charity—it is simply the putting of one's self in another's place. And there is a charity that degrades. It is this latter sort your companions are administering, probably—the kind that gets their names and photographs in the daily papers."

"You think—"

"I think there are too many in it. Keep out of such altogether. If I hear of any occasion on which you may be of assistance, I shall gladly let you help."

Edith looked grave. Impulsive by nature, this, her latest scheme, engrossed her whole fancy. She had taken the initiative step that day in going to her father's office. She wanted to see Mrs. Warden, and Mollie Farrell, of whom her father spoke. Well, she had seen them.

"Dr. Rollinson knows a number of poor people, doesn't he, father?"

"Yes. Is it to him we owe this streak of magnanimity?"

"Indeed, no." She pouted charmingly. "I did make a remark some time since about my general lack of purpose, and he said I ate too much."

She waited until her father stopped laughing.

"Or words to that effect," she added, naïvely. "He laughed, too, father—actually laughed at *me*—at your daughter Edith. Let me show both of you that I am not so entirely a creature of bubbles."

"A creature of bubbles! There is a simile for you!" He bent and took her hands in his. "Because I and Dr. Rollinson laughed, you are anxious to show me that these little hands are capable hands! What a laudable incentive!" His tender voice robbed the words of all sarcasm. She rested her cheek on his knee. "I don't like it, Edith—I don't like it."

"Does—is Mollie Farrell poor?"

The words were out. She hesitated—half-afraid he would question her, and what answer could she give him? half-ashamed to acknowledge remembrance of the girl's name. But he did not question—to him it seemed perfectly natural that others should be interested in his people.

"She might be called so, although she is earning fairly decent wages."

"Yet she is poor," persisted Edith. "She knows poor people. She knows Dr. Rollinson's poor people? He says *his* are different, so proud, so independent," she spoke dreamily, now. "Yes, he must have meant her—he surely meant her."

"What are you talking about?" demanded her father.

"Nothing," answered Edith. "At least, nothing *much*. I was simply wondering. She is independent enough, isn't she, and proud enough, too, your Mollie Farrell? Let her come to me; let her show me what I can do, quietly, easily, without any one knowing—like you, father, like you."

She kissed him again.

"And we'll omit Dr. Storrs and Miss Partridge and all the rest? Is it agreed, Edith?"

"If you wish, father—only she wouldn't mind Miss Partridge—and Mrs. Martyn is such a dear little soul!"

"Well, I'll ask her."

Edith was silent. She hardly knew what her thoughts had been that afternoon when she gazed from John Rollinson's face to the proud one of her father's employee. She did not nor would she formulate anything that might savor of understanding between those two. It was absurd. John Rollinson could not so far forget himself, his breeding, his position, his duty toward society, as to have any serious interest in a girl like Mollie Farrell. And the whiteness of his life precluded anything else than serious or honorable thoughts of any woman.

Yes, there had been that in both their faces which annoyed her. John Rollinson had never looked at her or at any woman she knew as he had at that thin, dark girl who returned his glance so forbiddingly. Nor had Mollie taught herself to smile when her heart was aching: there had been a quiver of the lips and an inflation of the nostrils which had spoken volumes to this keen observer.

"Do you think Miss Farrell would come?" she asked now slowly. Somehow, after broaching the subject, she shrank from it. "She may not care to help me—she struck me as being very proud and haughty, even insolent."

"There you misjudge her," said her father.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. You will not understand me when I say that what you would call the natural self-respect of a proud nature when one has as much money as yourself becomes insolence from one whom the world considers poor. No, I do not mean to criticize you at all—you see according to your lights—*and* according to your years. At any rate it will do you no harm to talk to her—she is as bright and clever as she can be. I wish Mac were half so clever and had her head for figures—"

"The idea!" said Edith. "Comparing

Mac to anyone like that—in her position—"

"And why not?" mildly.

"It seems so horrid—so unsuitable—" He sighed.

"Edith, I don't think I shall ask Miss Farrell to come to see you. You are of two entirely different elements—and she would be quicker than I to resent such a remark. Edith, Edith, you foolish little girl! Get this new-fangled notion out of your head. Join Dr. Storrs' church, if you must—but remember that you have Mac and me to make happy, and that slumming will bring you into contact with all sorts of germs. I believe germs was one of your fads a month or so ago?"

"You are laughing at me," she said, in a low tone. "Well, blame yourself then, if I do ill-advised things."

"Edith!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I mean it. What a frivolous creature I must be—no one seems to think me capable of anything. Is my life to be made up of caresses—of a few kind words—"

"You are too sensitive," he said. "The butterfly's wing once crushed, who can restore its beauty? Mixing with people foreign to you as those of another country will certainly give you more pain than happiness. However—"

"Could I not make Miss Farrell my dispenser?"

He saw now that a really powerful desire must underlie the girl's words. It might not be a passing fancy, then. In the goodness of his heart he had never learned to deny her anything. He gave way now. He had only a hazy idea of what she meant to do, but whatever it was she should do it, and he would help her.

And the girl's notions were as hazy. She would be a gracious benefactress, she would bestow favors on those who needed them. To what end? Not with self-sacrifice in view—she was not prepared to make sacrifices, or to give much of her time to the service. Nor, if some one had suggested that she was doing it for God's sake, could she have coincided with the suggestion. She wanted to win John Rollinson's approval, and almost childishly she set about it. Had he been ready then to kneel at her feet, it is doubtful if the novelty of his devotion would have satisfied her. So do we set ourselves tremendous tasks to gain the unattainable, crying, like children, for the greater toys of life.

* * * *

Mrs. Warden had to lend the powerful persuasion of her word before Mollie would accede to Gregory Selleck's request. The bitterness of that day of realization had been trampled underfoot. Once more Mollie was herself, contained, subdued, and it was really to prove it to herself that she agreed in the end, shrinking a little even at that from what was still the unpleasant task of talking to a stranger.

Meanwhile, Edith Selleck, with the erratic flight that seems to be the prerogative of an unsettled mind, had been busy among her friends—it would be rather a pity to waste this attempt at well-doing without having one or two others participate—or at least stand off and admire. Mollie, leaving Mr. Selleck one bright afternoon with the intention of calling on his daughter, would not, under any circumstances, have faced the ordeal in store for her had she known. But she did not know. Edith, with great air of secrecy, had invited Miss Partridge and Mrs. Martyn to what she chose to call a "charity séance." She would not invite Mrs. Douglas, another of her intimates, because she could not trust her not to talk. And Miss Partridge and Mrs. Martyn were not so cynical; they would be a little envious of her cleverness in inventing this new idea. Or maybe she wished to show them that her father's daughter had originality. What-

ever the reason, she invited them and they came.

Mollie was shown into the reception-room where the three were seated. The quiet attire of the visitors accorded with her own, and woman-like, after the first shock of seeing them, this set her more at her ease. Edith looked approvingly at the neatly attired figure—"quite lady-like," was her mental comment, and Mollie returned her gaze, marveling that so exquisite a creature could still be human—the body so graceful, the face so delicate. She had room for no other sentiment those first few moments but pure admiration, as genuine as it was spontaneous. There was a sweet smile of welcome on Edith's face—for she meant to bind this girl to her, heart and soul, and she could be winning when she tried. She drew a chair into the circle; she introduced her in such a way that no hint of patronage or superiority could creep into their manner—even if they were inclined to patronize, which they were not. Miss Partridge was tall and handsome, with a very strong, determined face, severe until she spoke, when its every line grew soft. Mrs. Martyn was round and rosy and gentle. Both adhered to different religious denominations, but both were perfectly sincere.

"I have to thank you, first of all," said Edith, "for coming to us. I can understand that a busy girl like you, with so many cares and duties, must find it hard—"

"You forget," said Mollie, gently, under the spell of her charming manner, "that your father kindly made it possible for me to come. I really do not know what you want of me—nor could I discover from Mr. Selleck. What is it? Will you tell me now?"

No beating about the bush with Mollie. Her directness compelled an answer.

"It means that you see before you a perfectly useless member of society."

"My *dear* Edith!" murmured Mrs. Martyn.

"Oh, but now I have resolved to be useless no longer!" she said, not answering her, but looking straight into Mollie Farrell's eyes. "From what my father says of you, you are in a position to know the circumstances of a good many poor people. You can tell me just how to reach them."

"Miss Farrell seems almost too young, if I may venture the remark," began Miss Partridge, with a smile, "to pose as an adviser."

"Those things go much better under the direction of an earnest clergyman," said gentle Mrs. Martyn.

"There is Dr. Storrs, Edith," rejoined Miss Partridge. "He would be a better one to consult than any."

Mollie lifted grave eyes to the speaker's face.

"Miss Selleck merely asked me to come that she might put a few questions to me—not as an adviser. That is it, isn't it?"

Edith nodded brightly.

"We'll call it that," she said.

"We have evening classes for our poor and the sewing-school every Saturday, to say nothing of the Mothers' Circle, superintended by Dr. Storrs himself, which is really doing a vast amount of good, and embraces a certain section of the East Side. Then there is—"

"Lydia, don't you think I have heard over and over again just what Dr. Storrs is doing?" asked Edith, playfully. "I admire him very much—but my plan is to be laid on strictly original lines."

"Innovations are dangerous," declared Miss Partridge.

"My dear Miss Partridge, how *can* you say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Martyn. "Why, they have new ideas every other month in our parish! I'm sure they aren't the least bit dangerous! We are Episcopalians—extremely High Church, you know," to Mollie. "Last year, Father

Curtin introduced the confessional—*such* a comfort!—and this year he has processions and surpliced choir-boys. It is delightful—*so* religious. *I* find innovations charming!"

"And *I* call that a direct aping of superstitious practices!" said Miss Partridge.

"First thing you know," said Edith, with uplifted finger, "you'll be quarreling. And then I shall ask you both to go home, and talk to Miss Farrell myself."

"After all, it's the good we do, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Martyn.

"That is the principal thing," said Miss Partridge. "The good we accomplish. Creeds, after all, are conveniences."

"I am creedless," said Edith, serenely. "I can get along so much better with my friends by not adhering to any set form of rules. I would not like to have any one make laws for me." She shook her pretty head and the dimples flashed in her cheeks. "I am perfectly content to make laws for other people!"

Mollie Farrell sat gazing with bewildered eyes from one to the other. In all her life she had never listened to such a conversation as this. She did not know what to make of it. Those who made her small home-world were Catholics. Even John Rollinson was a Catholic.

"Miss Farrell will leave us with a false impression," said Edith Selleck. "Don't be frightened," she continued, addressing the girl, "there are few such earnest workers as Miss Partridge and Mrs. Martyn"

"I only wish we were more plentiful," said Mrs. Martyn.

"We are, indeed, too few," murmured Miss Partridge.

"Never mind," said Edith. "One person in earnest is worth twenty only half-interested. My father praises you so highly, Miss Farrell, that I'm sure all this talk has been helping to give you ideas. Some people grasp a subject so quickly," and she smiled at her.

Again Mollie raised puzzled eyes. She was too serious to see the humorous side of this entire play of words. She only realized that something was expected of her which she was unable to give.

"You have confused me," she said. "I do not understand. What do you want of me? You have only talked about churches and classes and circles and innovations—"

"You poor child, so we have!" cried Edith with a charming assumption of elderly wisdom.

"I do not grasp your meaning," said Mollie Farrell, briefly.

"No?" asked Miss Partridge.

"No?" asked Mrs. Martyn.

"Why, of course she doesn't," declared Edith. "I forgot to mention that Miss Farrell is a Catholic."

"Oh!" said Miss Partridge.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Martyn.

Mollie began to feel lost and unhappy. Miss Partridge's handsome upper lip stiffened. Mrs. Martyn glanced in gentle curiosity from Edith Selleck to her dark young visitor. Mollie wanted to get out into the open, away from this strange atmosphere. Why had they sent for her? What did they mean? For although, in case of necessity, she could give evidence of the faith she professed, —thanks to the care for all his young people of zealous Father Laurence of Our Lady of the Angels—she did not feel that this was either the time or the place in which to speak to advantage. She had come for Mr. Selleck's sake, at Mr. Selleck's earnest solicitation. These women made her feel as if she were in another world, and Edith Selleck was stupidly frustrating the very end she had in view. For Mollie's quick defiance caught at last, and her head went up, and she gazed for a moment into Miss Partridge's eyes—and into Mrs. Martyn's. And then, with a lifting of the shoulders that was more expressive than any words, she turned to Edith.

"I am a Catholic, of course," she said. "My religion is not the topic under discussion, I believe?"

"Not at all," said Edith Selleck, slowly. This was the way in which the girl had looked at John Rollinson. "I wish you knew *my* people," he had said. "*My* people!" Here sat one of them now—one of *his* people. "I was talking to my father a few evenings ago about joining some church and doing work among the poor." She spoke hastily, confused by the girl's compelling glance. "He suggested—after I had mentioned your name—that you direct me. I can reach those I want to through you. But you must tell me how."

Mollie's lips were smiling.

"Mr. Selleck said that? He knows more about such matters than I do," she said. "He, too, has clubs and evening-schools. But his is a pure love of humanity—"

"Ours, also, of course," interjected Mrs. Martyn.

"Oh, is it?" asked Mollie.

Miss Partridge looked at her inquiringly.

"Yes," she answered. "That is all we are working for—out of pure love of humanity—and for the Master's sake. We give to those who need it, irrespective of class or creed."

"What do you give? Yourselves?"

"Ourselves? Ourselves? We give a good deal of our time, if that is what you mean—"

Something rose in Mollie's throat. Indeed, Mollie Farrell, with her rigid independence, her self-reliance, her stoical endurance of privation, was ill-chosen to send upon this errand. The expression that flitted across her face made Miss Partridge stop and gaze at her inquiringly.

"And doing that you have to ask a working-girl how to go about it?"

"Yes," said Edith. The conversation was too serious. Mollie Farrell was too serious. Miss Partridge was too serious, and Mrs. Martyn. She was tired. Mollie's attitude brought back an unpleasant memory. She wished the whole thing was over.

"I know a certain woman who would not have to ask," said Mollie. "Shall I tell you about her?"

Edith Selleck sat up, conscious of new interest. For Mollie's face had changed and Mollie's eyes were glowing, and to some purpose Mollie Farrell found words when most she needed them. She rose from her luxurious chair and stood beside it.

"She makes her way into a humble home, and takes a fretful baby from its mother's arms and hushes it. She has sat for hours soothing the last pangs of the dying, dissipating their fears. She has taken up the ragged urchin from the street and clothed it in garments begged from others—and washed, with her own hands, its little face. She gives of love, great store of love, whose source is a divine one. She does not speak, I know, of schools or circles or clubs or classes but these things that I tell you she does, and countless others. Few see her, saving only the ones that she befriends. As for myself, I can do but little—but what I have I give and no one has to tell me how. God tells me. And I am sure that God will understand. Miss Selleck," she bent her shining eyes upon the girl's fascinated face, "when you really want to help your fellow-man, ask your father to let me send this woman to you. Remember, before doing so, that she is a Catholic—a Catholic nun in the garb of her Order. But you will need no other teaching."

And turning, with a bow, that included all three, Mollie Farrell left the room.

(To be continued.)

AT THE FERRY.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friel's," "The Leading Road to Donegal," "Donegal Fairy Stories," etc.

It was my first Irish ferry. Though I had grown up to manhood in Ireland, I had never experienced a home ferry before. I knew well, too well, what an American ferry was, particularly a Jersey City one with all its awful hustle and bustle, crazy crowding, and mad stampeding; its striving for place in the rush on, and its barbarous struggle for precedence in the rush off—these knew I more intimately than I coveted. This was my first acquaintance with ferries, and, knowing the American ferry, I foolishly fancied that there was nothing more to be gleaned in that field.

I was mistaken—as I had been once or twice in my life before. I knew not the home ferry—until recently, when, in company with a bright and beautiful August forenoon, I arrived on the shores of Lough Swilly in the northern part of my native Donegal. Desiring to get to Derry by the most direct route, I had made inquiries whether I could cross the lough, or should have to go around it, and, while still the lough was two miles distant, I came up with the tradition of the ferry service across the Lake of Shadows. Arrived at a sleepy little village which time and the world seemed to have forgotten long, long ago, whose little houses were lapped by the lake waters, I had the tradition confirmed, and the ferry located for me at a point half a mile farther down the water's edge, and the next starting time of the boat disclosed.

Before leaving the dreamy little village I explored it, visiting its ruined castle—the old castle that, ivied-clad, looked storiedly out upon the flowing and the going tides,—walked the few streets, noting the quaint and quiet little shops, and observing, part with pleasure, part with envy, the slow-paced, dreamy-eyed, happy-hearted citizens. That they were truly happy-hearted might be seen by a blind man. Wars, and the rumors of wars, the birth of republics, and the fall of dynasties, might shake the outer world, but, on the smooth current in this secluded haven, such things awaked not even a responsive ripple.

I followed a road by the shore to find the ferry. When I had been traveling fifteen minutes the road suddenly took a turn and went directly down into the waters. I was surprised, and a bit disappointed, for yet I saw no sign of the sought for ferry. Nearby was a little house completely ivy-clad; a young man mounted upon a broken-runged ladder was trimming the ivy; away, in front of the house, stretching outwards till it disappeared under the water, was a kind of low broad wall, by the side of which sat an ungainly boat, oars lying ready over the gunwale. In the quiet of the morning the click of the man's trimming shears rang out, mingled with the call of a blackbird from a hedge hard by, the bold chirp of sparrows from the house-top, and the velvety lapping of a waveless tide on a pebbly beach, no other sound disturbed the morning. For several minutes I stood still at the road-end, absorbing delightful impressions—but life must go on; the ferry must be gained, and I looked at my watch. It was within five minutes of ferry time, and no ferry in sight. I hastened forward to the ivy-clad house.

"Can you direct me to the ferry?" I asked of him who trimmed the green drapery.

"You are at it," he replied, without lifting his eyes from the slow-moving shears.

"Where?" said I in surprise, as I swept my eye over the landscape—unsatisfactorily.

"Here," said he, "there's the waitin' room," and with his shears he indicated the door below him. "You can sit down there, if you like, till it starts."

"But," I said, "I want to be on the ferry boat when it starts, not sitting in the waiting room. Besides I can't see the ferry."

"You are that smart," he said in reply to my petty witticism, "that maybe you'd like to start without waitin' on the boat at all, at all? And if you can't see it," he said in reply to the second part of my observation, "it's to an eye-doctor you should complain, instead of to a ferryman. Look out from ye," he said, "see if ye can see a purty big boat at a long quay?"

I saw this and acknowledged it.

"Very well, then," said the man behind the shears—he was trimming all this time—"you have seen as much as you need to, and you know as much as meself."

"Is—that—the—ferry?"

"That is what I have been trying to tell ye."

For some time I stood in silent wonderment contemplating the ferry. Suddenly I pulled out my watch. "What time does this ferry start at?" I asked.

"Half-past ten," was the reply.

"But it is five minutes after half-past ten now?"

"Humph," he said in pitying tone, "them five minutes will seem a mighty short time to you the day you are going to the graveyard."

And the shears went on click, click, click, click. "Well, well," I said to myself, and turned upon my foot.

He stopped the shears for a moment, and he said:

"You can either sit down in the waitin' room, or, if you be one of these chaps that like to swallow the air, you have your choice of them big stones to sit on."

I went to the open door of the waiting room and glanced in. It had a clean-swept clay floor, and a white form was arranged along each of three walls. The entire throng here awaiting the ferry boat consisted of one shawled country girl with an umbrella, and innumerable parcels. On the girl's face was a resigned look; she leaned forward, apparently gazing upon the calm scene disclosed out of doors. I could see though that she was in reality nursing her patience, and concentrating all her mental attention on the duty. I strolled twenty yards farther on where a granite rock offered an inviting seat. There I sat down, drew from an inner pocket a bundle of proofs that had for several days and several nights been haunting my conscience, took out a fountain pen, and went to work. After a little while, hearing a gate open by the side of the house, I glanced over my shoulder and saw a bearded workingman of about fifty years of age, tall, slightly curved, heavily booted, pipe in mouth, and hands in flapped trouser pockets, emerge very slowly and deliberately, advancing one foot past the other, then the other past the one. He had a calm eye bent upon me; he was shaping his steady course in my direction. I resumed my work. Arrived at my shoulder, he said, "That's a grand morning out and out. Glory be to God." I glanced up. Although he was addressing myself, his eye was very attentively bent upon what I was doing.

"Yes, glory be to God," I said, "it is," and proceeded with my work.

After some minutes spent in puzzled observation of the proof reading process, he tried me with a few casual remarks, to which I, being industrious, gave rather hurried, unencouraging replies.

"I suppose it is time to be starting," he said.

"I should think so," I said, curtly. "It is nearly a quarter of an hour after the time."

"Oh, is that all?" he said, and he let himself down on the grass by my side, where he continued smoking, and observing my work, and the landscape alternately. After another five minutes, during which time neither of us spoke, he turned, looking in the direction of the house, and called to the young man upon the ladder.

"Char-les, it's time."

"I think it is," the other replied, immediately dropping his work, and slowly descending the ladder.

"Then we'd better be hustling," said my neighbor, and thereupon he resumed a restful attitude.

Charles now came over and stood at my shoulder, puzzling over the mysteries of proof reading. Both of them were watching me. I worked calmly on. With the tail of my eye I observed the girl who had been in the waiting room pass down the quay, her two arms being hooped around a wealth of parcels, the umbrella depending from the farthest part of the circumference. Having reached the point whereat the boat rode, she stood, thus burdened, looked around her, and waited. I continued my work. My two friends still gave me all their attention. After a few minutes, he who sat upon the ground sighed, put a hand under him, and slowly raised himself up, he took the pipe from his mouth, stretched his arms to the skies, and yawned. He put forth one foot very deliberately, and then threw forward the other. He turned his head towards me, and said:

"Then we'll slither on." And he slithered.

The younger man stepped into his tracks, and slithering after him, I got up, pocketed my proofs, stowed away my pen, fell into line, and slithered after them. The country girl slithered along in the rear. When they had got the country girl, all her bundles, and myself, into the boat, they slowly shoved off, and the ferry boat with its crowd 'slithered' over the lake.

I asked the older man for information concerning a village that lay one mile from the opposite end of the ferry. This he could not give; he had never been there in his life; he had not heard much about the village; only—there was a village there sure enough, and the name I gave was the right name of it. Both the men sang and whistled happy-heartedly as they leisurely plied their oars.

They bade me a cheery good-bye, and God speed, when, having paid my three penny fare, I stepped out upon dry land. A big, white-lettered black-board was staring me in the face as I stepped up the quay. On approaching it, I found that it was a presentation of the ferry tariffs. "Tuns of wine" were listed thereon, "barrels of tallow" and other items which impressed me with the idea that I had fallen into Rip-Van-Winkle land. I carried my eye to the bottom of the board where was the signature "Isaac Montgomery," and the date—1st January, 1836! I rubbed my eyes, and read this date several times, speaking it aloud to have the confirmation of my ears before I turned my back upon, and walked away from, my first Irish ferry.

FIDES.

BY J. J. MCCORMICK.

"They also serve who stand and wait,"
And listen, Lord to hear Thy call,
As well as they who see Thy face
And sit within Thy banquet hall.

The hearts that bravely bear their grief,
And still can feel the common woe,
In Thy dear heart will find relief
That Thou and they can only know.

The world may see a lowly life,
Bereft of pleasure, pride, and gain;
But Thou dost see the perfect whole,
Or the golden links in life's long chain.

Thy glory fills the hearts like Thine,
That only grieve when others fall;
They stand with Thee on Calvary's height,
They drink with Thee the bitter gall.

With Thee they joy when right has gained;
With Thee they joy when virtue's won;
With Thee they bend beneath the cross
And gladly say "Thy Will Be Done."

CHELSEA OLD CHURCH, WHERE SIR THOMAS MORE WORSHIPED.

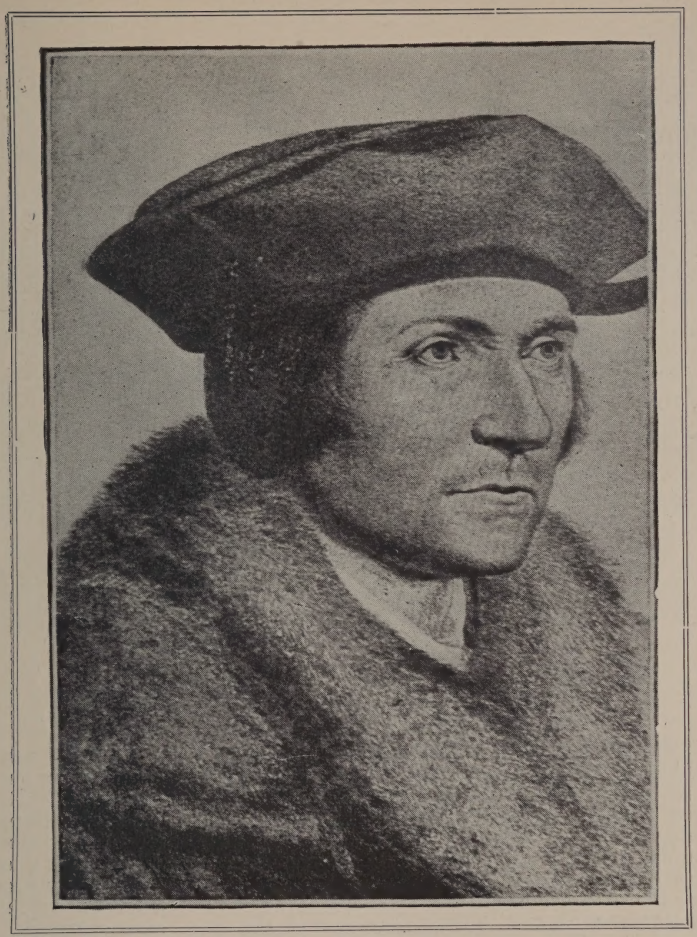
GREAT ONES OF OUR FAITH.

III.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

"He seems born and framed for friendship, and is a most faithful and enduring friend. He is easy of access to all; but if he chances to get familiar with one whose vices admit no correction, he manages to loosen and let go the intimacy rather than to break it off suddenly. When he finds any sincere and according to his heart, he so delights in their society and conversation as to place in it the principal charm of life. . . . . Though he is rather too negligent of his own interests, no one is more diligent in those of his friends. In a word, if you want a perfect model of friendship, you will find it in no one better than in More. In society he is so polite, so sweet-mannered, that no one is of so melancholy a disposition as not to be cheered by him, and there is no misfortune that he does not alleviate." —Erasmus.

"O City of London, you saw led out from prison on a charge of treason the man at whose tribunal you had so lately beheld others standing for a similar crime; the man whom you had known as a boy, a youth, and whom you had marked in later life, as, amid the applause and congratulations of all, he mounted through every grade of honor, until he reached the very highest office. And because he was your own citizen and child, not without a secret sense of joy you beheld his prosperous career tending always to your own praise and honor. You saw him at last led out as a criminal from prison, in sordid dress, and grown old, not by the lapse of years, but by the squalor and sufferings of his dungeon, and for the first time you beheld his head made white by long confinement; you saw his weak and broken body leaning on a staff, and even so scarcely able to stand, and dragged along the way that led to the place of trial, or rather of certain condemnation. Could you see this spectacle with dry eyes? Or could you without tears see him return by the same road condemned to the penalty of traitors, while you knew that his fidelity towards yourself could never



(From Holbein portrait.)

SIR THOMAS MORE.

"I thank Our Lord the field is won."—Thomas More.

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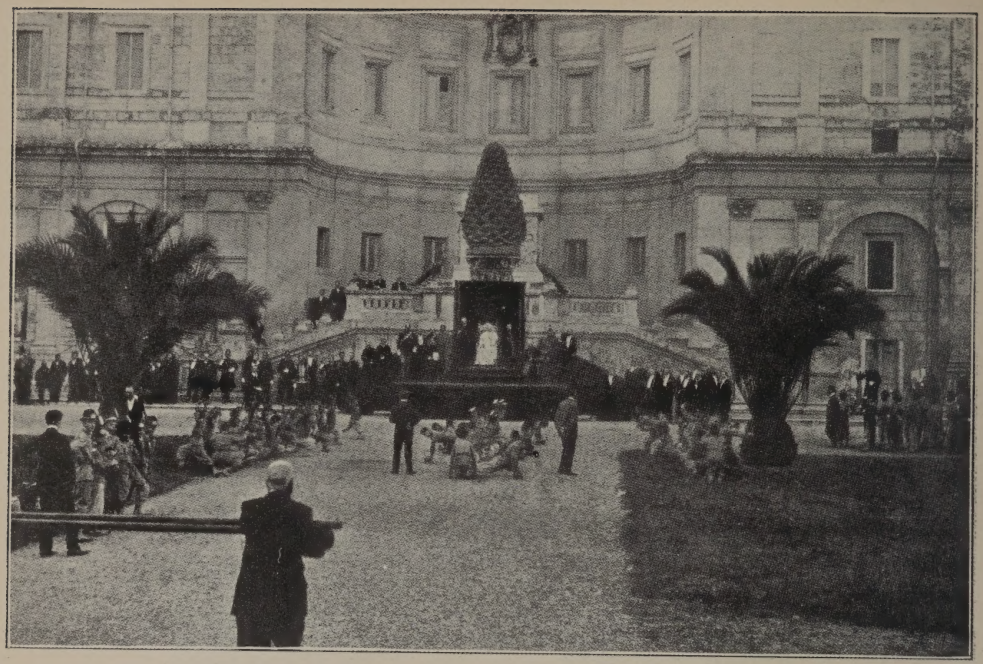
be shaken by bribes or threats? How, indeed, could the citizens of London be unmoved, when I see utter strangers, who never knew him and never received benefit from him, conceive such sorrow in reading the story of his trial as not to be able to restrain their tears? I, myself, who have loved and venerated him, not because of private affection, but because of his virtue and integrity and benefits to my country, writing now about his death, in my exile far from England, feel the tears gush to my eyes against my will, so that—as God is my witness—they hinder my writing, and blot the words that I have written."—Cardinal Pole.

"All the martyrs have accepted death to be faithful to their God, but not all have desired death; at least, they have not all, like More, desired it throughout their life. To him eternity had ever been the only reality, the only hope that makes life worth living. Pleasure, literary fame, wealth, the smiles of princes, had only proved to him how mean are all the goods this life can offer, and his soul thirsted for the strong God from the midst of weakness, for the living God from the midst of death."—Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.



PIUS X AT EXHIBITION OF PHYSICAL DRILL.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The interest shown by His Holiness, Pius X, in educational matters is not restricted to book knowledge alone. He is thoroughly alert to the need of physical training for the young, and manifested his approval by attending a physical drill, held in the Cortile del Pina. This court takes its name from the sculptured representation of the pine-apple, ornamenting the centre. The throne was erected beneath this monument, and from his vantage point the Holy Father watched the gymnastic exercises, following the movements with evident pleasure in the performers' skill.

His love of the young and his paternal care for children has been evinced on many occasions.

In his recent encyclical, His Holiness speaks grave words of exhortation to catechists, urging upon them the need of much zeal in their work.

"We are aware," he says, "that the office of catechist is not much sought after, because, as a rule, it is deemed of little account and does not lend itself easily to the winning of applause. But this, in our view, is an estimate born of vanity and not of truth. We are quite willing to admit the merits of those sacred orators who dedicate themselves with genuine zeal to the glory of God by the defense and maintenance of the faith, or by extolling the heroes of Christianity. But their labor presupposes labor of another kind, that of the catechist. Where the latter is wanting, the foundations are wanting, and they labor in vain who build the house. Too often it happens that ornate sermons which win the applause of crowded congregations serve only to tickle the ears, and fail utterly to touch the heart. Catchetical instruction, on the other hand, plain and simple though it be, is that word of which God Himself speaks in Isaias: 'And as the rain and snow come down from heaven and return no more thither, but soak the earth and water it, and make it to spring, and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be which shall go forth from my mouth; it shall not return to me void, but shall do whatsoever I please, and shall prosper in the things for which I sent it.' The same, we think, is to be said of those priests who compose laborious books to illustrate the truths of religion. They are worthy of great commendation for their activity. But how many read these volumes and derive fruit in proportion to the toil and the wishes of those who wrote them? Whereas the teaching of the Catechism, when properly done, never fails to be of profit to those who listen to it."

The New York Catholic Protectory Band, recently honored by the President, who invited it to lead the inaugural parade, is one of the finest bands in the United States. The perfect discipline, gentlemanly bearing, and skilled performance of the boys, are in keeping with the reputation of the Protectory. This splendid institution is doing incalculable good in rescuing boys from the streets, educating them, and equipping them to fill honorable positions in the world.

THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY BAND.

Photograph by Schumacher.

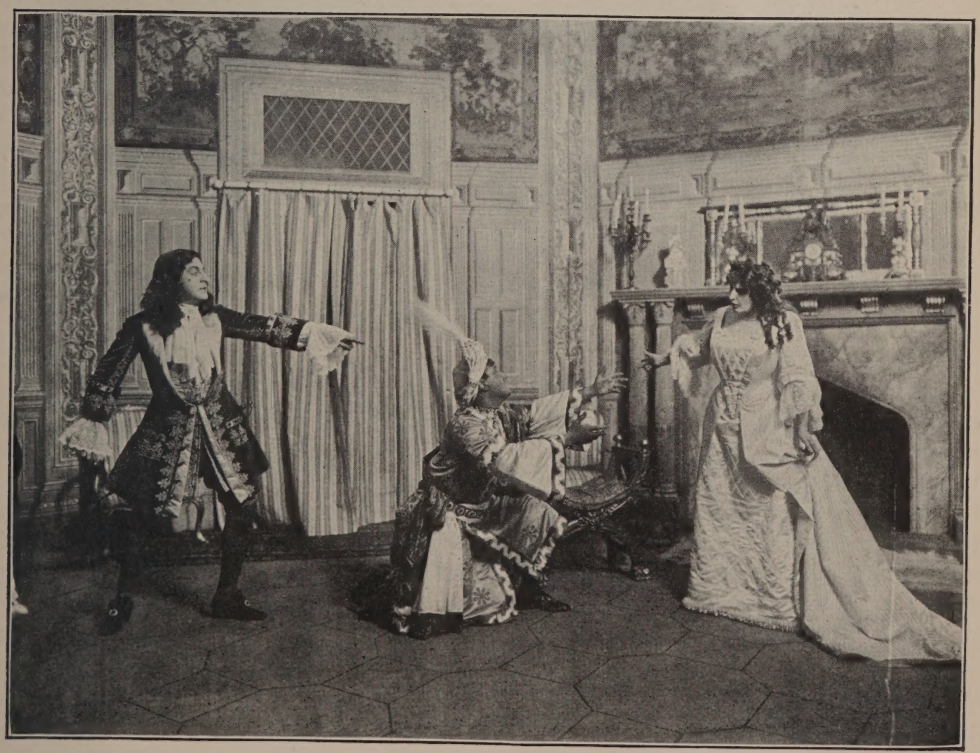
MADAME MODJESKA AS "MARIE ANTOINETTE."

MODJESKA AND THE OTHERS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The Catholic actors emphasized the end of the season by their activity and success in various directions. Ethel Barrymore had the courage to appear in an Ibsen play. It has become a fad with the managers to illuminate their stars with the supposed glory of the terrible Norwegian. It does not seem to matter

"THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS." ACT II.



"THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. ACT III.

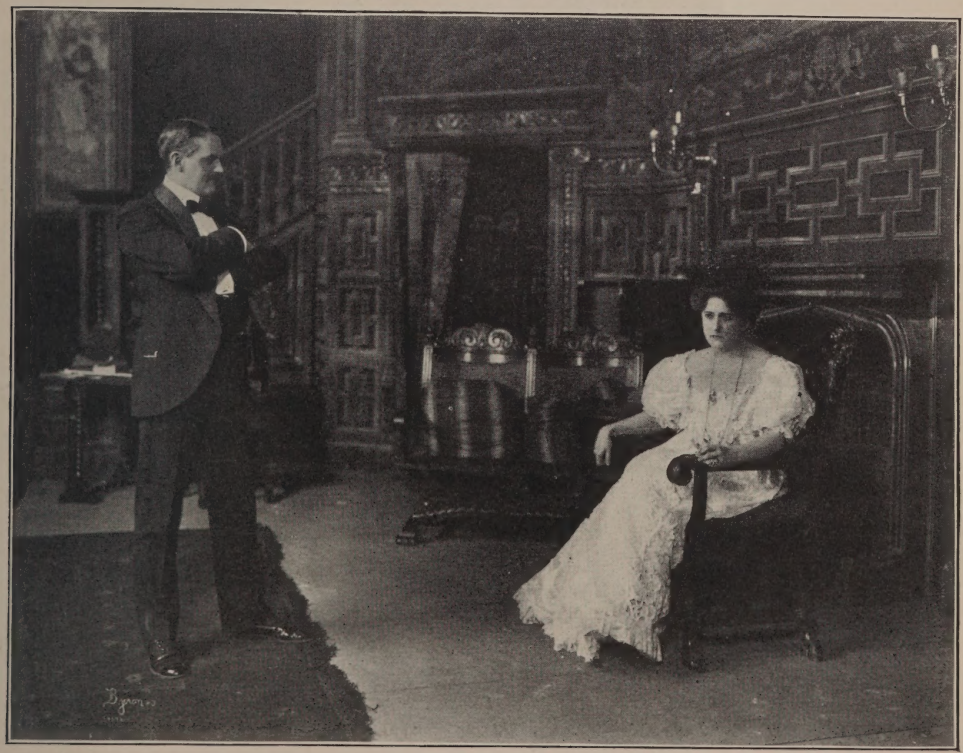
if the stars make clowns of themselves. The public is not supposed to know it. If they suspect it, all the journals inform them next morning that they were wrong. The critics informed us that Miss Barrymore's interpretation of the character of Nora in *A Doll's House* was interesting, capable, and altogether charming. We can accept these statements without believing that the young lady really filled the part. Miss Maude Adams once played the leading part in Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, simply because her manager wished it. Her friends saw the performance once and fled, but they never can forget it. As the heroine said after the dismissal of the hero: "The separation is not so hard to bear, if one could only forget."

KATE CONDON.

Miss Dorothy Donnelly also played a part in an Ibsen drama, a drama of symbolism, with the startling title *When We Dead Awake*. She is of a more robust and active temperament than Miss Barrymore, and has enjoyed a vigorous and instructive experience in many forms of drama, so that the critics could honestly accord her much credit for her Ibsen work. But only the few could tolerate the drama, whose symbolism did not amount to a great deal, and became balderdash when put into simple English. An artist had a wife of earthly mould, and a model of spiritual nature. They fought the usual Ibsen battle of the spirit and the flesh on the plain. Carried away by his exaltation, the wife forgot for a time the demands of the world and began to climb with him a mountain. Half way up she got tired, and fled downward again to the plain in company with a rude forester; the artist went on to the top of the mountain with his spiritual model, and the supposition is that they were blown off it by a cyclone. Even a cyclone has its uses. Imagine a clever, strong-minded Catholic girl playing in such a mess of drama. As a matter of fact the actors make fun of Ibsen, with the exception of such women as Mrs. Fiske and Mary Shaw, who find opportunities in the Ibsen drama.

It affords a real relief to the monotony of the conventional drama. It demands thought, study, careful rehearsal from actors. The cleverer sort are fond of its supposed subtleties; but the subtlety of Ibsen consists simply of lapses in the action, which the actor must remember and suggest at the right moment. It must be placed to Ibsen's credit that he secures great advertising for his exponents. All that may be said to his praise has been written by a well-known critic of the metropolis, Mr. James Huneker,

"THE FIRM OF CUNNINGHAM." ACT I.



"THE FIRM OF CUNNINGHAM." ACT IV

"THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH." ACT I.

"THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH." ACT III.

who published not long ago a remarkable book on the queer dramatists of Europe. Under the title of *Iconoclasts* Mr. Huneker describes ten oddities, of whom the chief is Ibsen. His admiration for the Norwegian is limited only by the exhaustion of language; his admiration for the other image-smashers is qualified. I have been informed that Mr. Huneker is a Catholic. His faith and religion have not enabled him to see in these wild advocates of immorality merely the voices of the night of anarchy that has fallen upon one section of intellectual Europe. Most of the Iconoclasts have lived such lives as earned for them long terms in jail, had justice got hold of them. Two of them, it is publicly asserted, served terms in prison. Libertines in life and speech, eaten up by literary ambition, gross materialists, with no god but themselves and no future but the grave, they write about all subjects, sacred and profane, in the same indecent tone, with equal ignorance and irreverence.

Their course has the consistency of a ship manned by drunken sailors; nor can the beauty of their style conceal the absence of helm and captain, of order and decency, of responsibility. They are a menace to the world. Mr. Huneker either sees none of these things, or accepts them as evidences of development, of progress, of civilization. All but his English education has been neglected. I suspect that he revels in Ibsen chiefly because the Norwegian impels him to his most fluent and vigorous criticism. He has helped to make Ibsen famous, and he has encouraged the managers and actors to provide him in homeopathic doses for the public. We need not complain, if the scheme has helped critic and actors to earn a better living. But lest the fervid innocent should take Huneker and the Iconoclasts seriously let me cite the fate of Carlyle and his promoters. The so-called sage of Chelsea is at this moment a very dead duck. We all remember the hour when the universal acclaim made him the popular king, and fixed him eternally in the firmament. Well, here is Lord Acton's judgment upon him:

> "Excepting Froude, I think him the most detestable of historians. The doctrine of heroes, the doctrine that will is above law, comes next in atrocity to the doctrine that the flag covers the goods, that the cause justifies its agents, which is what Froude lives for . . . . . He lived on the thought of Germany when it was not at its best, ... There is a flash of genius in *Past and Present*, and in the *French Revolution*, though it is a wretched history. And he invented Oliver Cromwell. That is the positive result of him, that, and his personal influence over many considerable minds,— a stimulating, not a guiding influence; as when Stanley asked what he ought to do, and Carlyle answered: do your best!"

As with Carlyle so with Ibsen and the other Iconoclasts. Let me conclude with the remark that Miss Barrymore and Miss Donnelly increased their reputation for ability by their work in the Ibsen drama.

The report has gone out that Miss Kate Condon will star next year in light opera. This gifted woman with the fine contralto voice has brought to her department of stage work the charm and grace which once flowed from Mary Anderson. A devout Catholic, as well as a capable artist, both pious and ambitious, one quality has helped the other, until she enjoys at this moment an enviable position. Her training has been long, and even severe, in the Savage companies, and with the Bostonians; affliction has fallen upon her, without dulling her spirit; but she is still young in years and in enthusiasm. It is a singular fact that at the present moment comic opera seems to have lost its vogue. At least its leading singers have taken up the drama; Digby Bell, Marie Tempest, and others, are winning laurels in comedy and farce; which may be due to the fact

that they lost their singing voices. The Bostonians have broken up, the famous singers are dead or retired; it would seem to be an opportune moment for an artist of Kate Condon's accomplishments and personality to win recognition suited to her talent. Without opportunity the richest talent, like many a "gem of purest ray serene," is lost to mankind. Ten years ago Arnold Daly was a clerk in the employ of Charles Frohman; to-day he is a star of the first magnitude, looks like the first Napoleon and cultivates the resemblance, has a brilliant future in store for him; while actors of twice his talent and skill are walking from town to town on slim diet in the provinces.

One of the really brilliant Irish actors of the day, James Roach, who began his American career at the very moment when the Irish play had come to grief, is living in New York without the opportunity to display his powers, his felicitous wit and genial humor, his originality and mimetic quality; because no manager now believes in the Irish drama, except Augustus Pitou, who invented the profitable but ridiculous caramel-play in which Olcott and Mack win money but no praise. Mr. Roach is a dramatist of merit, a journalist of good quality, and a close observer of the humorous in life. All these capable people are struggling for a sure foothold in the drama; the struggle is half their life; Ethel Barrymore has Frohman behind her, but she has to prove herself yet; the others are alone, and must wait and watch and be ready for their opportunity. They get very little help from their brethren as Catholics. We are still a disorganized crowd in certain respects. In direct charity, in the building of churches and schools, our credit ranks high; but in helping the young artist to success, whether he be writer, painter, sculptor, actor, or singer, we have not even comprehension of the work. And therein we are far behind despised Europe, which places work of this sort very high in the general esteem.

A shining example of our lack of understanding in this point occurred the other day. Madame Modjeska received from her friends of the public and of the dramatic profession a royal recognition early in May. If ever a woman deserved well of the Catholic body, this charming actress, vigorous and devout Catholic, who has carried the example of the faith into the green-room, and among the loftiest in the land, certainly merited the most flattering attention. Usually the Catholic Club of this city honors itself and the intelligence of its members by giving a reception in honor of eminent persons. One can hardly believe it, but it is the fact, that while all New York was honoring Madame Modjeska the Catholic Club remained oblivious to her existence. She came and went without so much as a hint from our intelligent leaders that her eminence and her achievement were appreciated. The Catholic Club so far has not got below churchmen and lawyers in recognizing ability. Once it tried to flatter Marion Crawford by inviting him to lecture, but he met the superfluous patronage by referring the matter to his secretary, who stated that the novelist's terms were two hundred dollars a lecture. This stupidity is not, however, confined to the Catholic Club; the Catholic leaders everywhere may be charged with it. What is everybody's business is nobody's business.

So Madame Modjeska came and went without any superfluous attentions from the Catholic body. She did not miss them in the kindliness and the splendor of her reception. The Metropolitan opera house was crowded to the doors. It was a real fête, spontaneous, charming, springing from deep affection for

the old favorite. Stedman read an address, Ada Rehan headed a joyous troop of actors, stage favorites sold flowers in the lobbies to enthusiastic patrons, and Modjeska gave her admirers scenes from *Marie Stuart* and *Lady Macbeth*. There was thunderous applause, and showers of tears, even more potent than applause. The scene was one of those astonishing moments in life, in which there is no calculation, no expenditure, no bookkeeping, as in the usual public fête, yet the details and the result are as brilliant and as touching as if an artist had designed them. The incomparable lady in the centre of the scene shone like a diamond in a noble setting, not to be obscured by any surrounding glory, but rather lending to it some of her light.

One has only to witness such a scene to understand the future that is opening up to the dramatic art in America. This wonderful land of ours, which through God's providence has become the teacher of the nations, by its magic touch wakes new powers in man and new varieties in his methods. The children of the stage, gathered around Modjeska, proved themselves in many ways choice flowers of the human kind. There was no sign of the degradation of the past, of the bitter ban of society and the Puritan, of the peculiarities of the roaming gypsy; on the contrary all the charm of good manners, refined taste, and healthful experience, which the world looks for in its artists. Women like Modjeska had a tremendous share in bringing about the change for the better. It is worth while to recall her career. She was born in Poland about sixty years ago, her father was a teacher, and her name was Helena Opid. At fifteen she married a man much older than herself, Modjeska, and had one son, who is now living in Chicago. The Modjeskas were intimate friends of that noble-minded and capable journalist, Margaret Sullivan, who died only a short time ago.

While playing in amateur theatricals she discovered her own talent, and soon made her debut in Warsaw in the play of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, winning a great success. The political condition of Poland finally drove her into exile, and with some friends she undertook a Brook Farm scheme in southern California. The great novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, was a partner. The experiment failed, but Modjeska has made that region her home ever since, and came from it to the New York reception. She made up her mind to go on the American stage, studied English in six months, and made her debut under the management of John McCullough in San Francisco, in the same play which she had used for her debut in Warsaw. Later she came to New York, secured recognition, and since that time has grown in skill and glory, until at this date her position is without question at the head of the American stage. Since 1877 she has presented fifteen Shaksperean parts, Hermione, Isabella, Cleopatra, Beatrice, Portia, Imogen, Viola, Julia, Constance, Juliet, Rosalind, Desdemona, Ophelia, Queen Katherine and Lady Macbeth. She introduced Ibsen to us in *A Doll's House*, and Sudermann in *Magda*, for which may kind Heaven absolve her; and before it became a habit she played several seasons in London with great success. The remarkable range of character indicated by these various parts was made more remarkable by the excellence of her interpretation. Even Ada Rehan could not surpass her delicate *Rosalind*. Her *Lady Macbeth* was played to Booth's lead, and was equal to his rendering of the ambitious warrior.

To have seen her in *Marie Stuart*, Schiller's somewhat heavy but still powerful play, was to have seen history in-

carnate. It had a tremendous effect on audiences. No one who saw that unfortunate Queen could ever read the hostile historians who dig out a trifling or murderous personality from the musty records of Mary Queen of Scots. It is precisely in illustrations of this sort that the power of the drama is shown. By its means many a false tradition and lying legend may be overthrown for thousands. Like Mary Anderson she had the power of a sweet temperament, affectionate and religious, to give her acting sincerity. She raised the mimetic power to the level of art by that sweet sincerity. Moreover that art lay deeper in her affections than it did with Mary Anderson, for she has remained faithful to it, enthusiastic, hopeful, in spite of the drawbacks. A life and spirit like hers should be perpetuated in a biography that would serve as guide and stimulus to the children of the stage in after years. Charming and talented Modjeska! the loveliest tribute that can be paid her at this crowning moment of her career is the acknowledgment of her goodness, of her fidelity to faith and virtue; and the sweetest memory connected with her is that in portraying human goodness she merely illustrated her own.

After Modjeska it is a far fall to the level of the contemporaneous and passing show, which at the end of the season is too trifling for notice. It enjoys occasionally one virtue: that the struggling dramatist then makes his appearance with the play which every manager has declined, and which his aunt takes it upon herself to get staged at her own expense. Such a play is *The Firm of Cunningham*, minus the aunt and her money, written by Mr. Willis Steel, played by a capable company, entertaining and witty, and as deep as a hole in Swiss cheese. One wonders why and how people write these plays, still more why playgoers sit them out, most of all why managers stage them. Perhaps they pay. They are pleasant and foamy, like the soda of the summer fountains, but should not continue beyond a half hour. In this play the leading character is a woman of society who can lie, bet on horses, and slander herself and her neighbor with the readiness of a maniac, with no sense of responsibility, with a sort of humor. She gets tender consideration when she should be put in a strait jacket, and people laugh at her on the stage who would turn her out of doors in real life. The dramatist has the credit of telling a story very neatly, and he may yet do something worth while when his morals grow.

The same criticism may be passed on *The Heir to the Hoorah*, the story of a miner and his mine, thin but real, plotless but full of character and fun. The real triumph of the month was achieved by a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Stanislaus Stange, in a curious imitation of *The School for Scandal*, entitled *The School for Husbands*. Mr. Stange is the utility dramatist of our town, who can write anything between tragedy and burlesque, as they used to do in the good old times, and turn it out between breakfast and dinner. Some day I shall give an account of his really fine work. The present play has a pretty audacity in its challenge to Sheridan. It is carried out with perfect *sang froid* and provides a fine vehicle for the talents of capable Alice Fisher and her supporting company. But enough said for the present. We have had all sorts of revivals, and Eleanor Robson, a charming Catholic actress, won praise in the revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*. Let no one get the idea that all the New York actors are Catholics, because so many of them are grouped in this article. Still, it is surprising what a number of Catholics are

engaged in the theatrical business in all its departments, in playwriting, and also in journalism. Most of them are not known as members of the faith until they are receiving the last sacraments; and perhaps it is just as well for the general . . . . but let the poor souls rest in their graves without that ungracious criticism. It is a great deal, in this diabolic modern world, to die with enough faith to make the sign of the cross and a final confession of sins.

JUNE MORNINGS.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

The gray mist lies upon the purple hills;
  My soul and I stand in the trembling grass.
  The river shines a sheet of molten glass;
And bobolink full gaily, gladly, trills
In flow'ring meadows; and fresh, busy rills
  Sing the Asperges to June's opening Mass,
  While sun-priest and his sunbeam-servers pass
Through rosy aisles, and all the young day thrills.
Walk out into the open, O my soul!
  The very air is charged with sanctities
  And, in some dim cell, sheltered by the trees,
Kneel down and pray, while solitudes console!
The very God is resting on the breeze
To solve, O soul! life's warped, dim mysteries.

THE ROBBER CASTLE ON THE DANUBE.

BY HELEN HUGHES.

The steamer's horn had already sounded as we rushed aboard the pretty white boat that was to carry us away from Melk,—Melk on the Danube, one of the oldest and quaintest towns in Europe. The early history of this little place is lost in the mists and fables of a past so ancient that it has no written history. Melk was Melk with its one crooked street and low archways leading into narrow courts when Marcus Aurelius ruled the Roman Empire, and, as far as the wear and tear of time seem to effect it, it will be the same Melk when, in the series of the rise and fall of empire, Rome is again mistress of the world. The only sign of commerce to be seen during our one day's stay there was a cow hitched to a kind of car and drawing a sack half-filled with corn.

As we walked up the street toward the monastery, we saw an apothecary taking down his shutters, on the inside of which was piously painted a picture of St. Philomena. His drug-store is probably under her protection. We had been to the monastery—an immense structure—the guide book tells us it has four hundred windows, and as windows are not the distinguishing feature of these old European buildings, one can form some idea of its size. We visited the library so beautifully kept, and there saw one of the earliest translations of the Bible into German. In the splendid, much begilded chapel, we saw the tomb of the founder—St. Coleman—an old Celtic pioneer of the Gospel. We wandered in the quiet garden, with its trees a hundred years old, and, flowing past, the river as old as the world itself. Here was the place to sit and dream, but alas! we must hurry to the boat that showed now and then between the trees, for we knew by the column of blue smoke ascending that she was preparing to get under way.

Something delightful is left in life for one who has not sailed down the Danube on a Spring afternoon, with the Alpine hills rolling back,— to disclose the expanse of blue sky— some covered with trees, and some carefully cultivated for the grape-vine. Little dorfs, each with its neat, well-kept church, dot the river edge, and every village has its legend and every church its story.

Here and there the ruins of a grim old castle frown over the quiet villages. One in particular stands out in my memory from all the rest, not only on account of its peculiar grimness, but also on account of its strange position. From the top of one of the highest peaks, a mass of granite shot upward, showing a perpendicular face towards the river, but not quite so abrupt toward the other sides. On the summit of this rock stands the castle like the nest of some fierce bird of prey, and here is the story that the valley dwellers tell of the old fort:—

Once upon a time a band of robbers infested these parts and they were the terror of all the peaceful dwellers in the valley around. They took possession of this old castle, built many centuries before by the lord of all those regions, who had in a fit of jealousy killed his own son and feared the wrath of the people. But he was pursued for his unnatural crime. One of his own knights penetrated to his stronghold and split his head so that a part rested on each shoulder. The old lord however contrived to give the villagers as much trouble after his death as before, because none could pass by the fated castle in the night, nor within miles of it, without hearing one side of the head begging the other—for you

know his tongue was split in two—for something, but nobody ever staid to make out what it was.

Well, here the robbers lived, and they spared any of the villagers and valley dwellers, only that they might raise cattle and corn and wine for them to plunder. Of travellers they spared none. All efforts to capture the bandits were useless. At last, to such a shocking pass had things come that the people rose up and implored the Kaiser to send troops for their deliverance. And the Kaiser sent a picked company of his youngest and bravest soldiers, and one pleasant morning, as the leaves were beginning to turn at the first touch of the frost, they marched down the road leading over the hill, their armor shining and their spears glancing in the pleasant sunshine. Their bugles rang out a defiant challenge as they swung into the forest and made directly toward the robber castle, but as they reached the darkest and gloomiest part of the wood the song was stilled on their stiffening lips, for, as if every tree had turned to an armed man, the robbers were before them with naked swords. There was no time to fight, there was no time to fly. Soon they were dead. And this was the sight that met the eyes of some of the cautious but curious landsmen who ventured thus far—lying like young trees cut down in their prime, their useless swords either still in, or only half drawn from the scabbard, and the proud banner of the Kaiser showing here and there under a heap of drifting leaves. The robbers had not touched anything, they disdained such booty. When news came to the Kaiser his heart burned as he thought of the gallant company slaughtered and his power defied.

"Bring me," he cried, "the Captain Rudolph." Presently an old war-worn, cautious man stood before him.

"Can you," asked the Kaiser, "carry my dominion into Schwarzthal and plant my standard on the robber castle?"

"Yes," replied the soldier with disconcerting brevity.

"How many men do you require?"

"One regiment, Sire."

"And what time?"

"One year."

So Captain Rudolph led his men away to subdue the robber band. But he marched quietly; there were no banners, no music, and no spears shining in the sunlight. The men wore doublets of the green of the trees they were marching under, and they went in small companies, but not so far apart that they could not assist each other if attacked. And these green men silently stole through the forest, and they crept nearer and nearer the castle, and they waited till night came, watching for every sound. At last a light flared from the beacon window. The soldiers were quiet as mice.

Now the robbers after their successful attack on the soldiers had become very bold; they raided the villages in open day and carried off everything they could find, and killed anyone who dared to oppose them. In their castle they held nightly revel, and the sound of their merriment floated out over the whole valley.

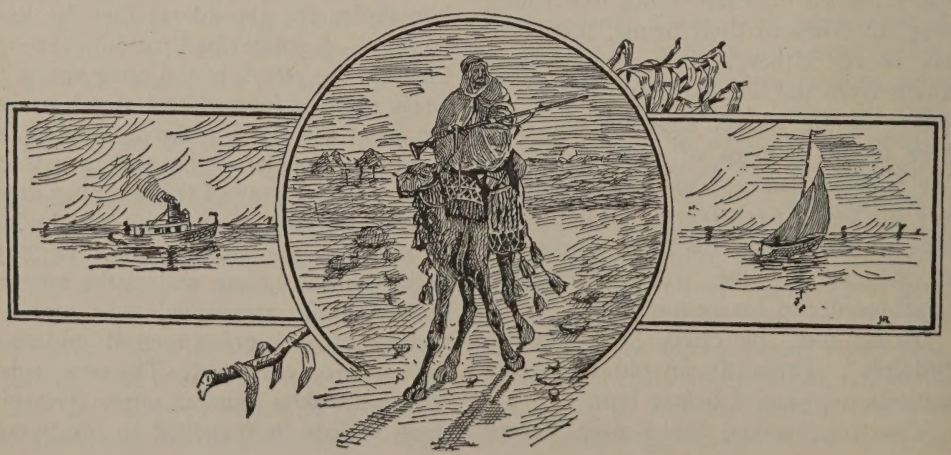
Closer and closer the Kaiser's soldiers drew. A sentry felt something prick him under the shoulders; then he knew no more. A soldier had run him through. Outside the wood, in the open space, the circle of men formed and stood at ease. On went the revelry above, until at last it sank to drunken cries and then to silence. As the gray of the morning dawned, a sentry from the parapet who had not partaken of the feast noticed an unfamiliar outline below, and as the morning broke, to his astonished eyes appeared a circle of dark green men around about the castle on every side. The news sobered the drunken band at once. Grasping their swords they rushed to the parapet

and there was that grim circle. They spoke not, moved not, no more than the trees behind them. The robber chief advanced, and raising his cap said respectfully, "Salute," and turned with his followers into the castle. They asked no mercy, they made no parley. And the green circle stood unmoving and ever on the watch.

And above in the castle the revel went on night after night; and day after day they slept off the drunken carousal. But the sentry's step was never silent and the beacon light always flared, and the masses of rocks and boulders hung as if in air ready at a moment's notice to crush an over-hardy foe. The days darkened into winter and winter brightened into spring, and still the green circle kept watch, and still the sentry walked his round, and still the horrid sound of savage mirth floated out over the valley. But when the summer green was yellowing into autumn there came a night when all was still, no beacon light burned, no sentry's step was heard, and all was silent as the grave. But still the wary Captain Rudolph waited. Another day passed in deepest silence, and a night in awful gloom.

On the third day a chosen company was picked to reconnoitre. They advanced cautiously under the threatening boulders. In the rear they found a rough and toilsome passage-way leading up among great rocks, and loose gravel up to the robbers' nest itself. Breathless with toil, and in dread of the unknown, they pushed their way until they stood within the very hall. Silence—it was more awful than the fiercest challenge. Timidly they pushed a door; it opened suddenly; and there at the long dining table sat the robber band, each man in his place, before him an empty beeker, in his hand a dirk reeking and blackening with his own blood. They had danced and revelled till the last loaf was eaten, the last beeker of wine drunk, and then each, at the word of the chief, had plunged his dagger into his heart. Not a man faltered, not a hand failed. They were still victorious under the standard of King Death.

Since that day the castle has been uninhabited and the landsmen have forgotten the story of the old man with the divided head in the abundance of more interesting occurrences among the ghosts of the robbers, some of whom they assert are still absent-minded enough to rob a traveler occasionally, though his booty can be of no earthly use to him.



OUR TRUE POSITION.

CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXXVII.

During the first centuries of Christianity the bishops were the sole instructors of the people, but the urgent needs of the Church compelled them to delegate this, their chief office, to the priesthood. Now we might ask what is preaching? From the church view-point it is speaking to men in God's name. It is to declare to the world the word of reconciliation. It is the bringing of salvation to men. Hence preachers were called, during the early centuries, illuminators, messengers, and evangelists. They were not what we to-day call pulpit orators. St. Paul explains the question in this striking passage of his Epistle to the Romans. "For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How shall they call on Him if they have not believed? Or how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent? As it is written: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace; of them that bring glad tidings of good things.'" (Rom. X. 13, 15.) How beautiful are the feet of the messenger coming down from the eternal hills with a message of love from God to man!

The preaching of the Apostles was the voice of Jesus Christ continued in all its majestic simplicity. The people "wondered at the words that proceeded out of his mouth," and yet a child could understand them. They were as clear as light. They were few and persuasive. Surely "no man ever spoke as this Man." It was the intelligence of God Incarnate speaking to man in human speech. It was Truth in articulate words penetrating the minds and hearts of men. For brevity, simplicity and sweetness, the language of Jesus has never been equalled. It is an example for all Christian preachers. Calmness, majesty, and the power of truth were the attributes of His words to men.

The preaching of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Stephen, in the Acts of the Apostles, prolong the divine Voice of the Master. In them is literally fulfilled the promise of "he that heareth you heareth me." The same may be said of the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John. The personal character of each shines through his writings, but the brevity, simplicity and sweetness of the Master's teaching is maintained throughout. This absence of all art and of all seeking after effect came from the dreadful responsibility that was laid upon them in their sublime commission. St. Paul tells the Corinthians that he would not use the arts or subtleties of rhetoricians or philosophers in bringing them into the Church. There is an unspeakable power and grandeur in his words: "And I, brethren, when I came to you came not in loftiness of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of Christ. For I judged not myself to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling, and my speech and my teaching was not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but showing of spirit and power: that your faith might not

stand on the wisdom of men but on the power of God." (1 Cor. II. 1, 5.)

This fear and trembling of the apostle arose from the consciousness of a divine mission, and his fear of human persuasion, came from an intuition which told him that divine faith must stand on divine truth, and that the wisdom of man is not the word of God. Human oratory may produce a human faith, but Divine Truth contains sacramental life which converts the soul to God.

This light and fervor of the Apostles arose from two causes: the first was that they had seen the Incarnate Word. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." (St. John I. 14.) "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have touched of the Word of life. For the life was manifested: and we have seen and bear witness and declare unto you the life eternal which was with the Father and hath appeared unto us." (St. John I. 1.) "We have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made know to you the power and presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, but having been made eye witnesses of His Majesty." (St. Peter I. 16.) This gave to the preachings of the Apostles a reality. What they preached to others they had seen themselves: What they taught they had heard from the lips of the Master. They could not doubt nor hesitate nor draw back before any contradiction. As St. Paul said: "If God be for us, who is against us?" (Rom. VIII. 31.) Their personal intimate relations with our Lord and their direct commission from Him gave them an eloquence that nothing could resist. Their preaching was the outpouring of their whole soul, heart, intellect and will. Their preaching was the testimony of witnesses who had seen and heard all they had to say. It had a force beyond all words. Words rather hinder than help the directness and power of truth when told by those who firmly believe what they say. Men who witness some terrible sight or escape from some terrible accident, use few words when describing their feelings. Their language is simple and direct. They who stood on Calvary and watched through the three weary hours the awful tragedy, and they who saw Jesus after He rose triumphant from the dead; and St. Paul who saw Him till he was blinded by His glory, must have been penetrated in every sense and fibre of their being with the presence and the passion and the love of Jesus. They must have desired a thousand tongues and voices to tell of the sufferings of Jesus on the cross — the glory of the resurrection, and the peace of the kingdom of God.

II.

The second reason, explanatory of the great force of the apostolic preaching, is the inspiration the Apostles received on the day of Pentecost. They were filled with the Holy Spirit. The parted tongues of fire were emblems of the light and the warmth with which they declared the word of God to men. "Are not my words as a fire and as a hammer that breaketh the rock to pieces." Such were the words of the Apostles whereso-ever they went to preach salvation to men. Their language, as it has been handed down in the New Testament, was artless and simple as are the growths of nature in a forest. Their words and writings are majestic in their elevation and depth and pathos and unadorned beauty, like the breadth and simplicity of the sea and sky. Their whole being was pervaded by the divine facts and truths — the eternal realities of which they spoke. They needed no preparation, no study. Their minds were illuminated by

the teachings of the divine Master who was in daily converse with them. "We speak what we know and we testify what we have seen." (St. John III. 2.)

After these considerations the question naturally presents itself, are priests obliged to study and to prepare for the proper preaching of the word of God? There is but one answer to this question, and that is in the affirmative. Not only is proximate preparation most needed for the preacher, such as writing out the sermon and committing it to memory, but the preparation most needed is the remote preparation which is not of the sermon proper, but of man. The sermon is always as is the man. St. Paul says: "We preach not ourselves but Jesus Christ our Lord." (2 Cor. IV. 5.) They who were full of His mind and presence could so preach, but no others can. Unfortunately, most men preach themselves. Their thoughts are colored by their surroundings. The eloquent preach eloquently; the learned preach learnedly; the cold, coldly; the indolent, indolently. How little of the word of God is to be heard in such preaching. Now if our sermons are what we are, we must go back to our childhood in our preparation. The boy must preach, the youth must preach, that the man may preach. Preparation for preaching requires a whole life. St. Paul and St. Augustine may be cited against this statement, but these great lights were exceptions to the general rule.

The preparation must therefore begin early in life. This remote preparation is vital. We must know how to use our reason. There is nothing very difficult about logic. Then comes the necessary knowledge of Holy Scripture, which explains the catechism; and then theology, which unfolds and develops the catechism into the science of faith, comes easy. The priests of our country who were blessed with this experience are our most successful pastors and missionaries to-day. Their early training in Sunday School work disciplined their minds and made them ready speakers. Of course there are many exceptions. Some may not be able to utter in speech what they know in thought. Nervousness, want of self-control, fear, anxiety, desire to succeed, and the like, often make men lose their self-possession. Yet while they may stammer and forget, they manage to say what they have to say. We think in words, and every thought clothes itself as it arises in the mind. The chief hindrance to all this is the want of thinking. We may memorize the thoughts of others, but memory is not thinking. The two faculties cannot safely be combined. It is an old saying that every man is eloquent on his own subject. He is ever ready and fluent on his pet theme. He speaks with facility and fulness at a moment's notice. Statesmen, lawyers, poets, men of science, soldiers, business men — each in his own sphere, is ready to speak with fluency at any time on the subject nearest his heart. The habitual thoughts of each are upon his calling and without preparation he is ready at any moment to speak correctly. If we priests were all like these men, full of our daily occupations: if we realized them and lived in them as the convictions of our reason and the affections of our hearts, to speak of them would be the greatest pleasure in life. We never grow weary of speaking of those we love or of the things that are dear to us. Likewise, according to the measure in which we realize the world of faith around us, the eternal truths, the nature of sin, the love of souls and their danger of perishing — we shall find no difficulty in speaking on them in sincerity and simplicity. It is the desire to be eloquent and to shine as orators that causes unreality in our sermons. Self must be forgotten if we wish to reach the hearts of the people. Then

they will believe that we mean what we say. The homilies of the Fathers are good examples. They are full of scriptural quotations. St. John Chrysostom is to the point. He speaks in the style of St. Paul. St. Bernard, St. Vincent Ferrer and Cure d'Ars are likewise.

Pulpit oratory, as we understand the term, came into vogue in the Church with the renewal of paganism, unpiously called the renaissance. Men's heads were turned, and their desire to copy the pagan orators in style and diction destroyed the simplicity of Christian preachers. They tickle the ear and allow the conscience to slumber on reckless of consequences. They move the emotions but fail to change the will. The world lauds such preaching, for it suffers no loss. It loves the rhetorician and word-painter because his star-dust and rainbow chasing are harmless; his arrows fail to wound or even reach their mark. His influence for good is little. Though we have not seen the Divine Master, we have heard His voice. If by faith and mental prayer we realize His presence, His truth, His will, and the commission we have received to speak in His name, we shall be filled with a consciousness of the unseen world and its realities and out of the fulness of the heart we shall speak. To accomplish all this we must be careful and painstaking in minute preparation of what we have to say. Once we manage to obtain a clear outline in our minds, on our subject, words will follow the spontaneous course of our thought. For all this an accurate preparation with pen and ink is absolutely necessary. The subject matter must be well defined and the propositions logically divided. Then the sketch must be well impressed upon the intellect, so that the whole with its parts and its continuity may be presented to the mind. The faculty of the intellect and not the memory must be brought into play. This kind of preparation needs more thought than writing out a composition and memorizing it. The differences between the two processes is this: the written sermon is what we thought when we wrote it, the spoken sermon is what we think at the moment of speaking. It is our present conviction of feeling and heart and is therefore felt to be real by our hearers. By such a discipline we identify ourselves with the Word of God and speak it as our own. We may not hope for inspiration, but there is no limit to the light and grace that God will give to those that ask it. Prayer will give us wisdom in speaking for Him to the world. We are simply working out His purposes. We know not to whom the message is sent. After years have passed, we may learn that on such a day and at such a place some word of ours stung a conscience, or stirred a heart, or moved a will, and brought a soul to God. Of course, we shall never know in this world all that God may have done for others through our preaching. When we have made all our preparations as outlined, we then should kneel before the Blessed Sacrament and beg our dear Jesus to work out His own will through our poor efforts. He gives each and every one of us a share in the prophecy made to Himself: "My Spirit is in thee and My Words that I put in thy mouth shall not depart of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of the seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, from henceforth and forever." (Isais. IX. 21.) There, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening let not thy hand cease; for thou knowest not which shall rather spring up, this or that; and if both together it shall be the better." (Eccles. XI. 6.) With such words before us, who will not feel encouraged to make a grand effort in the preaching of the Word of God?

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

The Catholic press is edited — for the greater part — by men, great, strong, brainy creatures, with pen in hand, and battle-axe sunk to the haft in a convenient wall — when it isn't cleaving obdurate skulls that refuse to be impaled on a pen point. A very few women are permitted to occupy editorial chairs, but their voices are seldom heard. They know their place, and are content to work in quiet ways, getting out the publication while the masculine autocrats of the office write the official "WE" on the face of the universe.

For some weeks past, battle-axes, heavily weighted, have been driven home, with the loving strength of a man and brother, into the head of the unlucky wight who edits "Men and Women." Scarcely had the latter rallied from the tremendous down stroke of The Leader before the Catholic Universe editor swung his weapon with terrific force, while the National Hibernian got in a side-blow, aimed by a Syracuse man. We were not present when Mr. Baldus was put on trial by — shall we say a jury of his peers? — but the summing up of his black misdeeds, editorially presented, shows that he is paying the penalty of having accused someone of "bruising his own foolish peacock head." He also referred to a brother-editor as "a crack-brained Catholic journalist," but to offset this decidedly objectionable expression he appended copious references to the classics, and incidentally proved that he knew his Don Quixote.

It is a grand thing to be a scholar, but those of us who were merely taught to live at peace with our neighbor and speak ill of none are ignorant enough and unreasonable enough to question the right of Catholic editors to embroil themselves and their readers in petty squabbles that savor more of personal malice than desire to promote the service of religion. A dear young mother used to say to her numerous flock when, forgetting alike the ties of blood and the teachings of the Church, they engaged in warfare, verbal or otherwise, "There's neither luck nor grace in that kind of work. Isn't there anything good you can say, or any kind turn you can do for one another?"

Let us apply this advice to the captious editors. Isn't there anything good they can say of "Men and Women"?

We have seen the monthly, and noted in it many an uplifting thought and inspiring picture, but our attention was not called to them by an editorial compliment in any of the Catholic exchanges. If the editor did offend, a private letter, frank and friendly, might have been more corrective than public abuse. To say the least, it is not edifying for people who claim the right to preach and teach to abuse their privilege, nor is it dignified. The editor of "Men and Women" knows how to own up, and that is more than can be said of some folk who stand for righteousness — and keep a black list lest they might forget an imaginary injury.

"Is there," we may ask, "an equally ardent desire on the part of the Catholic press to give credit for good work that is being done by a contemporary?" Candidly, no. Of course there are noble exceptions, papers whose standard of honor and principle is so high that their names immediately come to mind when Catholic journalism of the highest class is mentioned, but there are all too many publications that offer no encouragement or recognition other than boldly appro-

priating matter, without the slightest reference to the source of supply. In addition to the pen and battle-axe every thoroughly-equipped editorial office has a scissors, and to the judicious use of it many a weekly owes its reputation.

There are some editors whose methods pattern after those of the gentlemen of the road in olden times. They should wear masks when at work. We know of one man out West who has run his scissors (or permitted a subordinate to run it) through copy after copy of Donahoe's, clipping out articles and stories with a fine free hand, a hand that wavers in its purpose only when it is obliged to give a credit notice. He never thinks of telling his readers that they ought to subscribe to Donahoe's, where he gets notable features for the make-up of his paper. Perhaps he is too engrossed in writing sermons, or he may be preparing tender reminiscences of student days. "There are three of us in editorial chairs. Well, well, there aren't many of the old guard left. The new ones can't take our places." And with a sigh he picks up the current number of Donahoe's. "This is a good story," he says. "It will fill six columns. Editorial courtesy? What nonsense. This is the age of to have and to hold. The publisher may object? Let him. He has objected already, but I scorned to notice his letters. Change the title, and presto! it's ours." The story goes in.

"Here's a capital article," asserts another editor deftly plying his shears, "expresses my views so precisely that it really *is* my opinion. Put a new head on it, and call attention to the fact that it was written for the 'Piratical Clipper' — our true name." "We intend to give close attention to the stage," declared another editor, with rigid ideas of duty, "our people should be informed what to patronize and what to discountenance on the stage as well as in literature, and from time to time we shall devote space to this purpose." He began with carefully-selected paragraphs from Father John Talbot Smith's monthly review for Donahoe's. Credit? No, indeed. The magazine had the honor of paying for the article, illustrating it, and sending it out. What more could the publishers expect? "That's a beautiful Christmas message from His Eminence," said a Buffalo editor, as he ran through Donahoe's for December, 1904. "Feature it for our Christmas supplement. Run a border around it, and don't forget to print conspicuously, 'By Cardinal Gibbons.'" In Donahoe's? Oh, never mind about that. We don't want to give our readers the idea that we use reprint matter. Christmas is a season of good-will. Our Boston friends won't mind." But one did mind. When the elaborate supplement came in, the editor, whom His Eminence had graciously favored by writing that message specially for Donahoe's, said ruefully: "It wouldn't have hurt them to say that they copied it from us." But then she was just an unreasonable woman editor, who didn't know how to take things that didn't belong to her, and had absurd ideas about honesty and fair play. Such old-fashioned, ridiculous ideas! Perhaps she was a bit spiteful, too, because when she heard of the big dividends that some publications paid she said, "IT'S NO WONDER."

"Lend me your plates," requests another contemporary, politely. "They will serve my purpose as well as if I went to the expense of getting some made. Of course we'll credit you." But no credit appears, and only after legal proceedings are threatened do the borrowers condescend to explain why the plates were not even returned.

A recent issue of a Catholic weekly used an article on Mount St. Mary's,

written by Mr. A. D. V. Watterson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., for Donahoe's — in which it was printed in April. Now to our mind a mirror should reflect faithfully, but this one did not. Every detail was reproduced, except that it appeared in Donahoe's. It made an excellent feature for the weekly, displayed with catching headlines on the first page, the column running between portraits of two eminent churchmen, and ending with a reference "continued on page 6" where four more columns were filled with Mr. Watterson's interesting account of honored Mount St. Mary's. Five columns, and not a word of credit! Four more columns of the same issue were filled with "The Queer-Looking Desk," Magdalen Rock's story in Donahoe's April number. In this case the words "Donahoe's Magazine" were appended, inconspicuously. Nine columns, and two words acknowledging where four of them came from! Is this fair dealing? Are such tactics helpful in inculcating respect for Catholic journalism?

To fully realize how unfair, to say the least, this appropriation of editorial matter is, let us consider for a moment what it means to the original publisher. In the first place he must pay an editor who knows what good copy is, and how to make the most of it. This editor, generally with little assistance, must be on the alert for ideas — gleaning a word here, a suggestion there, an inspiration, an incident in real life, some current issue — thus features take shape. Then come the selection of the writer, the necessary correspondence, the quest for illustrations, the editing, entailing possible revision and more correspondence, supervision of the mechanical work, until the forms are ready for the bindery. The total expense is a considerable sum. Presently the completed copy is in the hands of an editor, who without any more trouble than the exercise of judgment gets a part — often a large part — of the make-up of his next issue. A story filling from two to eight columns is frequently taken, and even when the editor has some spark of conscience there is seldom more credit than the one word "Donahoe's," frequently so inconspicuously printed that the reader does not notice it at all. It does seem that if an article or story is considered good enough to use so extensively, there should be some editorial reference to its worth, but rare indeed is such an act of justice accorded. A frank, honest editor makes the acknowledgment under the title, and doesn't try to deceive readers into thinking that the story did not appear elsewhere. Sometimes it runs through two issues and credit is given only at the close of the second installment.

We had no desire to take our grievances into print, but time and again injustice has been done to us, and at last we are compelled to protest openly. This is a case where private letters have failed. For years we have followed up matter copied without credit from our monthly, but in very few cases have we received even a word of apology from exchanges that profited by our expenditure of time and money. Occasionally the protest has been honored by a scant credit — in the proportion of one credit to six steals. An editor who admires the contents of Donahoe's enough to appropriate a number of features should be man enough to tell where he got them, and also to make editorial reference now and again to the source of supply. If he be too grudging and narrow in spirit to admit that another editor is doing good work he should refrain from profiting by his or her toil. There is no reluctance about crediting the secular pub-

lications — in fact, anything taken from them is acknowledged with a flourish of trumpets — as if the paper were honored by using even second-hand what had been printed in the Century, Harper's, etc. This lack of courtesy, of fairness, of honesty even, is more harmful in its effect on character than to say an admiring word for the system and organization of the Y. M. C. A. Just as soon as a Catholic editor permits himself to appropriate his neighbor's goods he becomes an unworthy exponent of Catholic belief, and should strike the word "Catholic" from the display title on the front page of his paper.

DEO GRATIAS.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Thank God for Ireland's tender skies
  Of changeful blue and gray!
And for the Irish hills that rise
  In gorse and heather gay;
And for the brown bogs over which
  The larks sing in their flight;
And for the spreading meadows rich
  In kingcups golden bright.

Thank God for all the rills that glide
  Seaward with laugh or song;
For cool green woods where sunbeams hide
  The dancing leaves among.
For wind-swept hill, and sheltered glen,
  And ruined walls that tell
How faith and land by Irishmen
  Were loved both long and well!

Thank God for every song the thrush
  Sings in the twilight gray,
Cheering in evening's quiet hush
  Some toiler's homeward way;
For homes of peace and love the seat,
  On which God's angels smile;
For all the kindly hearts that beat
  In Ireland's sea-girt isle!

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

CHRIST AND ST. JOHN.

GOING INTO CHURCH.

IN GRESSONY.

BY E. M. I.

Gressony is a German-speaking district in the Val du Lys, at the foot of Monte Rosa, within the northern frontier of Italy. Hundreds of years ago, the Prince Bishop of Sion, in the canton of Valais, Switzerland, was granted mining rights on the southern slopes of Monte Rosa. He sent his own German-speaking vassals to work in the mines, and their descendants preserve to this day the fair hair, the somewhat angular forms, and the speech of their forefathers.

The local dress is very peculiar and highly becoming. Out of their costume the women look plain; in it they are charming. The handsome and costly head-dresses are only used on gala days, unfortunately. They are the most becoming part of the garb, and in the richer families are bequeathed as heirlooms.

No modern millinery can compare with the gala headgear of the Gressony women. When Queen Margherita visited Gressony a group of burgesses called on her at the villa Peccoz, to pay their respects. Their robes of state were elaborate in the extreme. One dame was arrayed in a skirt of ancient brocade, splendid in design and coloring, and stiff enough to stand alone. Three wore gowns of crimson cloth trimmed with gold braid, and the costumes of the others were equally striking. But most effective of all was the headgear. The accompanying pictures give some idea of the quaint designs.

The burgess on the extreme left wears a head-dress of gold pieces, deftly put together along the sides. Broad strings hold it in place. The golden head-dress and crimson cloth gown glow brilliantly against the simpler attire of a neighbor,

who wears a kerchief. Perhaps the owner of the kerchief finds solace for feminine vanity in the snowy bishop sleeves that relieve the severe lines of her dress.

Very effective and expensive is the cap of gold wire and ribbon adorning the head of another member of the group. Her polka-dotted skirt might have been bought in America. The high, hollow caul is imposing, as befits the dignity of a housewife whose liege lord can afford to pay one hundred and fifty dollars for her adornment, or rather, the adornment of her head. But it may be that he did not buy it for her. Possibly it is part of her dowry, an heirloom that has been handed down from mother to daughter and will serve Gressony belles as yet unborn. In Gressony there is no such unpardonable extravagance as wearing out or discarding cap or gown in one season —or one lifetime.

A Minerva-like helmet gives character and a classic touch to the toilette of a caller who has donned her finest gown in honor of the occasion, but feels herself all inadequately appareled in comparison with the splendor of her neighbor. A cap, a fearfully and wonderfully built structure of bullion and ribbon, completely enwraps the lady's head, and must induce sympathy for the woes of the unhappy mortal doomed to wear a crown. An historic model is shown in the golden head-dress fashioned like a saucer that bedecks a burgess of ample proportions.

Surely the royal guest upon whom the Gressony women waited must have been impressed by the magnificence of their attire, every detail of which was so carefully studied from the unique millinery effects to the buckled straps of their low-cut shoes.

A GROUP OF GRESSONY WOMEN.

JUNE.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

From out a burning bush of blooms
  The robin like a wild spark flew,
Describing in mid-air a ring
  Of gold; June's hand he'd like to woo.

And farther on, two roses fair
  Beyond their fragile stems soft leant;
One white, one red, the broken bread
  And wine of morn's sweet sacrament.

LIGURIAN PEASANT-FOLK.

BY E. M. L.

The Maritime and Ligurian Alps slope gently into an expanse of rolling country that descends abruptly towards the sea. The Italian Riviera is sheltered by mountains, and is one of the most picturesque parts of the country, affording delightful variety in landscapes—bold and lofty promontories alternating with wooded hills and richly cultivated plains near the coast. In places the road winds round frowning cliffs, washed by the Mediterranean, their summits crowned by ancient towers erected as a protection against the freebooters and pirates who roved the sea long ago, when the sea was the source of supply for nearly all Liguria, the humble fisher folk wresting from it an honest living, while their high-handed brethren boldly pursued their predatory calling.

The fishers still ply their craft, pulling in the nets with a tireless industry that would win wealth in other lands. First the boats must put out with the bag-shaped net of great size and weight. One side of the mouth of the net is leaded and the other has fastened to it securely a number of corks to serve as floats. There is possibly a mile of rope divided between two boats, and passing through the net. When they are out far enough, the net is lowered, the boats separate, making a wide sweep, and the fishers row to the shore, landing at two points. At each point a group waits to haul in the catch. Lightly clad and barefoot, for the greater number, they coil the rope as it is dragged from the water The shapely muscular figures are like

LIGURIAN SHEPHERDS.

A RAM WITH A CLASSIC NOSE.

bronze statues as they bend to the toil, the hardiest of them knee-deep in the sea. Some of the toilers who are old and weak receive no more than two cents for an hour of incessant labor, or even for two hours. The owners of net and boat have the lion's share of the catch, but an able-bodied man will be given a share of the fish, and from six to eight cents. It often happens that the efforts of those poor people are wasted, for the net may contain only seaweed, pebbles and sand, but sometimes a very rainbow of fish is their reward—red mullet and orange, silver sardines, purple sea snipe, and many-colored mackerel. Then there is rejoicing indeed!

Hardly less precarious is the livelihood of the shepherds, who herd their flocks high up on the cliffs above the sea, on pasture stretches that offer no inducements to the plantation owners for the growth of olives, figs, oleanders, myrtle, citron and oranges. These have their own territory, and a beautiful one it is, luxuriant, fragrant, and riotously fruitful in its harvests. Italy is surely the country of contrasts, and nowhere are these contrasts more marked than in Liguria.

THE POET'S CORNER.

BY ELEANOR DESMOND.

One wonders who founded it — this special corner where the poets reign supreme. It was a gracious deed, and that gracious deeds and thoughts bear fruit a hundredfold has been amply proven by the world-wide popularity of this feature of the daily and weekly press. Even the "yellow" journal has its garden of poesy where homespun philosophy and homely words of comfort put forth blossoms of hope and courage. The tenets of taste in other departments may be questioned, but it is seldom that the Poetry Editor offends. He makes his selections wisely and well, and has provided material for more anthologies than a century could put together. It does not matter whether the column over which he presides be simply "The Poets' Corner," or "Brilliants," or "Poetic Thoughts," or "Poems You Ought to Know," the purpose is the same, and every poet of merit is made to serve it. Long ago the chosen verse was more serious in tone, more unyielding in form. A poet did not dare take liberties in measuring his lines, for if he did his offence was gravely considered and solemnly rebuked. Even when he got into the school readers, the conscientious compilers always called attention to an erring foot or misplaced accent. At the present, though the number of days in the year is just the same, we haven't as much time to be critical and censorious. If we are pleased, why we are pleased and that ends it.

The Poetry Editor realizes that readers are not so exacting, and he feels more free in giving them thoughts that will satisfy the heart, without applying a foot rule to every stanza. If he have a favorite among the versifiers it is the man who sings in gladsome strain, who revels in the joy of life, and insists upon every one taking his point of view — even the pessimist. Such a poet is Frank L. Stanton, who bubbles over with gaiety, and is such a happy care-free fellow that he is kept "standing" in the "Corner" all the time, not in disgrace, be it understood, but as a special mark of distinction. Hear him sing:

"Great old world in darkness — great old world in day;
Reap its happy harvests, walk its happy way!
Lots more light than shadow — night a-fallin' free,
An' all the bloom an' beauty an' light fer you an' me."

Isn't there something heartsome in the lilt and uplift of these lines? Who wouldn't welcome Stanton? The dyspeptic critic deploring the decadence of verse may sigh for Homeric effusions, but Stanton and his kind are good enough for the ordinary run of mortals. Isn't he doing more for the higher life than Edwin Markham, whose "Man With the Hoe" harrowed our feelings some years ago? — a rather unusual effect for a hoe to produce, even when manipulated by a "brother to the ox." W. J. Lampton's clever parody in the New York Sun applied balm to the bruised feelings of the husbandman so sweepingly misrepresented.

Yes, the poet of cheer is a benefactor, though at times we may doubt the soundness of his reasoning, and frown a little at his rather transparent excuses. The rigid moralist will not quite agree with Mr. Stanton's views on fishing in silent pools and rippling streams — Nature's lure, tempting grown-up truants from irksome tasks, but nevertheless the words will strike a responsive chord in many hearts.

"I jes' set here a dreamin'—
A dreamin' every day,
Of the sunshine that's a gleamin'
On the rivers — fur away.

An' I kinder fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin'
Why — a feller orter fish!

While I'm studyin', or a-writin',
In the dusty, rusty town,
I kin feel the fish a-bitin'—
See the cork a-goin' down!

So I nod, an' fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin'
Why — a feller orter fish."

James Whitcomb Riley is even more graceless in his argument that when the fields and woods call, work should be abandoned. The Poetry Editor, condoning this lack of conscience, spreads broadcast his sentiments on "lazyin' 'roun'" when summer is on the land.

Tell you what I like the best!—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time the strawberry melts
On the vine — some afternoon,
Like to jes' git out and rest
And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard's where I'd rather be —
Needn't fence it in for me!
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath,
Sorts o' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kind o' has
Elbow room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadder's thick and soft
As the kivers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus when they's company.

. . . . .

Plague ef they ain't sompin in
Work 'at kind o' goes ag'in
My convictions! 'Long about
Here in June especially!
Under some old apple tree
Jes' a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do,
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Was a-gettin' there like me,
And June was eternity.

There is no attempt to teach a moral here. The instinct of the vagabond, the vagrant, that asserts itself in us all at times, speaks in every word. The same note is dominant in "The Fishin' Fever," another treasure of the "Corner."

'Long about this time o' year I sort o' git a wish
I cu'd jus' cut loose a spell an' fish an' fish an' fish;
Gittin' all-fired weary of th' stuffy, sweaty town,
Want to go where I can hear the water tricklin' down
Thru a medder summers, an' in underneath a tree,
Where th' ol' sun kind o' peeks an' shimmers down at me,
Set there by a pool an' smoke an' think an' fish. W'y, sir,
'Long about this time o' year that's wuth a livin' fer.

Want to git out all alone an' set a dreamin' dreams,
Want to smell the pine trees an' to hear th' mountain streams;
Want to git on top th' range an' waller in th' snow,
Then look down an' see the world a mile er two below;
There is somethin' magic in a breath o' mountain air,
Makes a feller feel somehow that God Himself is there,
'Long about this time o' year, why, don't you understand?
Want to go to Nature an' grab her by the hand.

But all the "Corner" poets are not wanderers, or mere joyous heralds of the season's delights, nor are the poets we have quoted entirely given over to the pursuit of pleasure. They touch many a deep, true note, reverently acknowledging the all-encompassing Love that made so beautiful a world.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the colored poet, contributed often to the "Poets' Corner," cheerful, sane philosophy in verse, quaint conceits of childhood, and lately tender little thoughts that tell of a spirit loosing itself from the things of earth, a pilgrim preparing to go home.

"Home whaih de friends I loved 'll say,
We've waited fu' you many a day,
Come hyeah an' res' yo'self, an' know
You's done wid sorrer an' wid woe,
Now you's at home."

To be content with doing good is a theme often expounded by the poets, who express in myriad words and ways the thought contained in this stanza from "The Pilgrim."

It is not the wealth we possess,
Nor the height to which we rise,
But the good we do
That lives beyond the skies.

Susan Coolidge combines salutary advice and sturdy encouragement in this "Corner" selection:

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

A Catholic poet, Margaret E. Jordan, offers solace "so strong and true" in a recent poem that the Poetry Editor should place it at the top of his column:

"Out of the gloom of a gone-by day
There flashed the light of a thought;
It banished the doubt of my heart away,
And peace to my spirit brought.
'Twas the thought of a Providence Divine
That can for its own provide,
God keep it alive in this soul of mine
Whatever on earth betide!

Toil may be long and rest be brief;
Friends of my heart be few;
But every pain has its sweet relief
In that thought so strong and true:
"God did provide, God can provide,
God will provide," till the need is o'er;
Till my soul, that naught of earth can fill,
Finds God nor yearns for more.

The same thought is voiced by Helen M. Winslow:

I said
If I could see a light ahead,
Could know the ships I sent to sea
Were blown by Fortune's gale toward me,
I could believe in matters great or small
God watcheth over all.
O selfish heart!
Canst thou not see the noble part?
To bear with patience sure defeat,
To upward climb with stubborn feet,
In spite of disappointment's iron thrall,—
For God is over all.

Every Christmas Phillips Brooks' "Bethlehem" is part of the poetry "Corner." There is much of the spirit informing it in his counsel to the burdened and oppressed:

The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings, too;
Tell him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

"Good and Best," by Minnie Leona Upton, has found its way into favor, no doubt because of the lesson it contains.

Once from my windows towards the north
I saw the mountains rise;
Southward the sea in majesty
Enchained my awestruck eyes;
Eastward the dawn illumed my skies,
Westward the sunset's glow.
"Much of beauty is mine," I said,
"Yet would I more;" and so
I planted trees all round about.
Full swift and strong they rise,
But sea and height are hid from sight,
The dawns and sunset skies!

Now see I as I had not seen
How earth's *good* things may hide
Its *best* from view, and shut off, too,
All heaven's horizon wide.

Poems that recall familiar scenes and events stand well in the esteem of the reader. Thus "Be a Good Boy, Good Bye" was taken up generally on its first appearance, then dropped for a while, but on the re-opening of school it again appeared and was clipped for the scrap album in hundreds of homes from which little ones ventured forth for their first day in school.

The mother-heart is tenderly sensitive and goes out to the "mitherless bairn" in poetry as well as in life. Florence Earl Coates is responsible for the tears shed over the following lines:

MOTHERLESS.

He was so small, so very small,
That since she ceased to care,
'Twas easy just to pass him by,
Forgetting he was there;
But though too slight a thing he seemed
Of interest to be,—
One heart had loved him with a love
As boundless as the sea.

He was so poor, so very poor,
That now since she had died,
He seemed a tiny threadbare coat
With nothing much inside;
But ah! a treasure he concealed,
And asked of none relief:
His shabby little bosom hid
A mighty, grown-up grief.

And here — a last gleaning from the Poet's Corner — is a humble outburst of gratitude for an everyday act, one of the simple little kindnesses that make the sun shine on a dark day:

When a man ain' got a cent, and he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark and heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of your heart.
You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

O the world's a curious compound, with its honey an' its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it — leastways, that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

THE FAIRIES' PARTY.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY J. J. HART.

As time wore on and Midsummer Day kept getting nearer, little Miss Rosy Cosy kept thinking more and more of the promise that had been given of another trip to Fairyland. She wondered how the fairies would spend the holidays and longed to be with them and see once more all the kind friends she had met on her previous visits.

We can then imagine how happy she was when she woke up on the eve of the great day and found herself back in Fairyland. Not far away she saw Delfo, the clever little clown who had served as her guide on her other visits.

"Back again, Rosy?" he asked.

"Why yes," she answered. "But I don't quite see how I got here." The little fellow laughed. "Well, well, you must n't worry about that, you know. I'll tell you why they sent for you this time. All the fairies and all the goblins are going to give a grand party in the fairy queen's palace. By the way the party won't be ready for some time yet, so we'll go and see the bears play golf."

"Why, I never heard of bears playing golf," exclaimed Rosy.

"Oh, but you must remember that you are in Fairyland where everything is possible," replied Delfo. "Come with me, they are not far away."

And Rosy followed him down the road. Soon they came to a broad stretch of land. This was marked out like a golf course for Rosy could see the flags, teeing grounds, etc. It seemed as if she was back on earth for it looked very like the club course at home. In the middle of the course were three figures walking along with their clubs. The smallest of the three was evidently the caddie, for as they came nearer they saw a bag of clubs thrown over his shoulder.

Rosy recognized the trio as Grizzly, Frizzly, and Fuzzy Wuzzy, the funny bears. They greeted Rosy with their usual good humor.

At this point Grizzly found his ball which was close at hand. It lay three yards from the next hole and with a well aimed put he made the shot nicely. "Bravo!" cried Rosy, surprised at his skill. Frizzly found his ball not far away and made the distance in two clever shots. Fuzzy Wuzzy could not play very well he said, so they allowed him to carry their clubs, which he seemed to think very kind of them, for otherwise he would have had nothing to do.

At Rosy's suggestion the others gave Fuzzy Wuzzy a chance to try his luck with the ball. He was immensely pleased with this plan and he at once placed the ball in position, selected a driver, and prepared to get the proper swing for a fine shot. At the first attempt he lost his balance completely and sat down so suddenly that the ground shook. For some reason he seemed to think that the others had something to do with his mishap, for he looked at them all with a very pained expression.

"That's one on you," cried Delfo.

The little bear got up and tried once more. Again he missed and this time he nearly took off Frizzly's nose with the end of his club as it swung around in a wild circle.

Fuzzy Wuzzy made three other trials and by the time he got to the third he had become desperate. He struck at the

ball with all his might—and all bears are pretty strong, you know. The club hit the sphere pretty sharply and away it sailed in the air. It kept going higher and higher, and everybody admitted that it was a fine shot. The ball continued to rise, however, and the first thing any of them knew it had gone out of sight.

Grizzly was mad. "Now Fuzzy Wuzzy, you've lost my ball."

No sooner had he said this than he felt something drop very suddenly beside him, just grazing his ear. It was the runaway ball which had returned to earth. Grizzly was finally satisfied; but he had a close shave when the ball came down.

Delfo told them that they must come along with him if they wanted to take part in the fairies' party, for it was now getting close to the appointed time. They accordingly followed him, for no one wished to miss the party.

In a short time they reached the ice palace of the fairy queen. All around it Rosy could see fairies, goblins and elves. Our party passed through the crowd, and Rosy was very much pleased to hear them raise a cheer as they saw her.

The vestibules of the big palace were likewise scenes of merry gatherings. All the fairies wore wonderfully beautiful lace dresses and the elves and goblins were in their turn gorgeously attired.

At the end of the main hall the guests were received by the fairy queen and the king of the goblins. She greeted our little girl most affectionately and the old king was no less kind to her. He told her the next time she came to Fairyland he would show her all the underground caverns about which he had told her when she had visited his castle.

After a while the castle became quite crowded with guests, and the assemblage made a brilliant spectacle.

The fairy queen passed her magic wand over Rosy's head and to her surprise she found that her school dress, which she had worn up to that time, had been transformed into an exquisite ball dress and her delicate dancing slippers were adorned with silver buckles. All this made Rosy very happy and she liked the good queen more than ever.

And now the gaiety began. There were several pretty dances and one of them was led by the king of the goblins with Rosy as his partner. Soon there was an intermission and refreshments were served by the gnomes, funny little fellows with peaked caps and long white beards.

Then there was more dancing and more merriment until Rosy was so delighted she could hardly speak. Some of the fairies went through fancy dances which they had been practising for the occasion and there was a great deal of laughter when Fuzzy Wuzzy went out to the middle of the floor to do a dance by himself. Everybody was surprised, however, when he did a very neat hornpipe in the best of style. When he finished they all applauded very heartily and the little bear was highly pleased.

All good things come to an end, as Rosy soon discovered.

At the close of the last dance Delfo told her not to be surprised if the affair came to a sudden end. Rosy did not understand this, but it was not long before she saw what he meant. As the band finished the last selection all the lights were suddenly extinguished. Rosy tried to find her way out, but seemed to be unable to do so. Then she felt her eyes open, and found that she was safe at home once more, waking up for breakfast. But she still has an invitation to Fairyland and she has every reason to hope that she will have some more enjoyable times in that enchanted country.

THE HOME NEST.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

It was on a long, crooked branch of a Baldwin, near the center of the orchard, and was built of rather coarse straw and grass, held in place by a substantial mud cement. Inside, it was finished in buff and brown grass of a somewhat finer texture, but with a view to comfort only. Robin's mother was practical, and had neither taste nor time for ornamentation or show; and his father—well, his father was a great musician, and you know how musicians have to practice.

Altogether it was a good cottage, rustic and heavy to almost plainness, but not out of place on the gnarled trunk of the old apple tree. And no storm, however severe, nor high wind nor scorching sun could do it injury; for that was the way Madam Robin built. The foundation of the nest was a limb at least ten inches through, with two small up-growing branches protecting one side and a sturdy twig the other, and the nest itself was the best half of an inch thick, and its position such that no hot sun could find it through the screening apple blossoms and leaves.

Three branches above, at the very tip, an oriole was building an elaborate structure which would be the pride of the whole orchard: and two branches to the right, on a tiny knot, a humming bird was planning a home. Both of these dwellings were to be done in the highest style of building and decorating art; but Madam never dreamed of envy. She was too busy and happy. She liked both cottages, and was pleased with having their owners as neighbors, and she said so frankly and cheerily; but she always dropped back into her own big, clumsy nest with a happy little chirp of contentment.

So the apple trees bloomed and sent out their fragrance to the four winds, and the bees came and buzzed about their honey-gathering, grudging time for even the briefest exchange of gossip with the birds, and high among the topmost branches, with the sea of white and pink blossoms for inspiration, the oriole and robin sang and sang and still sang, while their wives listened in the nests below, with love-light and pride in their eyes.

In course of time there were four light blue eggs and a dusky gray one in the robin's nest, and four delicate white and black splashed ones in the oriole's, and down in the beautiful lichen-finished home of the humming bird were two tiny eggs scarce larger than the diamonds which the dew left on the grass blades in the morning.

Madam Robin had found the interloping egg in her nest when she returned from a brief airing about the orchard one morning, and she had eyed it for a moment with her bill raised to a threatening angle. Then her bill had lowered compassionately. It seemed too bad to thrust the egg from the nest and have it break upon the hard ground below. And after all, the poor little bird in the egg was not to blame for its mother's shortcomings.

So the egg was kept warm with her own, and hatched with her own; and when the four baby robins opened their disproportionately large bills for food, there was always a larger bill, opened wider and raised higher, that demanded arrogantly for first and most attention. Again Madam eyed the interloper askance, but it was too late to recede from her philanthropy now; she could not let the outcast starve. So she fed him with the rest, and in spite of her watchfulness and care, his greedy, ever-opened bill got more of the food than her own babies. Often, even after she had placed delicacies in the little robins' mouths, his bill would snatch and gobble them down.

The poor mother worked hard these days, and it was well that she was naturally robust and strong. All through the forenoon, and again for an hour or two before sunset, she was flying from tree to tree, searching the bark for wholesome grubs and insects, hopping across newly-tilled ground for tidbits which she knew would please a baby bird's palate, investigating old logs and chip heaps, and always keeping a watchful oversight of berry bushes and vines and fruit trees for additional food to fill the hungry mouths which crowded her nest.

In time these mouths stretched out over the edge of the nest until it seemed as though their owners would be pushed from it altogether by those behind, and by that time the cow-bird interloper had grown large enough to nearly half fill the nest himself. But in spite of his size he was the biggest baby of the lot, nearly always crying, and always sulky if he did not get the biggest and best of everything. When not eating, he was generally pushing the weaker birds to one side so as to have the larger part of the nest, and he tried to arrogate for himself the centre of it when his foster-mother was hovering them.

But for all that, the little robins were by no means puny or weak. They were all bright little fellows, with not a sister among them; and though they had to give way to the superior strength of Cowby—as he came to be called—they managed to get enough to eat. Their mother saw to that, even though she had to spend an extra hour hunting.

During the first few days the young robins seemed to have but one thought, to open their bills just as soon as they heard their mother coming, and to keep opening them so long as they had any capacity left to swallow. Indeed, for a whole week there seemed little difference between them and Cowby, only that Cowby could eat more because he was larger. But as they grew older the robins began to show traits that could only have one meaning, it was something in the blood, the effect of generations of good breeding; and added to this, they were quick to learn things from their mother. But Cowby could not, or would not, learn anything. From the time he left the egg to the time young Robin pushed him from the nest, he was always the same bullying, cowardly glutton, caring only for himself and his own comfort.

All the young robins were bright, gentlemanly little fellows, but one was particularly so. From the time he opened his eyes he was usually gazing about, curiously, to find out things. And he was the very first one who kept his bill closed after receiving a morsel until each of the others had received their morsels also. That was the very highest evidence of good breeding in a young bird, and Robin had learned it—or taken it up naturally, it almost seemed—on the eighth day from his shell.

That is why he was called Robin, the

true successor of his father, while the others became Redbreast, Cheerup and Rusty. Rusty was the larger of the four, but as compared with the other three he was rather dull. He was so thoroughly good-natured, however, and always so anxious to do anybody a good turn, that few ever thought of his dullness. He was almost as much of a favorite as the others.

Robin did not look upon the cow-bird with favor. He had submitted to the crowding because he could not help it; but from the day when he first began to observe things there was always a speculative look in his eyes when they rested upon Cowby. Sometimes there was disgust mingled with it, sometimes wonder; but generally it was mere speculation, as though he was comparing their respective sizes and considering possibilities. But day after day went by, and still he contented himself with the speculation; perhaps he did not think it yet time for taking issue.

Mother robins have a custom of forcing their little ones to fly at the earliest possible moment. There are many dangers surrounding the home nest, and flying is a safeguard which every mother understands and appreciates. Generally the little ones are anxious to learn themselves; but to untried wings it is a long, long way from the nest to the ground, and it may be they grow timid and draw back. And sometimes there are cravens who do not even desire to try; the only way in such a case is to make them.

Cowby was strong enough for this launching out several days before Rusty and his brothers; but Cowby was a coward, as most bullies are, and when his foster-mother urged him gently toward the side of the nest until he could look down, his first sight of the ground below made him cringe and cry so pitifully that for the time being she desisted. But

A HOME NEST.

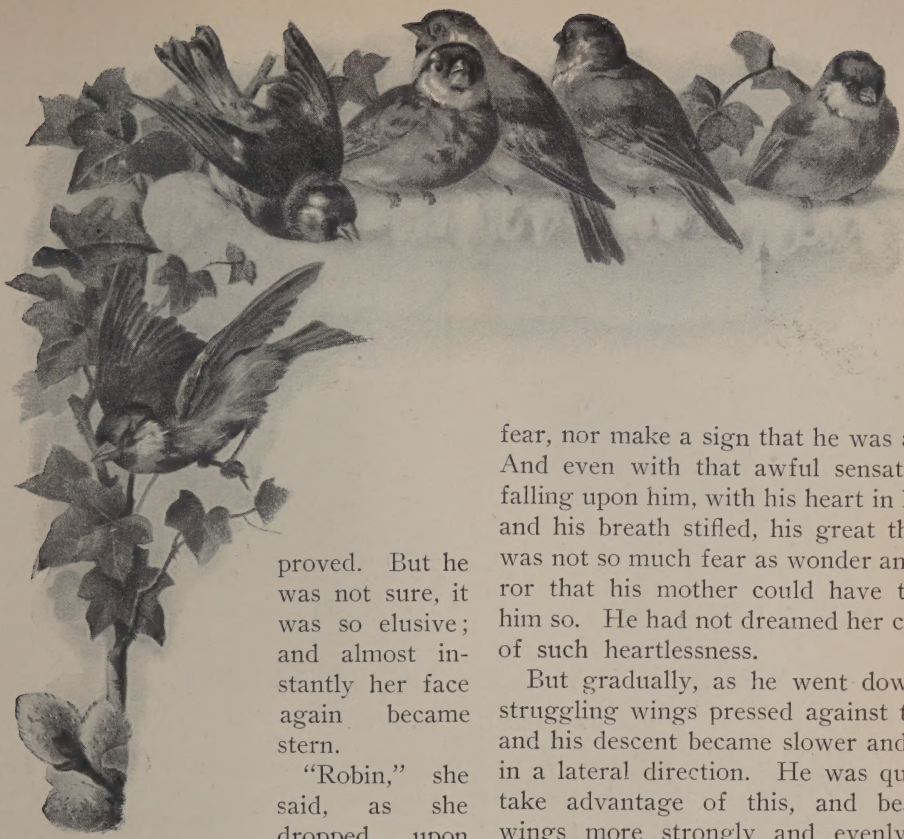
the next day, and again the day following, she urged him toward the edge, a little more determinedly; and again his cries of terror and appeal caused her to hesitate and put off the trial a little longer. In the case of her own children she would not have done this; but her sense of justness made her fear that she might discriminate against the stranger.

By this time Robin's speculative look had become one of open contempt. The next morning, while his mother was searching the neighboring trees for food, he worked his way cautiously behind Cowby. The glutton was nearer the edge than usual, having pushed his way to that side in order to be the first to receive food when Madam returned. Robin worked his way directly behind and a little under him, and then, exerting all his strength, lifted Cowby bodily and toppled him out into the world.

A BIRD CONVENTION.

As he went over Cowby uttered a most heart-rending wail of terror and dismay. Robin's own heart stopped for a moment in fear of what he had done. Suppose Cowby should be killed? What would the orchard law do with him?

Then he looked up. His mother was hovering just overhead, and Robin's heart, so bold a few seconds before, sank like lead, and he tried to shrink behind Rusty. Had she seen? But of course she had; he knew that from the way she looked at him. Yet for an infinitesimal part of a second he fancied that he saw a twinkle in her eyes, as though she ap-



proved. But he was not sure, it was so elusive; and almost instantly her face again became stern.

"Robin," she said, as she dropped upon the twig overlooking the nest, "you are getting to be a bold, independent bird now, and I can see that your wing feathers are well started. And surely your heart has been growing stronger even since I went out after food. You will soon be able to make your own way. Let me feel your muscles."

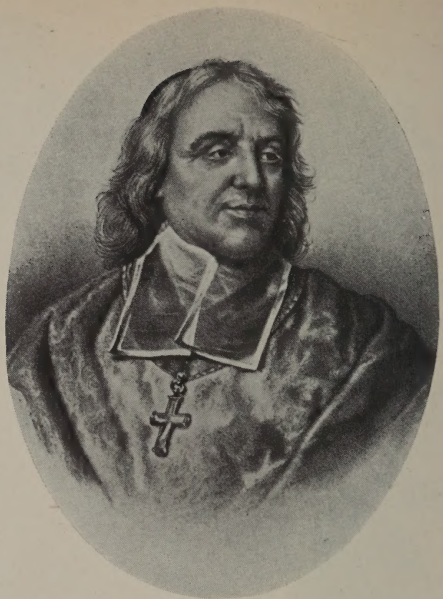
She quietly slipped one of her wings under him, and an instant later Robin found himself over the edge of the nest, struggling in space with that awful depth below him, gasping, breathless, falling; and behind him came the calm voice of his mother, "Fly, Robin; you are bold enough now. Show Cowby what you can do."

Robin closed his bill firmly, even though he believed the next moment would see him crushed on the ground below. He would not utter a chirp of fear, nor make a sign that he was afraid. And even with that awful sensation of falling upon him, with his heart in his bill and his breath stifled, his great thought was not so much fear as wonder and horror that his mother could have treated him so. He had not dreamed her capable of such heartlessness.

But gradually, as he went down, his struggling wings pressed against the air and his descent became slower and more in a lateral direction. He was quick to take advantage of this, and beat his wings more strongly and evenly. At length he clutched desperately at a small branch twenty feet away from the home tree and not six feet from the ground, to which he clung dizzily.

As he righted himself he became conscious of a convulsive sobbing near him, and knew that Cowby had escaped also; and at the same instant he noticed a shadow crossing the ground and looked up. His mother was just returning to the nest. As he saw her a great sob of thankfulness swelled his breast. At that moment he understood his mother as he had never understood her before. She did love him. He remembered a swift whirring of wings below him as he fell. His mother had been there with wings outspread to shield him in case there should be need. He raised his bill suddenly and uttered three ecstatic notes in succession. It was his first song.

FENELON.



BOSSUET.

A MONTH IN THE SQUARE ST. SULPICE.

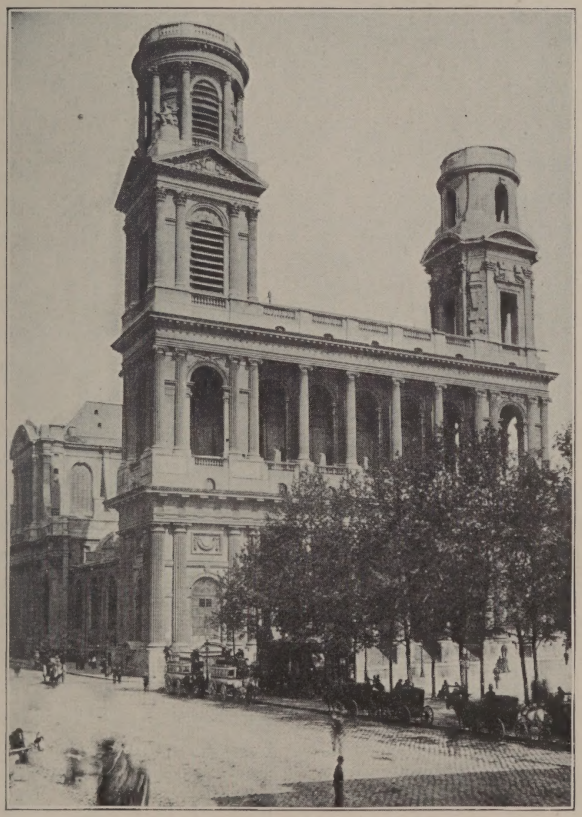
BY CAROLINE DOMETT.

There is no more interesting square in Paris than the Square St. Sulpice on the left bank of the Seine. It may lack the natural charms surrounding the parvis Notre Dame where the river stretches out an arm to encircle and to protect the island with her grand cathedral. It may not have the architectural beauties of the spacious Place Vendome, where towering Column of Victory, laden with band upon band of wrought iron, portrays battle scenes of the first Napoleon. But, above all others, it has individuality. The church with its imposing facade, the seminary at right angles to it, in front of both, Visconti's fountain with the four great orators, have influenced even the naming of the little hotels in the square and have made of the little shops world-famous business places for the sale of church ornaments.

A hotel once standing here absorbed to a unique degree the atmosphere of its environment. This was a hostelry frequently patronized by priests and religious who came on business to the city. No lodger was admitted without an introduction from some one known to the religious world, and many rules were in force among its guests.

In the center of the square there is a park. In the center of the park, a fountain, where birds skim and flutter and poise and dip under the jaws of sculptured lions guarding the escutcheon of France. Above three concentric water basins rises a temple in which are statues of Bossuet, Fénélon, Masillon, Fléchier, bishops four who were famous ecclesiastical writers, renowned for funeral ora-

tions, as well. Fléchier, who faces you, gained better than fame, for he won the love of people of all religions for his charity which was unbounded. The modest Masillon, in shadow on the right, was the bishop whose fear of self-pride led him to retire into an abbey from which he was ordered forth to take his rightful place among preachers of the day. Bright, witty, charming Fénélon, author of Telemachus, faces the church where he once officiated as parish priest. On his left is Bossuet, theologian and most renowned of funeral orators. It was Bossuet who delivered addresses over both the widow and the daughter of King Charles I. of England. Genius radiates from the words spoken in memory of the queen, but to the daughter the tenderness of his whole soul is poured out in that masterpiece ringing with the cry, "Madame is dead."



CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE.

The seminary of St. Sulpice, for the training of young men to the priesthood, fills one side of the square. It is of commanding proportions, five stories high, and grim and fortress-like, notwithstanding five times seventeen windows that pierce its front. Behind the seminary an immense garden is enclosed by walls high as the walls of a fortified city. Only the topmost boughs of the stateliest trees rise above them. It was beneath the shade of those great trees that Ernest Renan once walked. To the student life and to his loving superiors he rendered touching tribute after he had laid aside his soutane and the doors of St. Sulpice had closed behind him forever.

One of the inspiring sights in this square of many interests comes when the doors are thrown open and hundreds of students in their surplices, "white billed priests," as St. Francis de Sales calls young abbés, troop down the steps on their way to service. Among those young soldiers of the Church you will see representatives of the days of "knightly counsel and heroic deed," for among them are the very flower of France.

Little is known of St. Sulpice himself except that he was Archbishop of Bourges and died in 644. The church bearing his name is one of the wealthiest in Paris. Critics say that it is not beautiful, though all admit the grandeur of the façade with its double colonnade,

Doric below, Ionic above—unfinished, of course. This is true of many churches in Europe. The familiar story told of the uncompleted cathedral at Cologne, how the architect promised the devil the first soul to pass into the finished structure, is related of other sacred edifices as well. Keeping work on hand to do seems to be a way the Church has of outwitting the Evil One.

St. Sulpice has borne its part in secular history and romance. A banquet in honor of General Napoleon was once held within its walls. Then it was called "Temple of Victory," mild sacrilege compared to Notre Dame, with its scenes of riot and licentiousness during the so-called "Age of Reason," which appears to have been a most unreasonable age indeed. Victor Hugo was married here. In his novel "Les Miserables" this renowned writer places Marius beside the Lady Chapel while the warden tells that pathetic story of a father's devotion.

The interior of the church with width of nave and far-reaching windows gives, above all, an impression of spaciousness. The Lady Chapel is magnificent, but the church itself holds little to turn the eye from the beauty and richness of its many ceremonials, or to divert the attention from a pulpit celebrated for its oratory from Bossuet to the present day.

There is no time in the year when the church and the square are not replete with interest,—but a month that includes the solemnities of Holy Week, the joys of Easter with the feasts and festivals that follow, is a month when it is a privilege indeed to be a dweller in the Square St. Sulpice.

The silence that reigns in church towers of Paris from Holy Thursday until Easter eve is broken by the bell on Notre Dame cathedral. "Great bourdon" gives the signal. Then, throughout the city, all chimes swing joyously together, foreringers to the Day of Resurrection.

You cannot hear the bells during the last of Lent because they have gone to Rome to get the Easter gifts, at least the children say so. In the night time, no one knows exactly when, full to the brim with hidden treasures, the bells come back again. The children wait most anxiously to hear them ring once more, for, as they swing they scatter broadcast the Easter eggs and the greetings of the happy Eastertide. It is just when Notre Dame signals and all the bells ring out that the gifts fall full and free. On no account, however, must one look for them until the glorious morning. Then there is hunting, you may be sure, all over Paris, all over France, for that matter, to find what the bells have dropped.

On Good Friday, while the bells were yet in Rome, the people gathered in the Church of St. Sulpice to "kiss the Cross." Between the throng worshiping in the Lady Chapel and the back of the high altar, on velvet cushions lay a crucifix of gold. For hours a long procession filed slowly past. The richly dressed and the beggar, the child lifted for the first time and the aged one who would never kiss that cross again. Dotted through the line, marking women peasants from different provinces in France, were white caps of varying shape that shone immaculately against red and blue of soldiers' uniform. Dove-like sisters of religious orders moved silently behind clanking officers, sedate seminarians followed shambling schoolboys in belted blouses—all to "kiss the Cross." Meanwhile the great sanctuary choir sang Gregorian chants with the wonderful precision that has made known St. Sulpice plain song throughout the world.

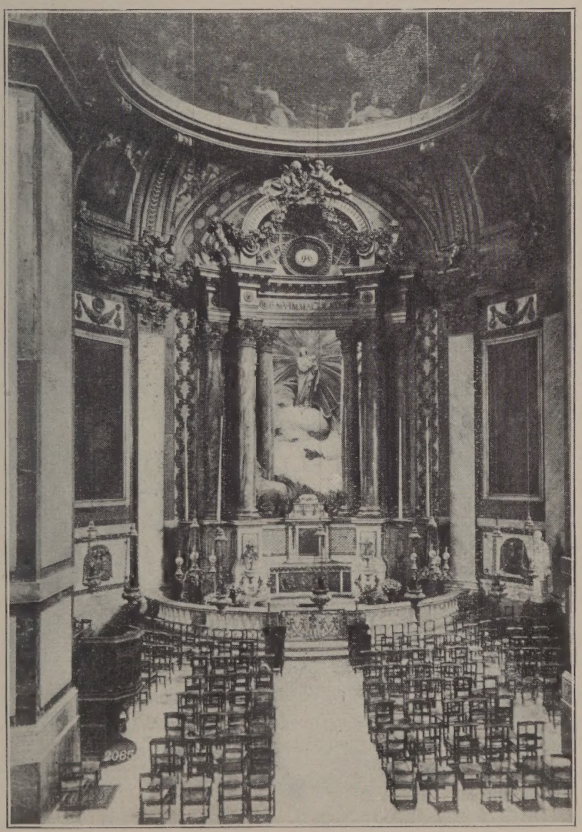
When the crucifix had been carried away and the plain song had ended the choir swept down the nave into the Lady

Chapel. There, beneath the dome with its finely painted Assumption, under the seven iron lamps with their flames of fire, facing the recessed statue of the Holy Mother glowing among clouds softly illumined from lights above, they sang together from Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

Then came the glorious Easter Day, but the waking of all Christendom to its wonderful truth has brought with it the awakening celebrations so similar in form as to be familiar to the whole world.

The month of Mary followed Easter week. Down at the Cathedral of Notre Dame the massive silver statue of the Madonna was taken from the treasure room and placed in the Mary Chapel on the right aisle. A carpet of fragrant blossoms was spread at her feet. Among the flowers were sprays of annunciation lilies in white and gold enamel with veiled lights shining in their hearts. Over in the dark impressive church of the Madeleine a statue of Our Blessed Lady had been placed far above the high altar. At the beginning of evening service she seemed almost in shadow. Then one light after another appeared in the electric firmament about her. A golden crescent slowly curved itself at her feet, like Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." On the stroke of nine there was a flash and from out the upper darkness upon the head of Mary appeared a radiant crown.

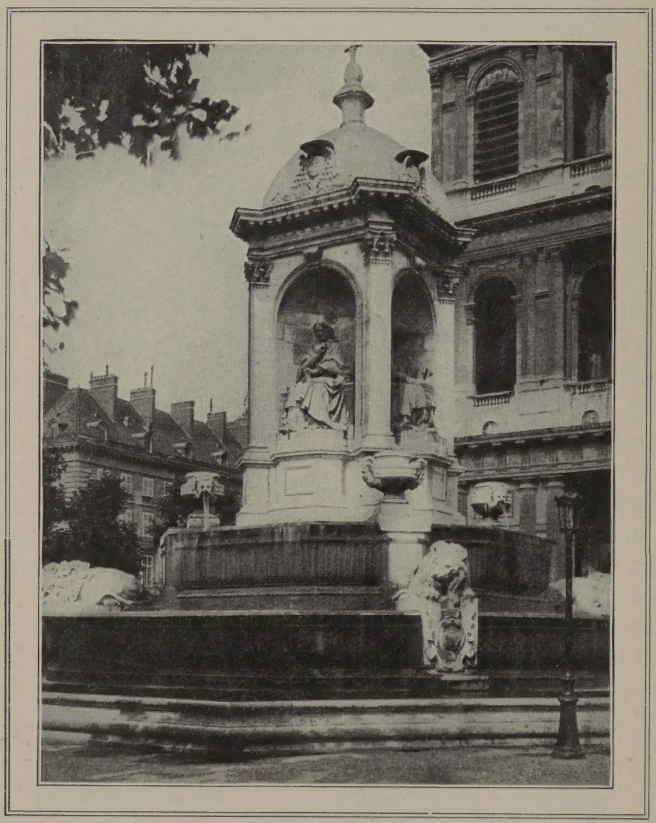
At St. Sulpice the Virgin was placed in the choir on a pedestal draped in blue with silver stars. Here, too, were lights and the flowers, those "most beautiful things that God has made and forgot to put a soul in." Every evening during the month Ave Marias were sung in the sweet voices of women where usually only the heavier tones of a male chorus were heard. The women also take up the contributions in the churches during the month of May. Whenever they do so at weddings it is called "making a quest."



LADY CHAPEL, CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE.

If you have ever seen a bridal party in France you will remember that lights of French weddings never are hidden under bushels. Nor to superstitions with regard to weddings in May do they give heed. When the papers announced a "grand marriage" at St. Sulpice the guests always arrived early and spent their leisure visiting in groups. As the

bridal party entered, they arose, faced the nave, all eyes on the advancing bride, for, were they not there to see her, was she not there to be seen? The bridesmaids carried compact little bouquets to match their gowns, pink, yellow, blue. The party took seats in front of the chancel rail, bride and groom majestic in enormous armchairs of gilt. The long service began. There was no difficulty



FOUNTAIN, WITH STATUES OF THE GREAT ORATORS.

in knowing just what to do. The elaborately decorated master of ceremonies tapped his staff, nodded, beckoned, frowned. But keep an eye on him and smooth was the path to matrimony. At the appointed time the bridesmaids stepped out and lo, the little bouquets of pink, yellow, blue, had opened their mouths and made themselves into ribbon-betrimmed, flower-bedecked pouches, receptacles for coin. Coins of gold the bride and groom must drop in, not once only, but twice, two to the maid in yellow, two to the maid in blue. Each escort, in full evening dress, though the hour was noon, took by the hand his lady fair and led her about gathering contributions. This, on wedding days, is "making a quest." The newly married couple with the guests entered the vestry to sign the register. There were congratulations and much merriment. Nothing dampens the joy of a French wedding, not even, as sometimes happens, a funeral going on in a side chapel, not even a hearse standing in front of the flower-trimmed coach outside. There is room for all at St. Sulpice.

In May came First Communion. Over Paris there seemed to sweep a drift of snowy white. Thousands of young girls like flocks of doves fluttered through streets and squares or skimmed up and down the steps of churches. There was a flight of filmy plumage in the carriages that passed and, caught between breeze and sun, shimmering veils made spots of dazzling light on decks of boats along the river.

It was early morning. A flower market had been held at the feet of Bossuet and the fragrance of blossoms still perfumed the air. Rich red carpets covered the steps of St. Sulpice and the doors stood wide open, for the church was to claim her own that day. Long settees, upholstered in crimson, had been put in the great nave, in place of the usual chairs and the seminarians in their white surplices paced up and down the aisles. Parents and friends were seated behind pillars and in the transepts, almost hidden from view. The children completely filled the nave—first the boys in white flannel suits with broad fringed sashes tied to their arms; then the girls, dainty and dove-like from tip of little slipper to top of floral crown. When they knelt and bowed their heads it was like a great field of snowy Easter lilies, a picture of unbroken whiteness down through the long church to the altar with its shining bands of light.

The singing was beautiful, for the seminarians led. It was the presence of these young men that gave the distinctive mark to First Communion at St. Sulpice. Each student had charge of two or three settees and the grave solicitude with which they bent over fair little daughters to extricate them from tangled veiling was a charming thing to see.

The month passed quickly. It was night in the Square St. Sulpice. The seminary frowned behind a wall of silence. A few broken moonbeams glittered across the park and fell coldly into the waters of the fountain. The church stood dark, deserted, with great doors fast locked and only the little entrance open for those who seek to find. The interior was unlighted save for occasional dotted gleams that dimly outlined giant pillars, high unpictured windows, vast expanse of vaulting. In the Lady Chapel there was light, for the little lamps burned steadily their flames of fire. A solitary peasant in working blouse, knelt at the altar. He was bearing some great sorrow. His face was drawn in silent grief. With haggard eyes uplifted he gazed steadily on Mary with Her Child. There was no sound in the church, only a silence that could be felt. The man remained motionless, waiting, waiting for the promise. Soon it came. The tense lines slowly relaxed, the tired eyes brightened, hope was born again. With the look that "passeth understanding" he arose and quietly went away. Grand had been the feasts and fêtes with their crowds and lights and jewels, but in the month there had been nothing that could compare with the look of peace that came into the face of a humble workman kneeling in the pulsating stillness of night time, alone in the great church of St. Sulpice.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Story of the Congo Free State. By Henry Wellington Wack. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. $3.50.

This is a most valuable book, and it appears at an opportune moment. The civilized world has been recently thrilled by the lurid descriptions of deeds of fiendish cruelty said to have been perpetrated in the Congo Free State by Belgian officials. Were these charges true, it is certain that Christian peoples ought to rise in protest, and not only to insist upon the condign punishment of these ruffianly officials, but also to claim a guarantee that similar atrocities should not take place in the future. Unfortunately for those who brought the charges, the evidence adduced was very flimsy, entirely too weak to support the accusations based upon them. Now we have a triumphant answer to all the accusations and that from one who has had access to all the ducuments in the Congo Administration Office. In studying this volume we must be deeply impressed by the wisdom, the enterprise, and the foresight of Leopold II, King of the Belgians, while we are at the same time forced to deplore the blind prejudice of those English writers and agitators who perceive no good save in themselves. Yet, to be fair, what a wonderful deed has been wrought by the Belgians in the Congo Free State! Thirty-six years ago it was the camping ground of warring tribes — many of them cannibals; to-day it is a peaceful, well-organized, prosperous state, with a network of railroads connecting the important trade-centres and with fleets of magnificent steamers ploughing its waterways. Where science was unknown there now flourish nineteen stations for the collection of data relating to anthropology, botany, ethnography, geology, philology, mineralogy and zoology. Thirty years ago what is now the Congo Free State was a wild tangle of luxuriant tropical growth through which hordes of black savages roamed, fought, and practised their unspeakable barbarities, living almost entirely upon the spontaneous products of Nature; to-day in and far around each of the numerous governmental stations or posts, life and property are as secure now as in any part of Europe and America. The spade and the hoe have displaced the throwing spear and the poisoned arrow. Where the antelope and the spring-bok browsed, the soil is now upturned by the plough and devoted to the growing of coffee, cocoa, tea, cinnamon, pepper, nutmegs, cloves and vanilla. Where even the name of education was unknown, there are now numerous schools and training-missions. While the prevailing faith in Congo-land is the Catholic, Protestant societies are extremely active in many sections. It is astonishing to note the number of religious orders at work in this territory. The White Fathers began their mission in 1878; they were followed by the Schent Fathers in 1888; by the Trappists in 1892; the Jesuits in 1893; the Fathers of the Sacred Heart in 1897; the Premonstratensian Canons in 1898 and by the Redemptorists in 1899. There are also many representatives of the female religious orders, all of whom give their lives to the teaching and training of the natives. There are no harder workers in the world than the Catholic missionaries of the Congo, and the results of their labors are apparent in the moral regeneration that has been accomplished in this part of the Dark Continent. And this magic transformation has been almost entirely wrought by Belgian energy and Belgian capital. While others have been groaning and droning and musing upon the ethical theories of ideal colonization and civilization, the Belgians have followed their own gospel of work and have been at their task throughout the waking hours of each day with the marvelous results described in this book. It would be impossible to find anywhere a more triumphant defence of Belgian methods or a more brilliant recital of Belgian heroism than is to be found within the pages of this artistic volume.

Socialism and Christianity. By the Right Rev. William Stang, D.D. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905. Price, $1.00.

The claims of Socialism press upon us with daily increasing vigor. From every quarter of the land the voice of discontent over present social arrangements is heard; and prophets of tireless energy make loud proclamation of the statement that only through socialistic measures can the existing evils be rooted out. It is, consequently, of the highest moment for all who take interest in the welfare of our country to investigate thoroughly the wonderful remedies proposed by Socialism. It is fortunate that in a study of this nature we have so able a guide as the apostolic bishop of Fall River. A profound philosopher, an eminent theologian, a whole-souled philanthropist, a practical man of affairs, Bishop Stang combines accurate and wide knowledge with an unusually broad range of experience.

While Fr. Cathrein's classic work on Socialism deals largely with the consideration of theories, Bishop Stang devotes himself in great measure to the practical results of

socialistic activity. Not only every priest, but every well-educated Catholic ought to peruse these two volumes most carefully, in order to be well-prepared to meet the outcries both of capital and of labor.

It is instructive to read what the Bishop has to say about the burning subject of strikes: "Is there no human weapon with which the poor working-man may defend himself against a cruel, greedy employer? Yes! as long as his cause is just, he has a right *to strike*; for he has the right to work or not to work. Strikes are as old as the world; they have been like war inevitable in the course of history. At present they are frequently the only power in the hands of the working people to restrain the despotism of capital. . . . .

"There is one consoling feature in the history of our strikes: the number of embittered strikes is decreasing. Our strikes are less bitter, because labor is better organized. Ruffianly attacks on persons and destruction of property are denounced by labor leaders. The causes and probable effects of a contemplated strike are openly and intelligently discussed; law and order are counselled on every side . . . . . One kind of strike, called the *sympathetic* strike, is fortunately losing in popular favor. It should be universally discouraged; the press should be unwearying in denouncing it and in exposing its unjust and ridiculous demands. . . . . As a rule, trade-unions oppose sympathetic strikes.

"It would be unjust to condemn strikes indiscriminately. If a strike breaks out in our neighborhood it may be our duty to counsel law and order, but it would be imprudent to oppose the strike because it upsets things and causes us a lot of inconvenience and trouble. Personal comfort must give way to public welfare. And after all, it is the people who consider the strike a necessary means to shorten the hours of hard labor or to increase their insufficient wages.

"Every effort made to bring employer and employed together, and to let them see their real interests in a common cause is a move in the right direction, and helps to abate the unnecessary antagonism now existing between rich and poor. A mutual acquaintance with each other's duties and struggles softens asperity of feeling on both sides. The employer learns of the hardships and trials of the workingman's life, while the latter finds that the rich are not always bedded on roses, but that wealth imposes slave-driving exactions on its possessors."

Another valuable chapter is that on Public Ownership. We urgently recommend all who take note of present struggles to weigh well the sterling advice given in these pages by the devoted spiritual leader of Fall River.

Edward and Pamela FitzGerald. Being some Account of their Lives Compiled from the Letters of those who Knew Them. By Gerald Campbell. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905. Price, $3.50.

This biography will appeal strongly to all loyal Irishmen, for it tells the story of one of the most devoted, one of the most chivalrous, one of the most self-sacrificing Irish patriots. Lord Edward FitzGerald was the fifth son of James, the twentieth earl of Kildare, afterwards first duke of Leinster. Gifted with intellectual endowments of a high order, young Edward FitzGerald had an exceptionally noble and sympathetic nature, while his enthusiasm was of that unreflective character, which is courageous but not discreet.

Entering the army in his eighteenth year, he acquired a taste for hazardous achievements and a love of adventure which never left him. Early in life he broke away from the traditional political views of his family and embraced with ardor the most extreme republican ideas. Coming to America, when our country was yet in an undeveloped condition, he was strongly drawn to the simple, independent life of the roaming Indians, and he was even adopted into one of their tribes. The letters written during his sojourn in America are remarkable for their rich, poetic descriptions, for their wise reflections, and for their undying filial devotion. In fact, the image of his fond mother was ever present to his mind. "I long," he exclaims in one letter, "for a little walk with you leaning on me — or to have a long walk with you, sitting on some pretty spot, on a fine day, looking at some little weed at your feet, and looking down, talking all the time."

On his return to Europe Lord Edward fell under the spell created by the French revolution, and this fascination unfortunately led him to adopt principles which were neither secure nor wise. He openly proclaimed himself a convert to the new doctrines, flung off his allegiance and his civil and military rank, and adopted the title of "Citizen FitzGerald." His dismissal from the king's service followed immediately.

After his return home he joined the "United Irishmen," a society which had been instituted to secure justice for Ireland, and the members, seeing no hope of constitutional redress, formed themselves into a military organization, and attempted to get assistance from France. Mr. O'Connor and Lord Edward FitzGerald proceeded thither for that purpose; but their mission was not productive of any great result. Unsuccessful in this, the members had to face dangers of an alarming nature at home. The Government, feeling the power of this organiz-

ation, established a paid system of espionage. Men were found ready to lure the victims to their doom and one betrayal followed after another in rapid succession. When the officers arrived to arrest Lord Edward FitzGerald he made a vigorous resistance and the severe wound which he received in the struggle with his captors, combined with the cruelties of his imprisonment, caused his death on the 4th of June, 1798. With him died the highest hopes of the United Irishmen.

Thus passed away one of the most winning characters in the long line of Celtic patriots. Irishmen the world over will eagerly read the pathetic record of this courageous man and of his devoted wife as told in the graphic style of Gerald Campbell.

The Gospel and the Church. By Alfred Loisy. Translated by Christopher Horne. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Few books of recent years have provoked the discussions aroused by this volume of the Abbé Loisy, which was placed on the Index or List of Forbidden Books by decree of December 23rd, 1903. The fact of its condemnation has made some persons regard the author in the light of a martyr, while others cite it as a proof that the Church is opposed to science and to scientific investigation. How false these inferences are is evident from the fact, that the Church never acts arbitrarily, when condemning a book, but always bases her decision upon some danger either to faith or to morals which she detects therein, and against which it is her duty to safeguard her flock. To understand Loisy's case, we must not forget that the Abbé began his writings by way of answer to Harnack's well-known lectures, published in 1902, under the title of *What is Christianity?* in which the author endeavors to prove that the Gospel, which he does not identify with the New Testament, consists of the Lutheran principle of Living Faith, and that this faith is to be exercised by profound belief in the Fatherhood of God, Who alone can reconcile His children parted from Him by sin. Harnack considers that the only essential dogma is the brotherhood of man in the Fatherhood of God. To meet the Berlin professor's views, Abbé Loisy took up arms in defence of Christianity — and for this he deserves all praise. He made a fatal mistake, however, in his mode of defense and for this he has been deservedly censured. He proceeded on the assumption that the teachings or the dogmas of Christianity can all be established on a purely historical basis. Herein was his mistake. It has been well said that neither psychology nor history can prove the Incarnation or the Trinity. Christian dogmas are built upon something more than a mere historical foundation; and the mistake made by the well-meaning French Abbé was that he endeavored to build up a supernatural religion on a purely natural basis. This surely cannot win our approval.

The Black Barque. By T. Jenkins Hains. With five illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton. Boston. Page & Co. 1905. Price, $1.50.

To those who love stout breezes, the endless chant of restless waters, the daring adventures connected with the pursuit of pirate-vessels, and the deep pathos connected with the slave-trade, this story must appeal most strongly. It is a description of slavery and piracy upon the high seas about 1815, in the form of a narrative by a young American lieutenant, who, by force of circumstances, finds himself in the gunner's berth of "The Black Barque." The story moves along with deepening interest, while the various types composing the crew are drawn with masterly skill.

The Light of Faith. By Frank McGloin. St. Louis. Herder. 1905. Price, $1.00.

This is a brief defence of fundamental Christian truths. The author treats of "The Being of God," "The Mystery of Life," "Belief and Unbelief," "Revelation," "Man and the Ape," "The Mind and the Brain," "The Argument from Design," "Man or Butterfly," "Spencer and the Future Life." The topics discussed are certainly timely, and the method of treatment is both scholarly and pleasing. The book would, however, gain we think, if some of the arguments were developed at greater length. The author writes, as it seems, under the impression that everyone is as well-versed in these subjects as he is himself. This is far from the truth and consequently, many points need drawing out in order to make the force of the argument clear to everyone. There is a growing class of readers for these books upon the deeper questions agitated in religious circles.

The May-Book of the Breviary. Translated from the Latin and arranged by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. R. T. Washbourne, London. Benziger Brothers. New York. 50 cents.

More than twenty writers are quoted in this compilation of spiritual thoughts — among others the Venerable Bede, St. Ambrose, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Augustine. The selections are arranged according to the order of events in Our Lady's life,

and the prayers include those common to every day of the month, and a special prayer for the needs of each day.

Castel del Monte. By Nathan Gallizier. With six illustrations. By H. C. Edwards. Boston. Page & Co. 1905. Price, $1.50.

The Hohenstaufens form some of the most striking figures of mediæval history. Starting from lowly beginnings they became one of the most powerful families in Europe. The founder, Friedrich von Büren commenced the advance when in the middle of the eleventh century, he moved his residence from Büren, on the banks of the Danube in the present kingdom of Würtemberg to the Castle of Hohenstaufen. His son, Frederick von Hohenstaufen so distinguished himself at the battle of Merseburg (1080) that he was created Duke of Suabia by Henry IV. When the Franconian dynasty died out with Henry V, the family of Hohenstaufen inherited a large part of the emperor's private fortune. Duke Frederick II, of Suabia, even attempted to obtain the imperial crown. He failed in his attempt, but his brother Conrad, Duke of Franconia, succeeded in winning the throne in 1138. Conrad was succeeded by his nephew, the well-known Frederick Barbarossa, who carried on a vigorous struggle with the Lombard cities of Northern Italy. Under Frederick's successor, Henry VI, the kingdom of Sicily was conquered and united with the empire; and thus the family acquired large possessions in Italy. The Emperor Frederick II, who died in 1250, bequeathed the principality of Larentum to his natural son, Manfred, born in Sicily, about 1232, and the crown to his heir, Conrad IV. After the death of Conrad in 1254, Manfred was appointed regent in Italy during the minority of the young king, Conradin. A rumor of Conradin's death having been spread, Manfred was proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies. He was excommunicated immediately by Innocent IV. The rumor proved untrue, but Manfred refused to abdicate, and he was crowned at Palermo on August 11th, 1258. The decree of excommunication was renewed by Pope Urban IV, and, according to the custom of those days, the kingdom was declared a lapsed fief to the Holy See. Charles of Anjou proved to be the favorite candidate for the throne. With a French army he landed in Italy and defeated Manfred at the battle of Benevento, February 26th, 1266. Manfred fell in the battle and, being under the Church's ban, was buried without funeral rites, under a heap of stones. The author has chosen the incidents connected with the fall of Manfred as the setting for his story. Tragic as those events were, he portrays them with startling vividness. The author shows, indeed, considerable power, and we regret that a competent guiding hand was not sought in those points which deal with Catholic faith and ritual.

The Catholic Church and the Marriage Tie. By James Cardinal Gibbons. Chicago. The Truth Society. 1903.

A powerful presentation of the Church's doctrine of marriage. It is written in the Cardinal's own pleasant style, which breathes the earnestness and unction of a true churchman. It is to be regretted that the divorce statistics are not given for the years subsequent to 1886. We think that they would have been even more startling than those published. In view of the steady advance of the frightful evil of divorce, and in view of the leniency with which many Catholics regard this social curse, it would be wise to have copies of this admirable pamphlet scattered through every parish in the country.

Skeleton Sermons. By John B. Bagshawe, D.D. Second Impression. New York. Benziger Bros. 1905.

These sermon-sketches deservedly enjoy a wide popularity. They are striking, sufficiently developed, suggestive and practical. The priest overwhelmed with parish duties will find them extremely useful, while they could also be used with profit by devout people for meditations, especially by those who like to have the points of their considerations put in an incisive, direct form.

"Bob" Ingersoll's Egosophy and other Poems. Written at different times by the Rev. James McKernan. New York and Cincinnati. Pustet & Co. 1905.

The able author of "Forty-five sermons written to meet objections of the present day," supplies us in this booklet with many entertaining effusions of wit to break the heaviness of long hours of deep study.

A Girl's Ideal. By Rosa Mulholland. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905. $1.50.

Mary Evangeline Chaigneau, a girl of progressive ideas and much sweetness and strength of character is the heroine of Rosa Mulholland's latest book. The city-dweller, weary of the noise and dust of the streets, will think the farm-house in the great fields in Iowa a restful retreat, but to "Tabby" it presented many draw-backs. In the first place it offered no opportunities for a career such as she had planned for herself. Returning from her boarding-school she privately summed up her surroundings as being decidedly un-

promising. But she was no grumbler against fate, and settled down to a winter of quiet work and study. This program was suddenly changed by the death of an Uncle Ulick, who had disappeared from the knowledge of his friends years before. Seated by the fire, one winter night, Tabby and Aunt Sabina discussed the probable fate of this uncle, quite unconscious of the letter even then on its way to the farm house. The following day while the young girl was nailing together some shelves for her books the carrier arrived, and the news he brought completely changed the outlook for the two women. The incident of the letter is very familiar to fiction readers, but it is always interesting, and in Tabby's case there was no disappointment in store. It told her of a fortune willed to her under certain conditions, rather embarrassing ones, as the marriage of Mary Evangeline Tabinette Chaigneau and one Dermod MacMurrough was insisted upon. If either party refused, after twelve years the property would be forfeited.

How Tabby indignantly rejects wealth under such circumstances, and sets out to enjoy to the utmost the use of the income for the twelve years is charmingly told.

"No saving," she insists, and the spendthrift instinct in one rises and responds joyously. "The money shall only pass through our hands. Don't you remember the words: 'What I had, I spent; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have.'"

Which sounds like a riddle, but the answer is satisfactorily given in the life Tabby marks out for herself. There is keen enjoyment for the reader who is permitted to be of her party, and to watch the development of her plan. Of course when she meets Dermod MacMurrough she changes her mind about marrying him, and of course he upbraids himself for his stupidity and folly in ever imagining that she was a person he wouldn't care to marry. To test the lovers fully the property suddenly ceases to be remunerative — the oil ceases to flow — and there is just enough prospect of poverty together to make the situation harrowing, but Dermod rises to the occasion, at the right moment the oil spurts up again, and becomes an important factor in putting into effect Dermod's beneficent designs.

Some Little London Children. By Mother M. Salome. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905. 75 cents.

The quiet home-life of English children is prettily described in this little book. George, Belle, Ivy, and Bobby, are excellent company, and though there are no exciting events or wonderful adventures to vary the routine of their lives there are many pleasant happenings that the reader will enjoy as much as the children.

That Man's Daughter. By Henry M. Ross. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905. $1.25.

Marjorie Chapin, though the daughter of a usurer, is a proud, high-spirited, true-hearted girl whose Catholic training stands her in good stead in many trying circumstances. Her unprincipled father taking advantage of her filial devotion, barters her in marriage. Being under the impression that Marjorie married him for his position her husband treats her with coldness and contempt, but her strength of character, her sweetness of disposition, and high conception of duty win his esteem, and finally his love. The story is admirably told. There are perilous adventures in which husband and wife share, important discoveries of missing jewels, and mutual explanations that clear away the doubts and misgivings, and open up a new life bright with happiness. The novelist who would be popular must make the concession of a happy ending, no matter how harrowing the other chapters may be. There will never be a time when the fiction reader will cease to demand the reward of virtue and the punishment of vice.

The Ruler of the Kingdom. By Grace Keon. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905. $1.25.

To see an announcement of a book by Grace Keon is to await with what patience one may the publisher's pleasure in bringing it out. The volume of short stories published under the above title deals with many phases of life and character, from the lovers separated by the man's egotism to the little lad whose prayers were answered by the "Greatest Gift." This story of a child's devotion to his invalid mother and his faith in prayer is more than a mere recital of events in family life. It is a sermon on the efficacy of prayer, and the love of the Father for the children of His Kingdom.

"In the Love Country," "By a Baby's Grace," and "With My Own People," are other stories told with a strength and vividness that impress them indelibly on the memory. It would be difficult to forget the scenes in the big tenement on Christmas Eve when Mamie Brantley plans the spending of three dollars given to her by her "boss." The child and her mother are very real, as are Mrs. Reilly and Jennie, and all the others, who on Christmas morning come "as did the shepherds" to worship at the Crib, "one in heart and soul and faith."

To know such people even in a book is to

be the better for sharing with them their struggles, triumphs and joys — for faith shines through all.

The Juvenile Round Table. Stories by Prominent Catholic Writers. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1905. $1.00.

A generous variety of juvenile tales is presented by the publishers, who have shown much taste and judgment in the selection from short stories by such popular writers as Maurice Francis Egan, Mary Catherine Crowley, Anna T. Sadlier, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Frances Maitland, Margaret E. Jordan, Sallie Margaret O'Malley. The twenty stories comprised in the collection offer wide range of choice to boys and girls, and are not without attractions for older readers. Eight full-page plates illustrate the book.

The same publishers have brought out for little children "The Last Days of Jesus," a companion book to "The First Days of Jesus," published some months ago. Both are printed in large type, on linen paper, have colored plates, and may be bought for thirty cents each, on untearable linen, or fifteen cents for a less durable quality.

Columbus and Magellan. By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler. Ginn & Company. Boston. 1905. 45 cents.

In this history of the two greatest discoverers the world has known, the author has brought together the story of the beginnings of European civilization in the western hemisphere and in the islands of the Pacific. Separated by half the circumference of the globe and by nearly four centuries of differing national conditions, America and the Philippines are linked together by a common early experience. Recent history has forged another bond of association — in view of which Mr. Lawler's book is especially opportune.

Beginning with a short chapter on the Portuguese explorers, the author goes on to describe the voyages of Columbus and his explorations. An account of the discovery of Porto Rico, the finding of the Pacific, and the conquest of Mexico serves as an introduction to the story of Magellan's voyage and the settlement of the Philippine Islands.

In a concise but picturesque way the work presents a study of the founders of modern civilization in the Old World and in the New. The author's acquaintance with the Philippines has added largely to the effectiveness of the picture he has drawn. The novel setting invests the story with fresh charm and interest.

The Art of Rising in the World. By Henry Hardwicke. J. S. Oglivie Publishing Company. New York. 25 cents.

This gives many useful hints to ambitious young men, and shows that honesty, industry, and courage are essentials for success in business life.

Short Stories from American History. By Albert F. Blaisdell. Ginn & Company. Boston. 1905. 45 cents.

There are in this book eighteen vivid narratives of dramatic events which took place during the first two hundred years in the history of our country. Each story is replete with personal incidents and anecdotes which will attract the young reader because of their human interest, and because of their presentation of the picturesque life of our forefathers.

QUESTION BOX.

What is meant in Church history by a "Patriarch"?

Patriarchs are bishops who preside not merely over one diocese or province, but over several provinces or districts. The dignity itself of patriarchs dates back to the apostles; the name came into use only from the time of the Council of Chalcedon. The rights formerly possessed by patriarchs were: (1) to consecrate metropolitans and to give them the *pallium*; (2) to assemble and preside at patriarchal or national councils; (3) to receive appeals from the decisions of metropolitans. These rights may be summed up as follows: The jurisdiction exercised by patriarchs over metropolitans was similar to that exercised in turn by metropolitans over their suffragan bishops.

The four great patriarchates of the Eastern Church — namely, of Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople and Jerusalem—having fallen into schism and heresy, have long ago become extinct. The Holy See, however, in order to preserve the memory of the patriarchates, still creates titular patriarchs of these sees, who reside in Rome; they have only the title of patriarchs, but no jurisdiction, excepting, however, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who was sent to his see by Pope Pius IX.

Besides these, there are still in the Oriental Church several actual patriarchs in communion with the Holy See. Thus, the Chaldeans, Melchites, Maronites, Syrians, and Armenians, who are united with the Catholic Church, have their patriarchs, to whom the Holy See usually grants faculties similar to those enjoyed by the patriarchs of old. The Roman Pontiff is the patriarch of the Western or Latin Church. Besides, there are in the Latin Church the patriarchs of Lisbon, Venice, and the West Indies; they are called "patriarchal minores," and have only the title, not the jurisdiction, of patriarchs. There is also a patriarch of the East Indies, who usually resides at Goa.

How is the date of the Easter festival determined?

The Council of Nice (A.D. 325) laid down the following conditions for the determination of the Easter feast:—(1) Easter must be celebrated on a Sunday; (2) this Sunday must follow the 14th day of the paschal moon, so that if the 14th of the paschal moon falls on a Sunday, then Easter must be celebrated on the Sunday following; (3) the paschal moon is that of which the 14th day falls on, or next follows, the day of the Vernal Equinox; (4) the equinox is fixed invariably in the calendar on the 21st of March. Hence Easter Sunday cannot occur earlier than the 22nd of March or later than the 25th of April. Applying these rules to the present year we have the following: Vernal Equinox—March 21st; the 14th of the paschal moon or full moon falls on April the 19th, the first Sunday after April the 19th is April the 23rd, which is, as we know, the date of Easter for the current year.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it; this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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A THIRD-CLASS STATEROOM

amazement of Bostonians, who celebrated her arrival by decorating the city, and banqueting the officers.

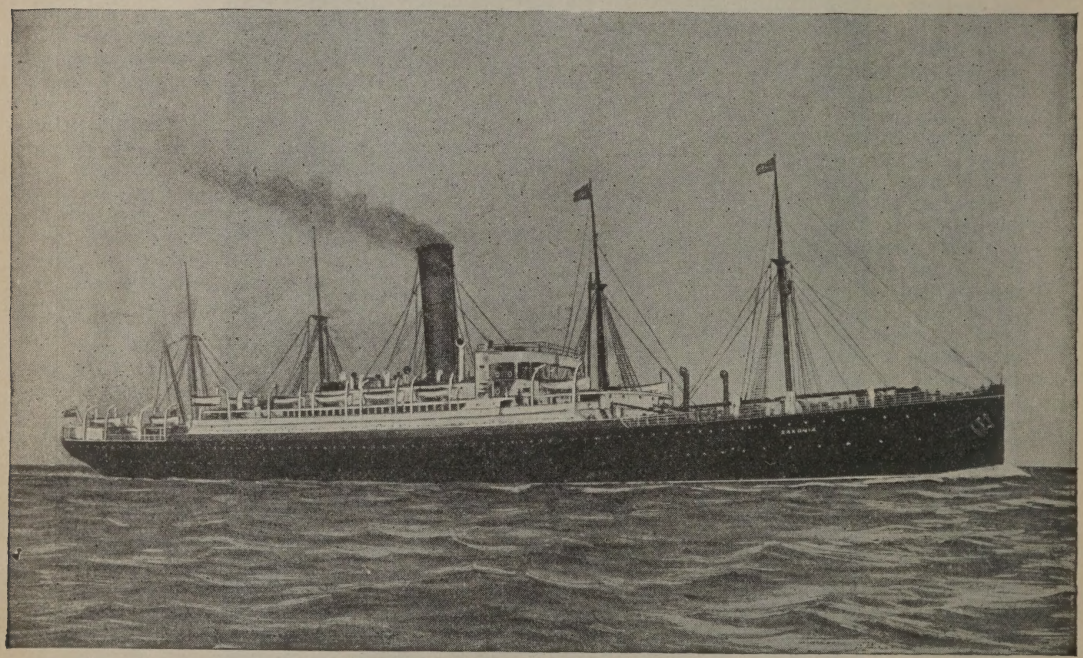
The trim "Britannia," the pride of two countries, could be comfortably stowed away on the decks of almost any one of the modern greyhounds of the deep, and not interfere to any noticeable extent with the morning exercise of the passengers.

Time was when ocean travel was a positive hardship, always fraught with suffering and annoyance, and seldom lacking in actual danger. The genius of man has made it a luxury. From a doubtful experiment it has reached the level of an exact science.

Ocean travel at the present day, especially on one of the superb and always safe steamers of the Cunard line, is something to look forward to with keen anticipation and infinite pleasure. Traveling by a Cunarder is a guarantee of courteous and considerate treatment. The welfare of the passenger is ever in the minds of the officers.

Once aboard one of the "Aristocrats of the Atlantic," as the vessels of the line have been aptly termed, whether it is the "Lucania" or "Campania," each almost an eighth of a mile in length, the magnificent "Saxonia" or "Ivernia" of the Boston service, or any of the other stalwart vessels of the fleet, one is constantly impressed with the "up-to-date-ness" of everything aboard a modern liner. The appointments and furnishings are silent lessons in good taste. The service is not excelled anywhere.

Whether the dash across the Atlantic is made from the English or American side, the voyage never loses interest. There is the last glimpse of the last object on shore, the glorious sunsets at sea, deck games, promenades, first-class concerts, and a hundred and one other things that constantly absorb the interest and attention of the tourist. The taking on of the pilot as the vessel nears port, and the arrival of the "Customs" and "Quarantine" keep the mind alert during the last few hours of the voyage, while the landing at the docks, after less than a week on the water, brings to an all too sudden close a trip which must ever be associated with pleasant recollections.



THE "SAXONIA" LEAVING QUEENSTOWN

The Cunard Line enjoys an enviable reputation for safety and efficiency. It is without question the premier Atlantic Steamship Company of the twentieth century. It is not only one of the earliest and oldest lines in the world, but possesses in its mail steamers some of the fastest vessels afloat.

Second class passengers are well taken care of on the Cunard Line, their comfort being the special care of the management. The accommodations and service are unrivalled.

The Cunard was the first of the great trans-Atlantic lines to increase the facilities of its steerage service, a fact which was quickly appreciated, as shown in the large increase of its already tremendous emigrant patronage. The "Saxonia" and "Ivernia" have particularly fine quarters for this class. The steerage accommodations on other lines suffer by contrast. Good berths, clean and airy, with all necessary bedding, are given to every one. The deck space is ample, and the food is particularly inviting. The special luxuries provided by the "Saxonia" and "Ivernia" for the 1900 third class passengers that each can carry, have made these ships almost inconveniently popular.

The Cunard was the first steamship company to systematically introduce wireless telegraphy, which is now in successful operation on all the vessels of the fleet.

It may be stated that the Cunard Line is *not in the steamship trust.* On the contrary, it is the only independent line running to this country from English ports, a fact which in addition to the unexcelled facilities it offers, recommends it strongly to those who have experienced the unsatisfactory results of trust management of trans-Atlantic steamship lines.

ROUTE TO LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL.

Aside from the many interesting features that will surround the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held at Portland during the coming summer, it is well to remind the travelling public that the Columbia River country offers attractions that are not surpassed in any part of this Continent.

Much has been said and written about the beautiful Hudson River, but it will be found that the great Columbia River of the Far West is even more beautiful, more novel, grander, and more charming than its noted eastern rival.

A trip down the Columbia is well worth a journey across the Continent. Even Lewis and Clark thought as much a hundred years ago, when it took them eighteen months to go from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. What mighty changes have been wrought since their time. Railroads were not even dreamed of then. President Jefferson had never heard of such a thing, and more than a quarter of a century elapsed before a single mile of railroad was built in the United States. Now we have more than 200,000 miles, spreading out and covering the entire country.

A dweller on the banks of the Hudson River can now enter a palace car at his door and go to the mouth of the Columbia River by way of the great Union Pacific Railroad in much less time than it would have taken President Jefferson to go from New York to Boston. And what a delightful journey that Columbia River route must suggest to all who love the grand and beautiful in nature.

It is well to remember also that this same Union Pacific Railway, is one of the great achievements of the century, made possible by the success of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1805.

By this route the traveller passes through the old Spanish territory which Jefferson purchased, over the Rocky Mountains, through forest and plain, down to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. There is not a dull spot on the way. Even the sandy desert comes to have its charm and the barest, ruggedest mountains grow in splendor as we climb over the backbone of the Continent.

Truly, Thomas Jefferson was the prince of expansionists, and the American people are not unmindful of his great services when they plan to hold this Centennial Exposition on the banks of the mighty Columbia in honor of his memory.— *The Critique. Medical Publication, March 1, 1905, Denver, Colo.*

A STUDY IN RAILROAD GARDENING.

Some time ago the passenger department of the Boston & Albany Railroad issued illustrated pamphlets entitled "A Railroad Beautiful" and "Suburban Station Grounds," by Charles Mulford Robinson, secretary of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, who described and commented on the stations, grounds and landscape gardening work along the line of this road. More recently, interest in this subject has been renewed by Mr. J. Horace McFarland, president of the American Civic Association, Harrisburg, Pa., who made a series of photographs showing the shrubbery in leaf and a few of the flowering shrubs in bloom; and Mr. Frank A. Arnold, the general manager of *Suburban Life* of Boston has written an article appearing in the May number of that publication, entitled "A Study in Railroad Gardening," illustrated with Mr. McFarland's photographs. This is probably the best illustrated presentation of this feature of the railroad's work that has yet been given, and it has therefore been reprinted by the Boston & Albany people in pamphlet form. Copies may be had on application to the passenger department of the Boston & Albany Railroad.

Mr. Arnold relates that a little more than twenty years ago the baggage master of the Newtonville station — Mr. E. A. Richardson — "having in his makeup the gardening instinct and the love of the beautiful," thought it not inconsistent with his duties as custodian of the station to beautify the adjacent grounds, which, in common with most railroad property at that time, were entirely barren and uninviting from every point of view. The citizens of Newtonville encouraged this effort by supplying Mr. Richardson with the necessary material for the furtherance of his work, and before long the station grounds were so conspicuously improved as to be a subject of general comment. This incident was brought to the notice of Prof. Charles S. Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum, one of the directors of the Boston & Albany, and the result was the creation of a department having in charge the beautifying of suburban station grounds, with Mr. Richardson at its head. From this small beginning has grown the system of gardening now in existence, which takes in more than sixty stations on the line of the Boston & Albany road.

Mr. Arnold describes the circuit line which takes in Longwood, Brookline, Chestnut Hill, Newton Centre, Woodland, Riverside, Auburndale, the Newtons, Brighton and Allston, paying particular attention to the grounds of the stations at Auburndale, Newton Highlands, Chestnut Hill, Woodland, Wellesley Hills, etc. The plan of Mr. Richardson, he says, has been to obscure all unsightly approaches to the railroad station, and, wherever possible, to surround the station itself with a bower of green, so as to make it a haven of rest and shade to the waiting passenger. "What the future of this work will be no one can tell," he remarks in conclusion. "Already the great railroads of the country are devoting more and more time to the problem. In fact, it has become necessary for every road catering to the suburban resident to furnish him with a picturesque station, and with grounds equally attractive, in order to entice him to that location for a permanent residence. It may be said, therefore, that, looked on merely as a matter of investment, the Boston & Albany built more wisely than it knew when in a sense it pioneered this particular form of railroad development."

Mr. Arnold also mentions the magnificent flower-beds of the Pennsylvania system, the beautiful station approaches along the North Shore, where prize money is awaiting the gardener in the competitive contest, the Swedish roads, and the English railways, with their fine turf embankments, etc. He alludes finally to the need of stimulating a proper public spirit which shall insure the continuance and extension of the creditable and enlightened policy which he has outlined. Unquestionably much may be accomplished by commuters who will take trouble enough to make known their appreciation of improvements, and, in some instances, by travellers who will bring to the attention of the railroad authorities feasible and reasonable ways of increasing the attractiveness of station surroundings. It may be reserved for this generation to make the discovery that corporations have souls.

"ACROSS THE ISLANDS AND BEYOND"

is the title of the handsomely illustrated 80-page summer excursion book just issued by the Rutland Railroad. It depicts the attractions of the Green Mountains and the shores and islands of Lake Champlain in a most alluring manner. A supplement contains a complete list of summer hotels and boarding houses. Both pamphlets can be obtained by enclosing ten cents in postage to Geo. E. Masters, New England Passenger Agent, 298 Washington Street, Boston.

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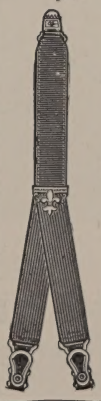

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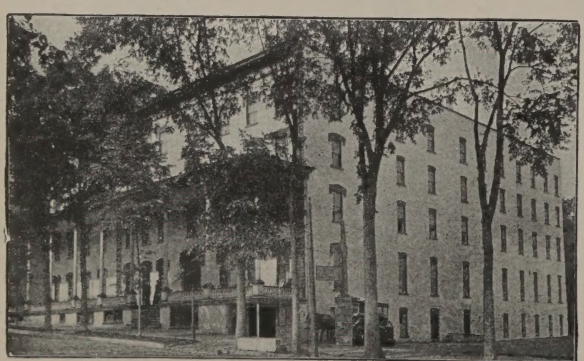

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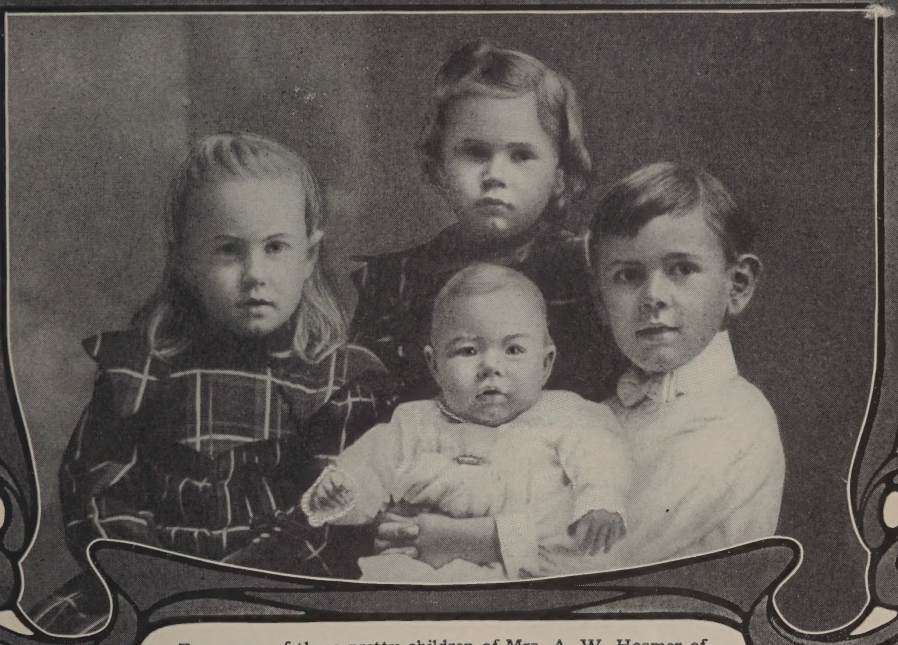

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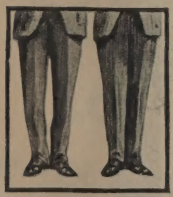

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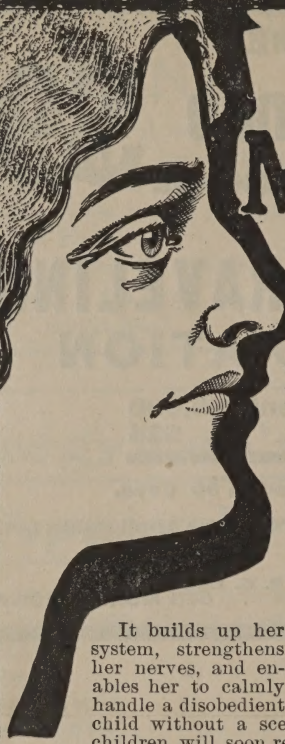

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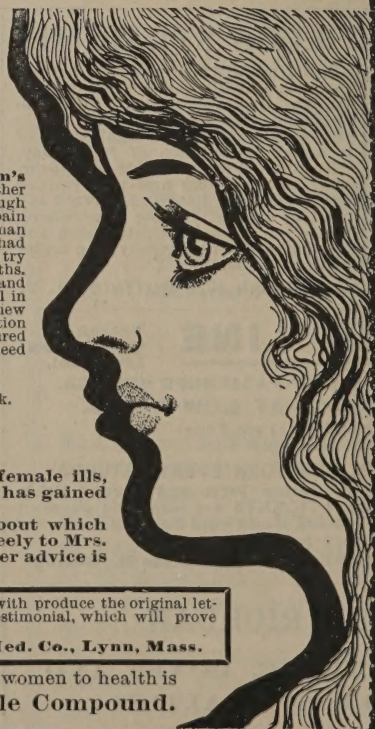

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